VOGUE

60¢
AUG. 15

FAST TIPS ON WHAT FASHION MOVES TO MAKE NOW...

TOFF TAILORING...

DEVASTATING VELVET...

THE NEW SHOE AND STOCKING KICK THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING

COIFFURE CLAIRVOYANTS: PREDICTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S TOP 12 HAIRDRESSERS

ADVANCED EDITION

PENN'S PHOTOGRAPHIC LOVE LETTER TO HIS FARM

ADVANCE NOTICE: BROADWAY, BOOKS, MOVIES, TV, MUSIC

there's that woman again . . . in a
Dalton

Three-piece suit thinking for Fall '63 . . . never before diagonal checks of the finest wool warp knit in the relaxed jacket and fully-lined skirt . . . the beautiful bonus, a short-sleeved zephyr knit sweater-overblouse. Very elegant. Very Dalton.

Also makers of James Kenrob Sportswear.
Dalton of America, 1407 Broadway,
New York City - or Cleveland 3, Ohio

there's
that
woman
again ... in a

Dalton

The new pitch for autumn. The elegant three piece suit in Dalton's finest wool double knit. To make it more so, the diagonally knit dressmaker blouse with a very new neckline and a deep-deep back zipper. Dalton designed this suit for fashion-minded women only. No one else.

Also makers of James Kenrob Sportswear,
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Gino Paoli®

ITALIAN COUTURE KNITTER

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AUGUST 15, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director

BERT STERN

COVER: One of the most heavenly suit-moves anyone could make now: tweed in a mottled mix of smoky blue and turquoise worn with a Jackie Coogan cap of the same. The suit lines, beautifully simple cuts and seams; the blouse, turquoise wool jersey. Suit by Ben Zuckerman, of Litex wool tweed. Hat by Adolfo. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Pigskin gloves by Crescendoe-Superb: at Bonwit Teller. Richelieu earrings. Lashed to the eyes: Lash-On eyelash build-up, by Jacqueline Cochran.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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Jolie Madame
BALMAIN
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BALMAIN

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This is a Colebrook Angolamb Sweater.
A precious fur-blend in combinations of
Parchment/Beige, Pewter/Grey, Heather Blue,
and Heather Willow. Matching skirt.
Each about $14. At John Wanamaker, Rich's,
F. & R. Lazarus, Capwell's and other fine stores.
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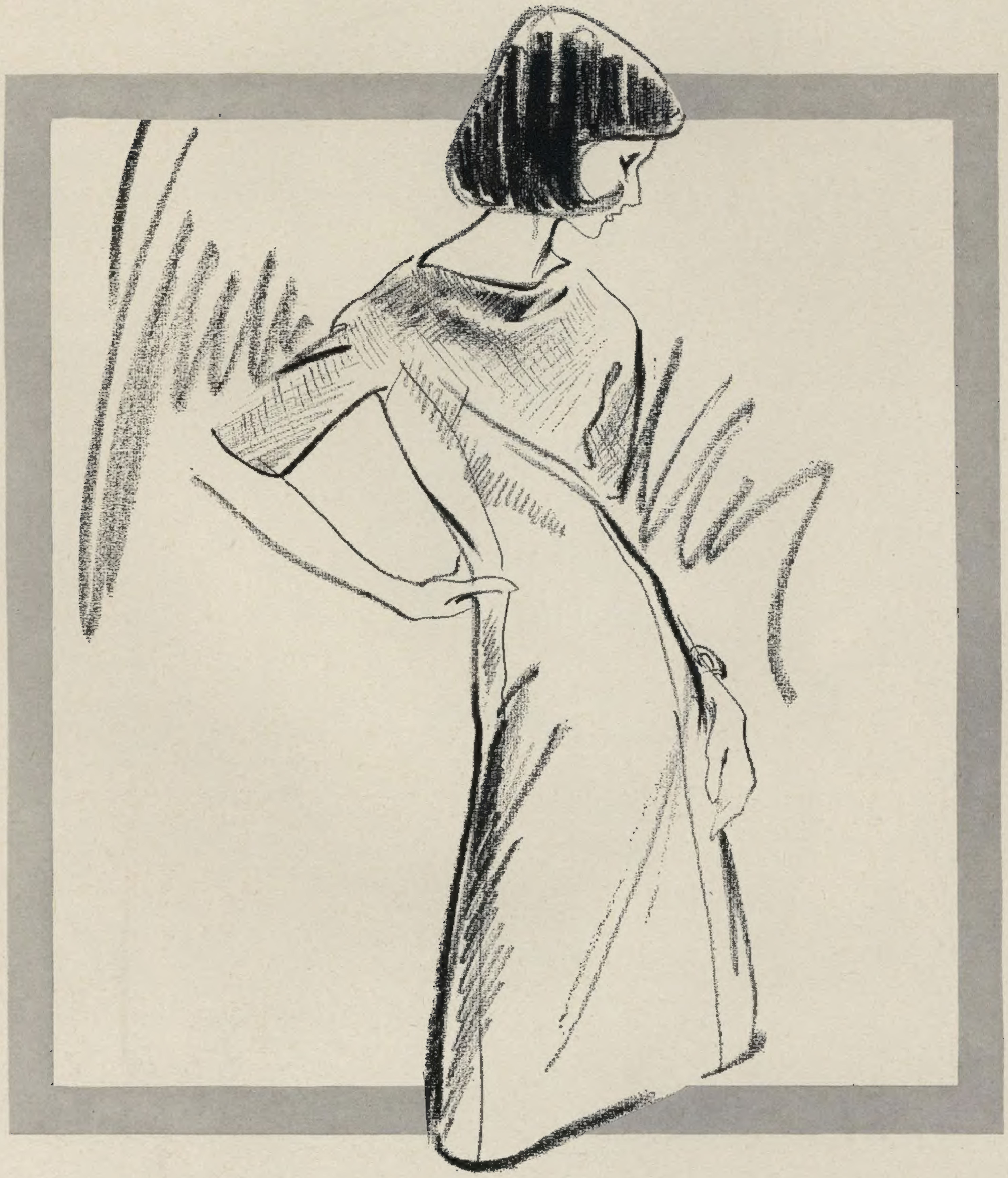


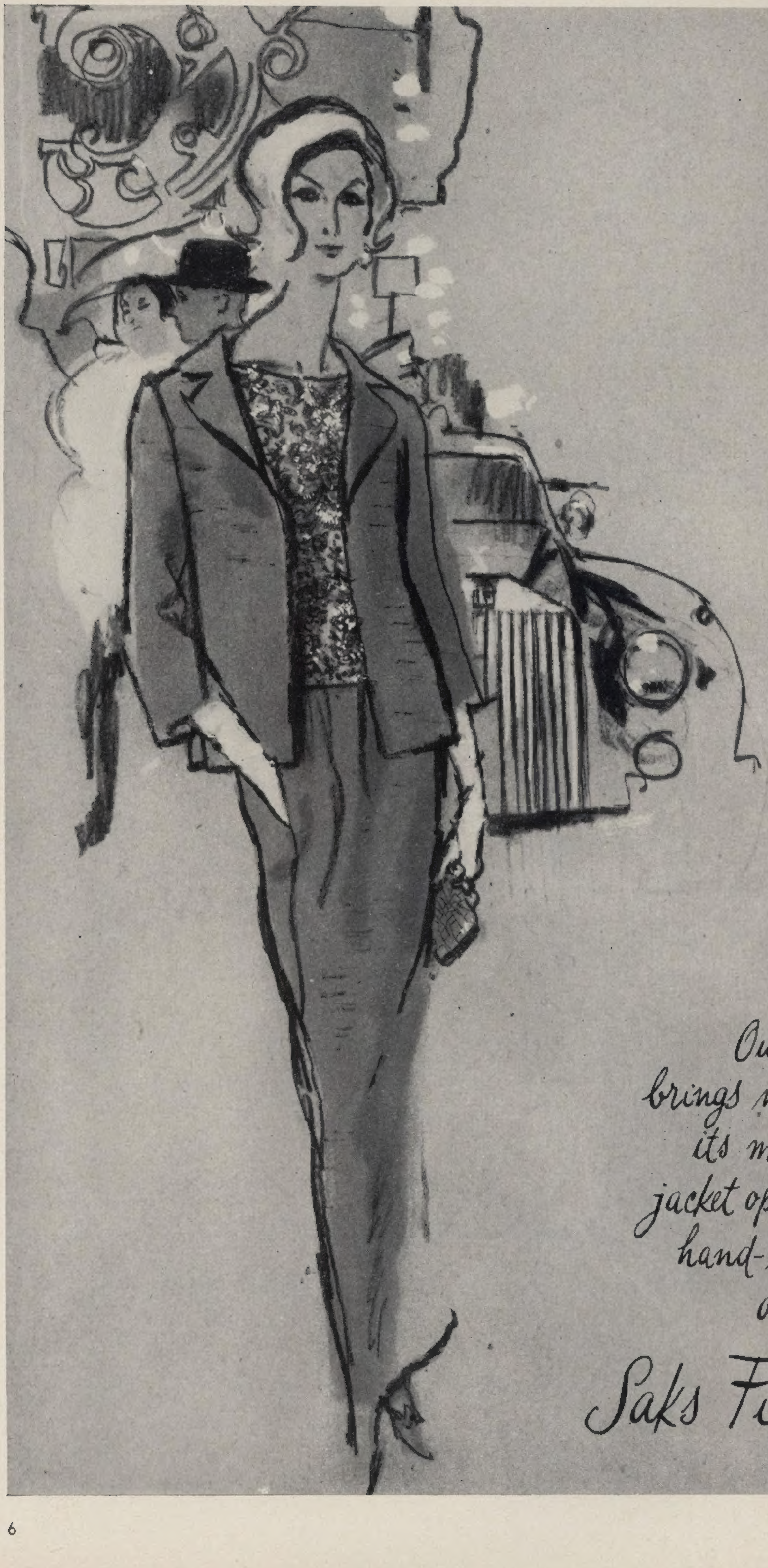
J. HYDE CRAWFORD

EVERY NUANCE OF NONCHALANCE: BONWIT'S NATURAL DRESS

A luscious airiness of spongy wool beautifully bias cut to cowl at the neck, to insinuate...merely insinuate...the body beneath. Marvelously savvy, we think, in an exuberant pink, a black black or, significantly, a bright white. By Nantucket Naturals for 8 to 16 sizes, 45.00 A hint of the crackle of news on our Sports Floor. It has, above all...**THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

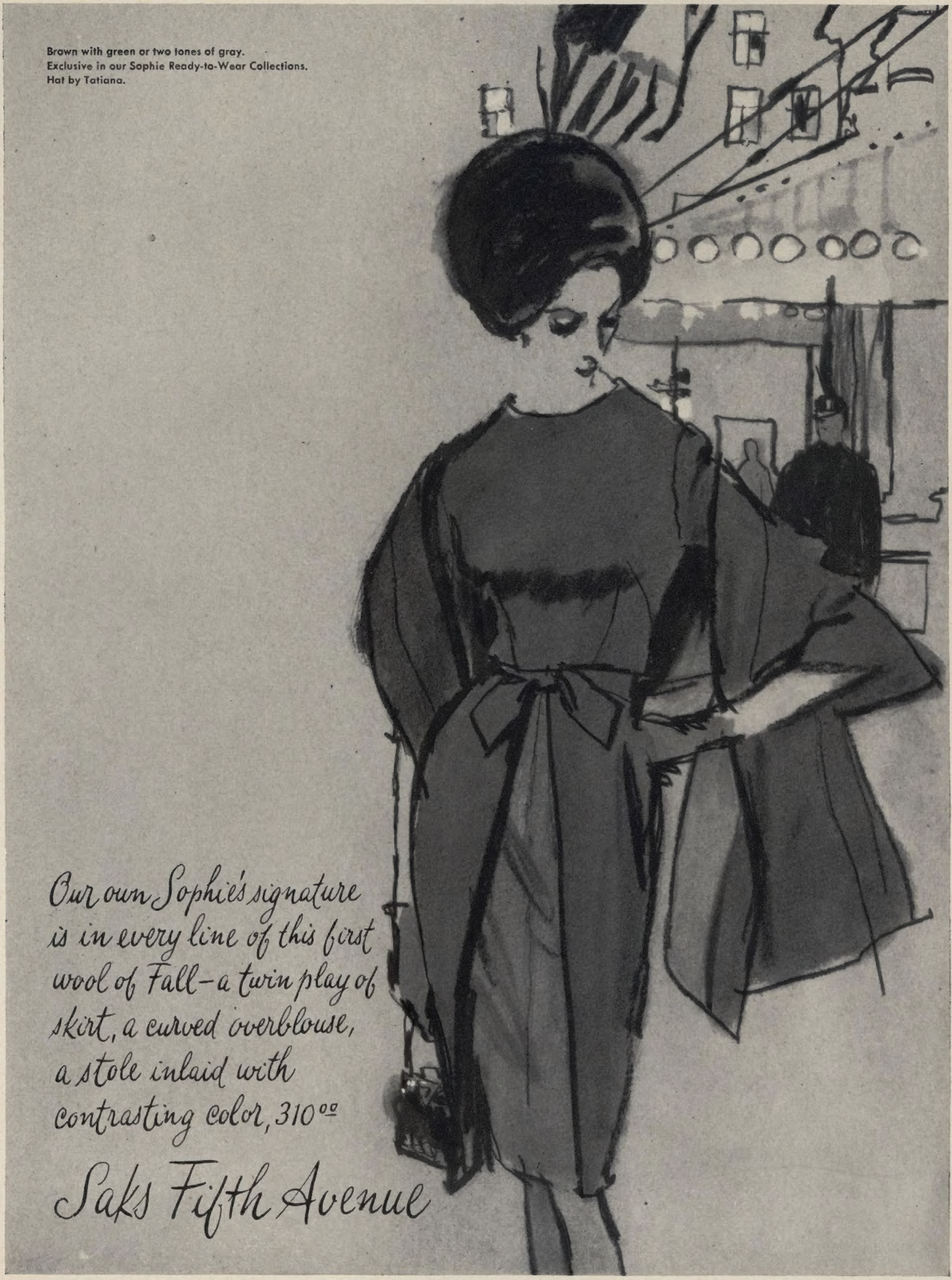
BONWIT
TELLER



Shocking pink with pale pink.
Evening Room.

Our long evening suit brings new glory to wool— its marvelously tailored jacket opening to a blaze of hand-sewn crystal beads on silk satin, 395.00

Saks Fifth Avenue



Brown with green or two tones of gray.
Exclusive in our Sophie Ready-to-Wear Collections.
Hat by Tatiana.

Our own Sophie's signature is in every line of this first wool of Fall—a twin play of skirt, a curved overblouse, a stole inlaid with contrasting color, 310^{00}

Saks Fifth Avenue

What is a lady?

She's relaxed, she's gracious. She's poised. There's charm and simplicity in her clothing, her conversation and her very approach to the art of living. When things are at their busiest, she remains unruffled and serene. And her secret could be Foot Saver — the shoe that proves fashion can be comfortable. Foot Savers let a lady go through busy days in style, without an aging line of strain on her face no matter how hectic the pace becomes.

Foot Saver flatters a lady's instinct for quality. One wearing tells her this is a shoe crafted for perfect fit, designed for graceful, easy walking. Many a true lady finds her most intelligent shoe choice is Foot Saver. For a booklet describing the fall collection, and the address of the Foot Saver store nearest you, please write Miss Elizabeth McKibben, Fashion-Comfort Coordinator, Julian & Kokenge, 48 West Main Street, Columbus, Ohio. Most Foot Savers are priced from 19.95 to 22.95.

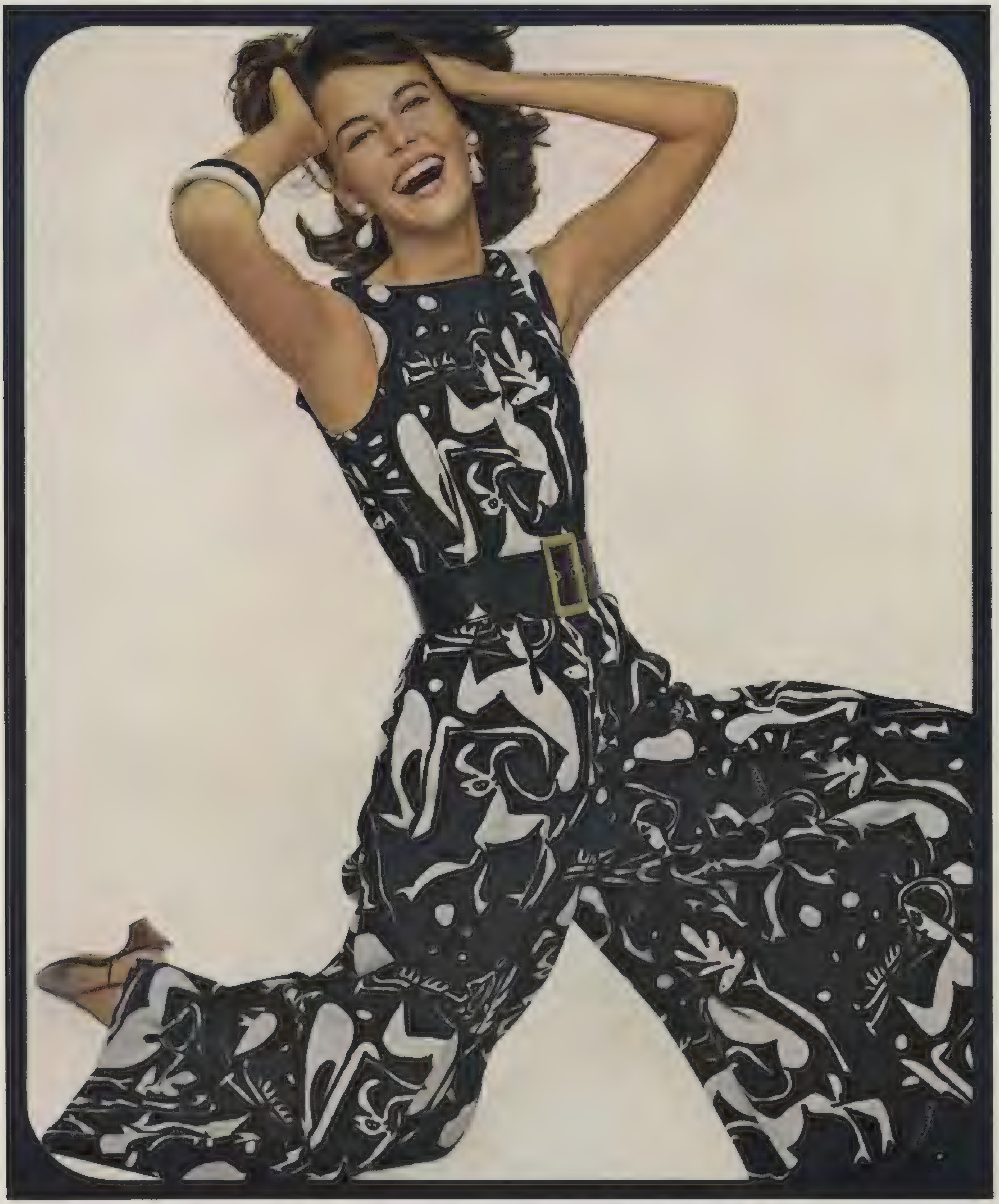
Foot Saver
SHOES
FOOT SAVER'S EXCLUSIVE SHORTBACK® LAST ASSURES SNUG HEEL FIT, YET PERMITS CARESSING FOOT FREEDOM.

Classic three piece wool knit ensemble. Gracefully pleated skirt. About $100. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.
Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field, Neiman Marcus.

Kimberly

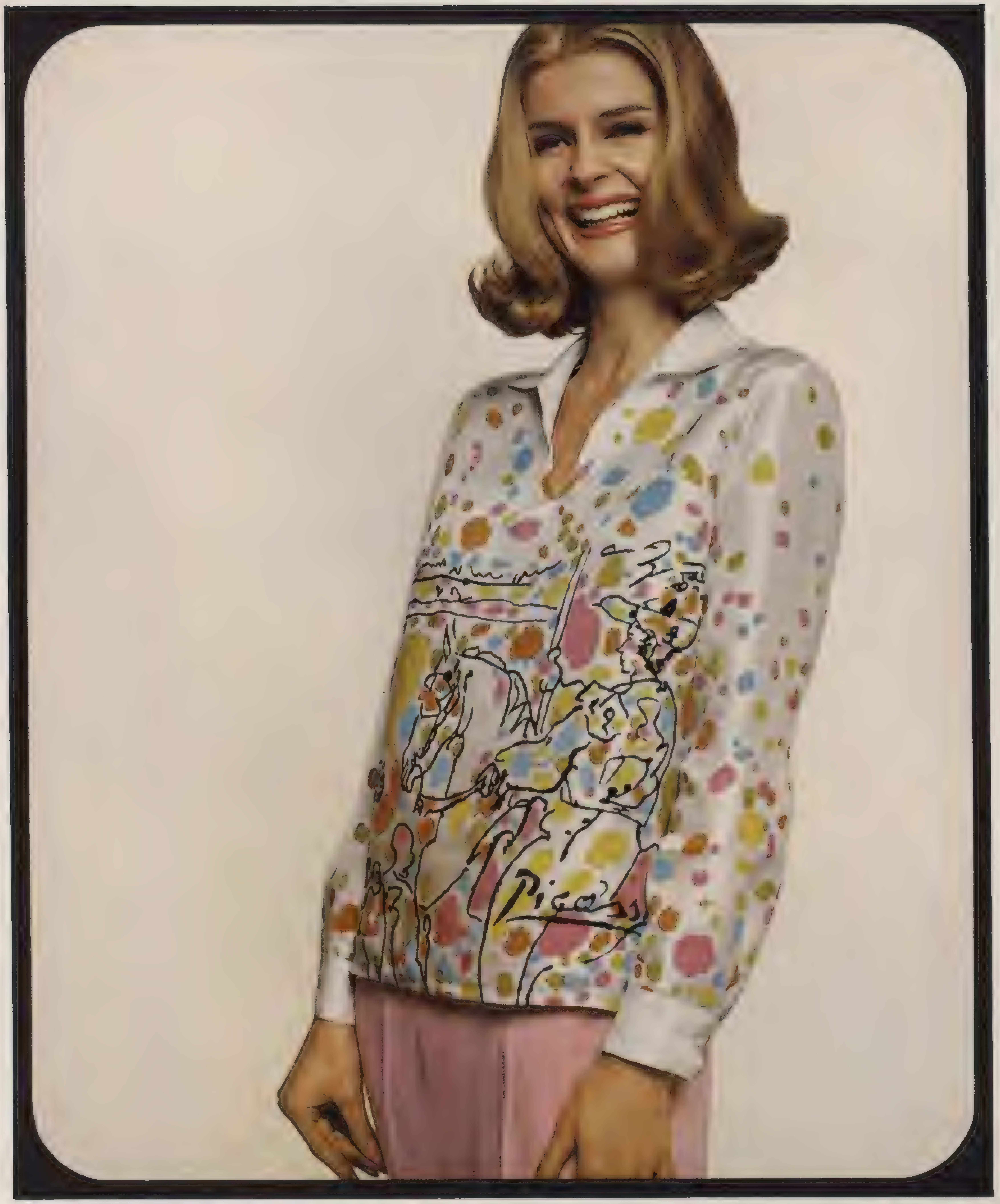
White Stag invites you to view on the following pages an exhibit of exclusive reproductions-on-fabric from the works of Picasso

PHOTO BY FRED PLAUT



Picasso print on cotton corduroy. "Musician Faun" cocktail culotte. Black and white only, as in the original. Sizes 8 to 14. $30.

you're right, it's **White Stag**



Picasso print on silk. "The Arena" button-front shirt in the bright day colors of the original lithograph. Sizes 8 to 16. $20.

Picasso print on vinyl coated cotton. "Figures" parka in the black and white of the original sketches. Sizes S-M-L. $19.

you're right, it's **White Stag**

This is the
age of discovery... the age
Nannette knows down to
the last perfect stitch of this
winsome under-three popover.
'Why don't fishes have feets?'
she wonders, leaving fashion
matters to her mommie...
and to Nannette.

Just the right age for

nannette

Green cotton suede popover tops a fresh little fall dress that has a white top and red plaid skirt. All no-iron cotton. Toddler sizes 1, 2, 3. About $9.00* complete. At GIMBELS, New York and branches; L. BAMBERGER, Newark; GIMBELS-SCHUSTERS, Milwaukee; GLADDING'S, Providence; THE HIGBEE CO., Cleveland; STIX-BAER & FULLER, St. Louis; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; and other fine stores or write NANNETTE, 3800 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia 24.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

There will be

TWO VOGUES

in September

NEXT

on the stands:

SEPTEMBER 1 VOGUE

in which
the editors
spell out
Vogue's
first full report
on the French
fashion message.

In the

SEPTEMBER 15 VOGUE:

the fascinating
conflict within
WINSTON CHURCHILL,
THE
YANKEE MARLBOROUGH,
by R.W. Thompson

The **Countrywise** dress of 65% DuPont Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton shown on the facing page is available at these and other fine stores throughout the country:

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Loveman, Joseph & Loeb	Birmingham
Abrams Women's Apparel, Inc.	Florence
Al Levy	Montgomery
Goldberg & Lewis	Talladega
ARIZONA	
Diamonds	Phoenix
College Shops	Tucson
CALIFORNIA	
Malcolm Brock	Bakersfield
Blackman's	Berkeley
Hunters	Huntington Park
Bullock's	Los Angeles
Millers West	Pacific Beach
Band Box	Temple City
Bromley's	Vallejo
COLORADO	
Denver Dry Goods Co	Denver
CONNECTICUT	
D. M. Read	Bridgeport
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Burdine's and Branches	Miami
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Marshall Field & Co.	Chicago
Chas. A. Stevens	Chicago
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Weiss & Goldring	Alexandria
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MICHIGAN	
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Jacobson Stores	Jackson
MISSOURI	
Libson Shops, Inc.	St. Louis
MONTANA	
Chambers-Fisher	Bozeman
NEW JERSEY	
Hombergers	Atlantic City
NEW YORK	
Abraham & Straus & Branches	Brooklyn
The Sample	Buffalo
The National	Rochester
C. E. Chappells & Son	Syracuse
OHIO	
H. & S. Pogue	Cincinnati
The Higbee Co. & Branches	Cleveland
Lamson Co.	Cleveland
The Union Co. & All Suburban Stores	Columbus
OKLAHOMA	
Rothschilds	Oklahoma City
PENNSYLVANIA	
Adams Co.	Allentown
Bretts	Altoona
Milton Horne	Hanover
TEXAS	
Blackburn Bros.	Amarillo
Meachams	Ft. Worth
Nathans	Galveston
Wright Fashions	Pampa
Frost Bros.	San Antonio
VIRGINIA	
Hannas	Newport News
WASHINGTON	
Bon Marche & Branches	Seattle, Bellingham, Everette, Northgate, Spokane, Tacoma
WISCONSIN	
H. C. Prange	Appleton
Harry S. Manchester	Madison
Fields	Milwaukee
Gimbel Bros.	Milwaukee
Style Shop	Waukesha

Big fashion catch: Woven-stripe dress in Dacron® polyester and Avril. Sizes 8 to 18, 7 to 17. About $18.00.

DACRON* adds care-free luxury to Countrywise DRESSES

From Macshore Classics, Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

*Du Pont's trade name for its polyester fiber.

Dear DuPont nylon,
You're the star duster of them all!
So pretty. And wash-and-wear, too.

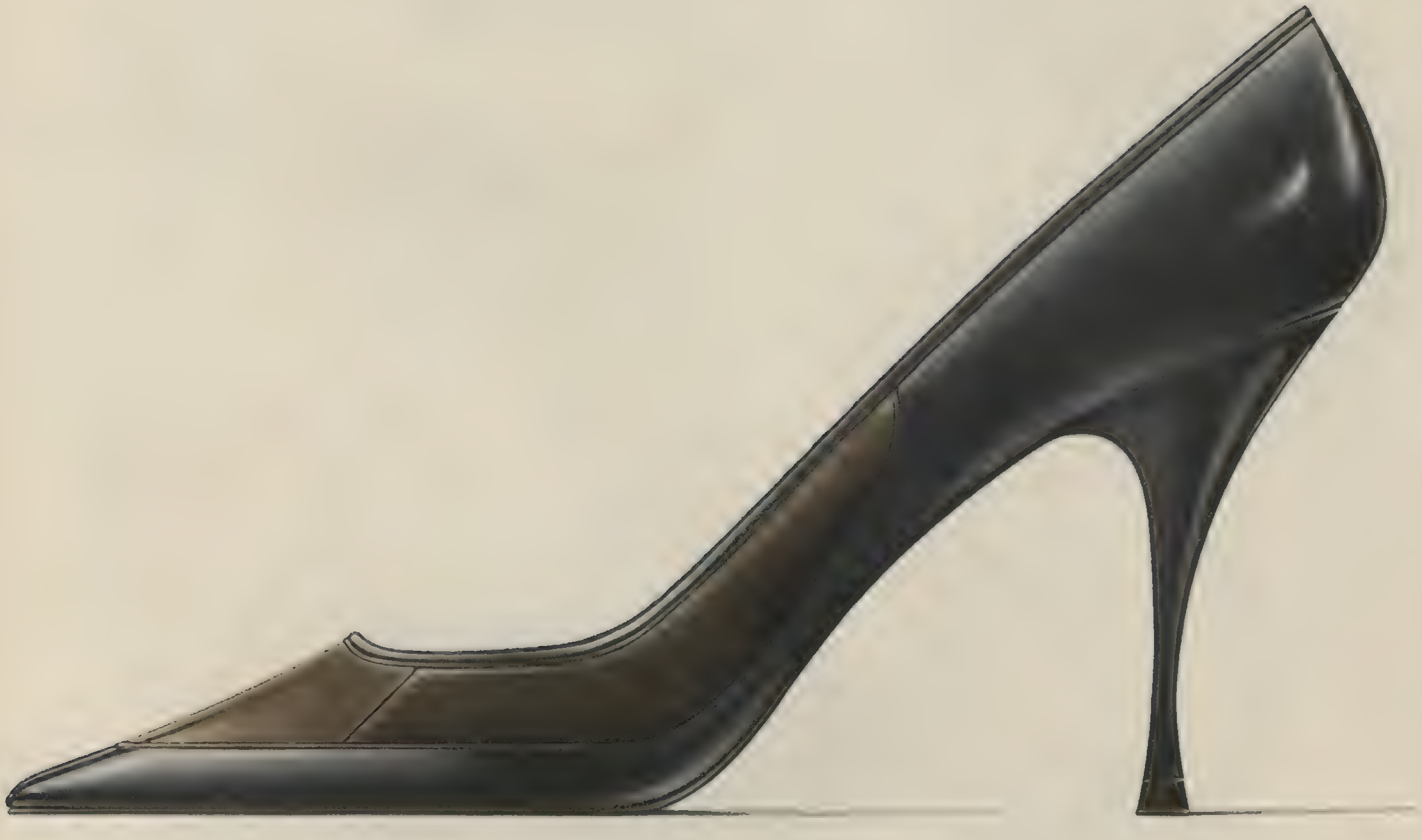
ROBES SHOWN: SHELL & LINING OF 100% DU PONT NYLON. FILLING OF 100% "DACRON"* POLYESTER FIBERFILL.

GEISHA ROBES indulges a little girl's love of luxury with dear little robes she can cozy into. Cloud-light, sunshine-warm and steadily, sturdily machine-wash-and-dry. Why? The delectable print is 100% Du Pont nylon—the fluffy inside, 100% "Dacron" polyester fiberfill. That's why! Toddler sizes 2; 3, 4, about $6. 3-6x, about $9. 7-14, about $11. All in palest pink or blue. At Stewart & Co., Baltimore; Jordan Marsh, Boston; The May Company, Cleveland Downtown & branches; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Best & Company, Fifth Avenue, New York; Hale's Sacramento & branches.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*Du Pont trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics or robes shown shoe illustrated: Thrill



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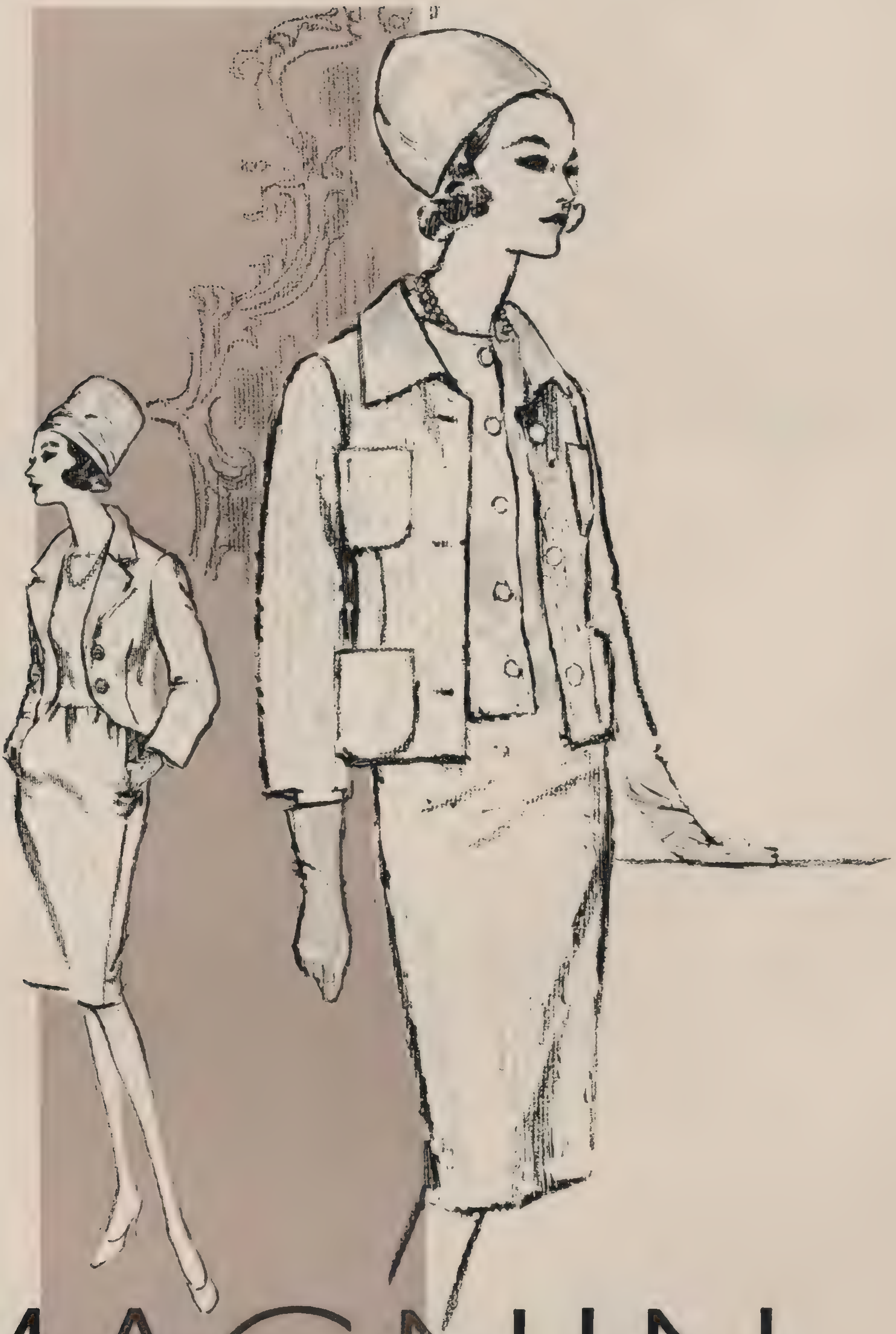
THIS IS THE SHOE DESTINED FOR A DIPLOMATIC CAREER. IN BRILLIANT NEW COLOR COMBINATIONS . . . CLEVERLY PLOTTED FOR YOUR FALL WARDROBE. HIGH OR MID-HEELS. MOST STYLES **$13** TO **$15**. WOHL SHOE COMPANY/SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI/A Division of Brown Shoe Company

At PENN TRAFFIC, Johnstown; WOLFF & MARX, San Antonio; GOTTSCHALK'S, Fresno; BERGNER'S, Peoria ☎ FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

TAXI
ONE WAY
ONE WAY

B. H. WRAGGE
designs this suit to impart
beautifully assured elegance—
in Crompton cotton Velveteen.
Easy cardigan jacket matches slim skirt.
Contrasting silk blouse.
Seal, mulberry, fawn.
Sizes 6-16. About $110.
At Bonwit Teller, New York and Branches.
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis
Gus Mayer Co., New Orleans
Harold Inc., Minneapolis
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.
1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY18

Crompton Velveteen



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light look for fall . . . airy tweed, oyster white woven with pearl grey, in a three-piece suit or jacketed dress, both softened with pearl white satin, designed by ben zuckerman exclusively for I. Magnin & Co.

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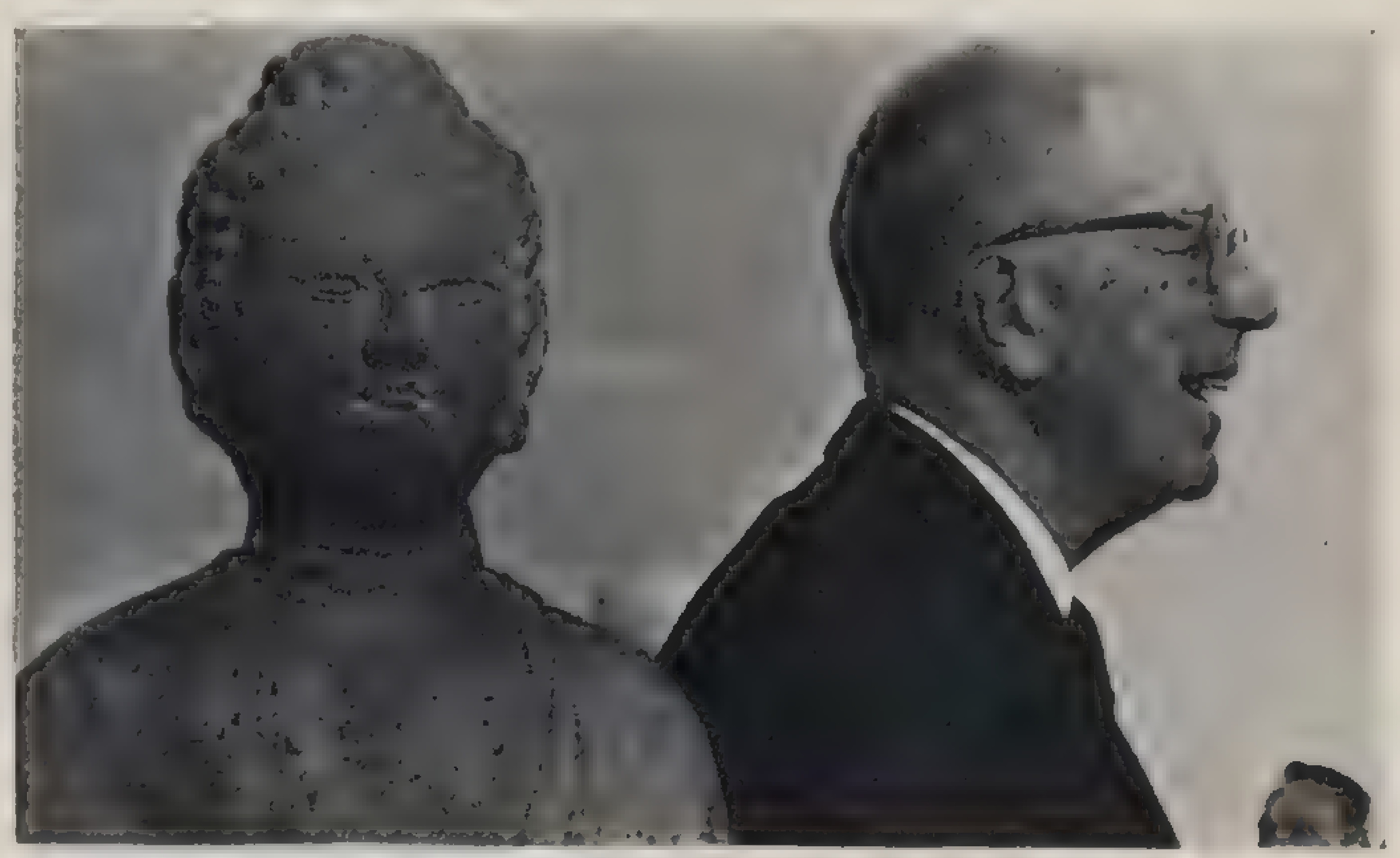
DISTINCTIVE AND UNUSUAL
CHRISTMAS CARDS
from The Metropolitan Museum of Art

☆ A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions under direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28 G3
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed
Name ____________
Address ____________

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Oriental art and Swedish parties: at the new Museum of Far Eastern Antiquities in Stockholm



1

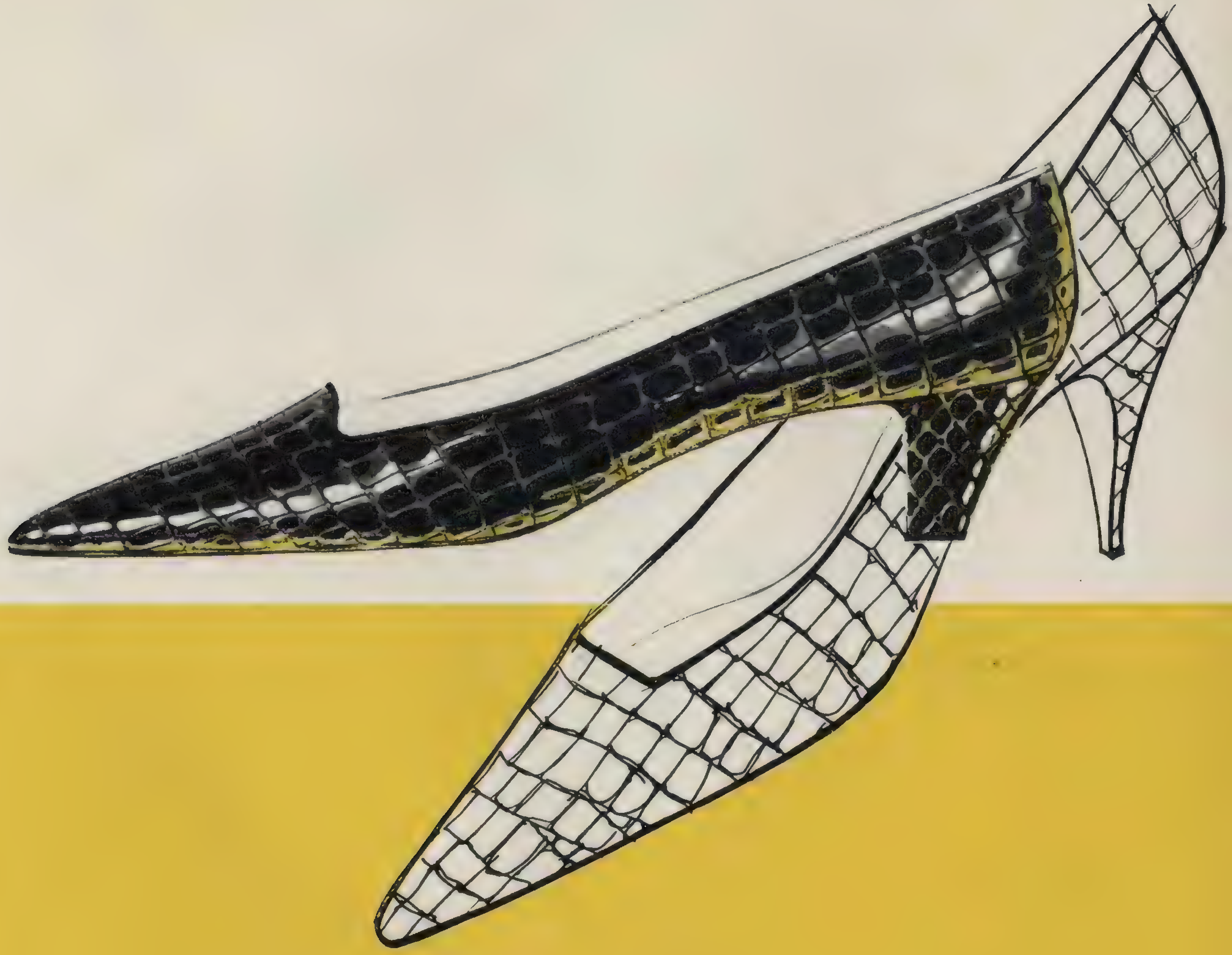
2

3

For a crisp, brisk week in Stockholm, museum directors, curators, collectors from Europe and the U. S., joined Chinese, Japanese, and Swedish scholars. Their mission was the opening of the Museum of Far Eastern Antiquities, and they saw its important trove of Early-Chinese fascinations, its Japanese art. Enchanted evenings with the Royal Family included an informal one at Drottningholm Castle, where the Queen realized a long-time wish: to use the Chinese pavilion for its first official party since 1848. The King and the Queen seemed to know all of their hundreds of guests and to enjoy with them the candled, costumed, gilded, eighteenth-century look. Clearly not just the guests but their royal host and hostess had been royally entertained.

1. King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden opening the Museum. 2. Queen Louise. 3. Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander Pope—he is Director of the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.; she is with the Smithsonian Institution. 4. The new museum—a 1700 building, a one-time stable, beautifully remodelled for art.

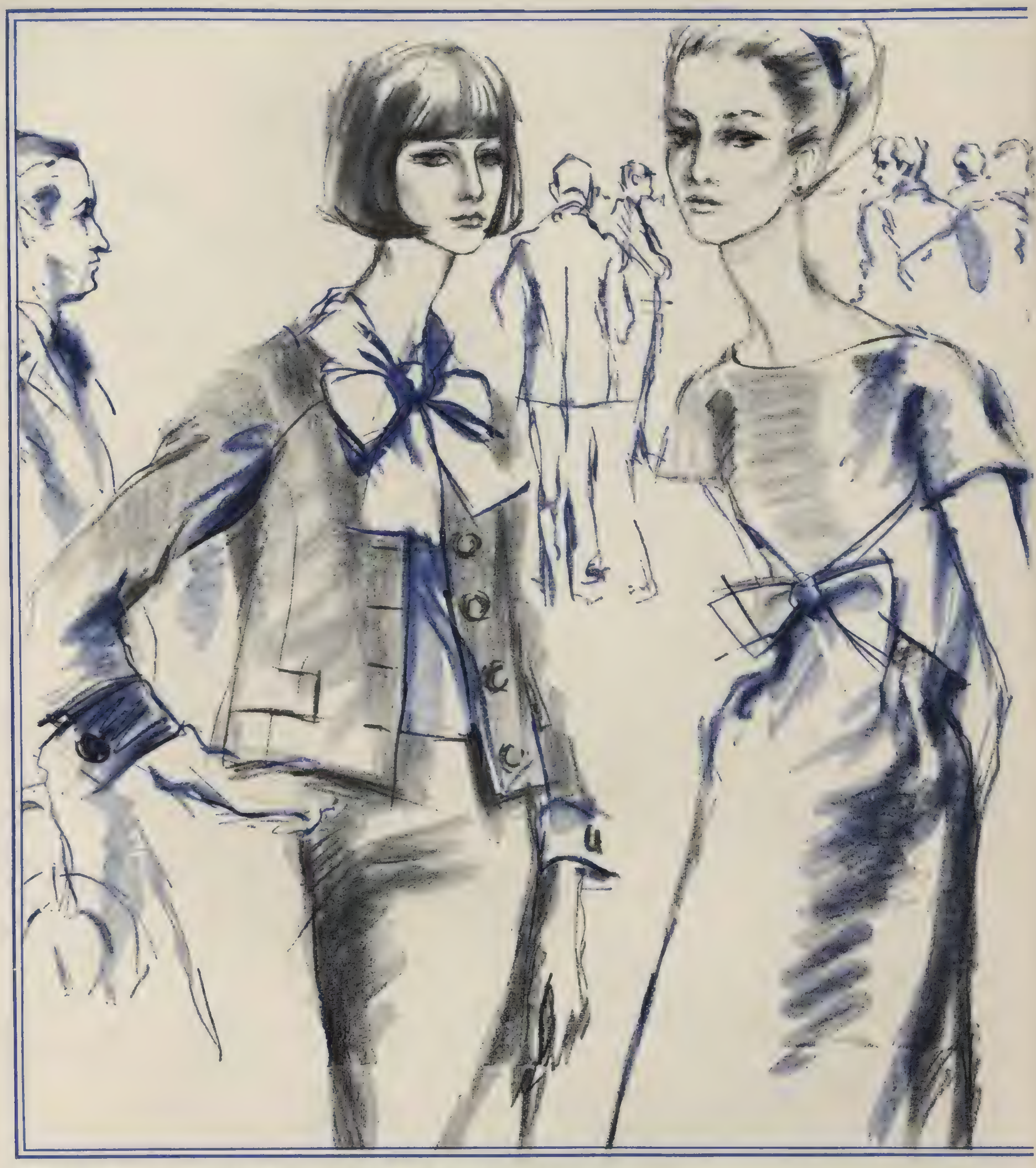
4



■ Bold and black alligator graining printed on soft, supple calfskin is Socialites' bright idea of combined blessings. And this smart new accessorizing scheme gives you a choice of heel heights . . . both on cushioned soft pumps with totally contemporary lines and limitless fashion. Shoes illustrated: Sapphire and Continental.

Socialites

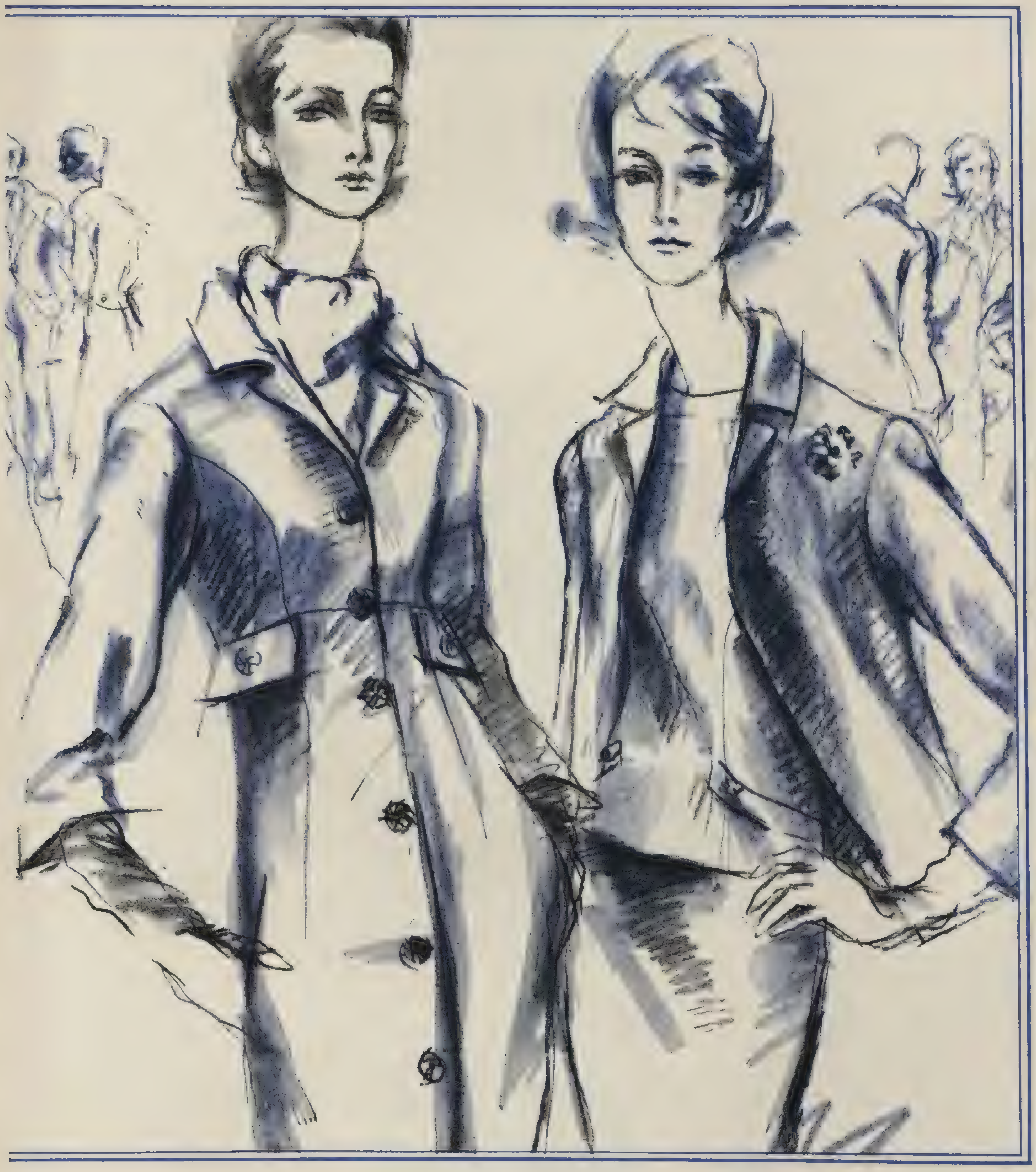
SOCIALITES, about $13 to $15. The United States Shoe Corporation, Department V-83, Cincinnati 7, Ohio. Leather references apply to uppers only



WHAT'S LIGHTING UP LOS ANGELES? – The new Los Angeles County Museum of Art inspires the support of art-loving citizens. The fabric strategy is Staron's Alaskine, the fashion strategy, Schrader. *Left:* Mort

MORT SCHRADER

Designed by Mario Forte for Mort Schrader



Schrader's cardigan jacket suit, silk blouse, $110...*Right:* The shaped overblouse dress, $80...Both petite sizes 6-16. *Left:* Abe Schrader's empire coat dress, $90. *Right:* Sculpted three piece costume, $120. Both misses' sizes 8-16 at the finest stores everywhere.

ABE SCHRADER

Designed by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader Abe Schrader Corp. 530 7th Ave, NY

☎ "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

☎ "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"— SEE LAST PAGE

been wearing
my new Vitality shoes?

It could only be Estelle, your daring daughter. She eyed with envy your smokey new shoes, the Buffalino calf, the triangle heels. She tried with surprise the unflagging arch, the soothing sole. And away she ran. Who can blame her? This is Vitality, the sensible shoe too smart to show it. The Ardmore, about $15.

VITALITY!

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Shagmoor.
Wonderful coat.
Belongs. On you.
Nips the waist—gently.
Worsted and mohair bouclé.
Harmonizing mink collar.
Elegant!
Misses' and petite sizes.
About $170.
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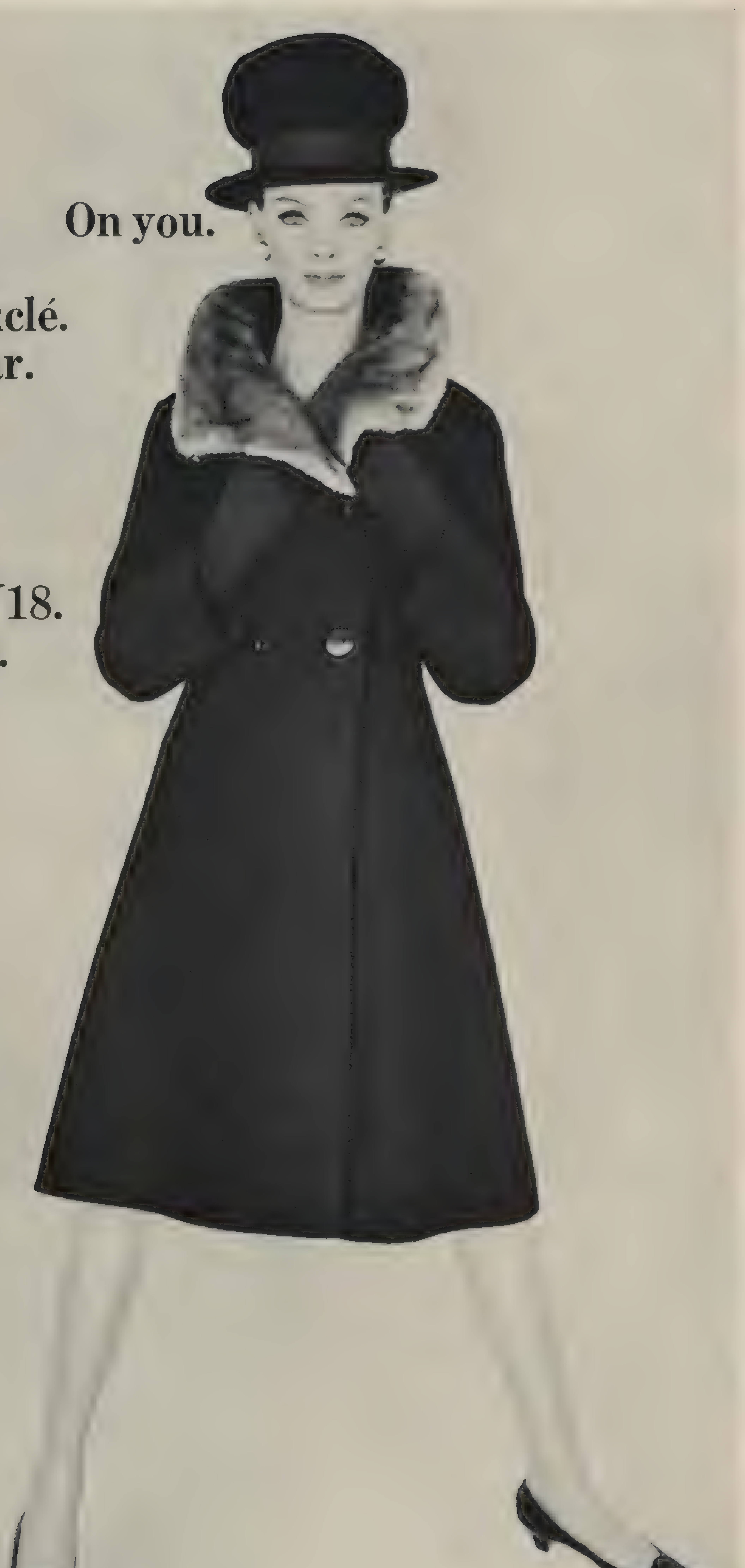
The House of Shagmoor.



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Cherished words deserve a cherished paper. And the rewards of writing often, on lovely paper, are rich indeed.

For the paper helps very much in saying just how much you care. Then, your thoughtfulness inspires thoughtfulness in return.

Lovely paper means Crane—and has meant Crane since 1801.

You can tell this paper by its texture, since Crane makes only one superb quality of paper—100% rag fiber.

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Your experienced, selected dealer in Crane stationery is your most reliable source of paper information. He will advise you on a wide variety of weaves, weights and sizes; and on all matters concerning engraving. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts.

Crane's

FINE
PAPERS

Pandora sees "Orlon"* like you've never seen it before!

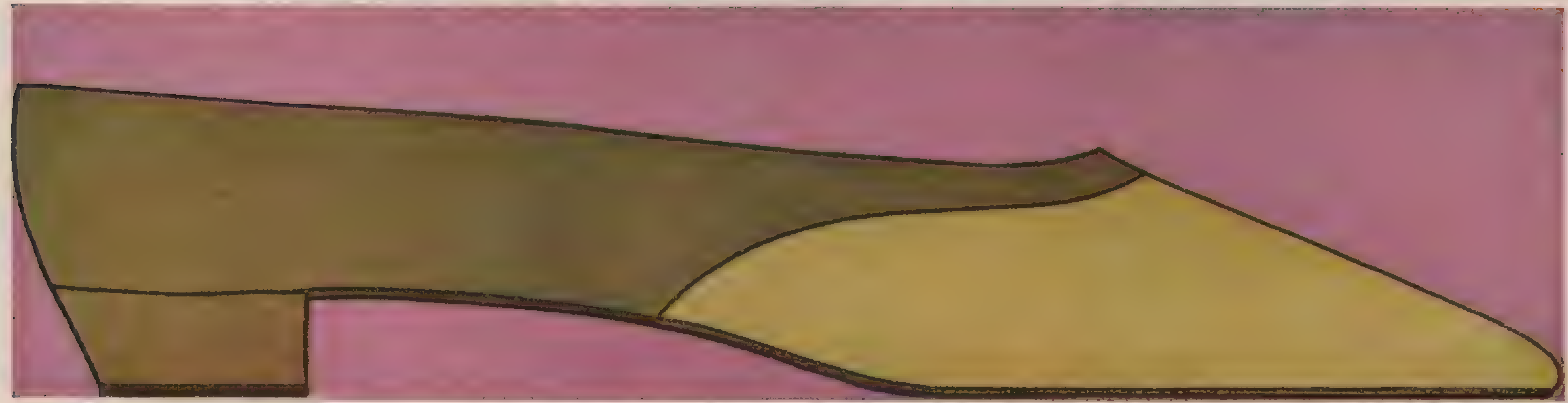
America's rave new school classic: The Norfolk Sweaterjac, knit better, fit better, machine wash-and-dryable like you've never had it so good! 100% "Orlon"* acrylic; sizes 7 to 14 about $7; sizes 3 to 6X, $6. The Costume-maker 100% wool plaid skirt; 7 to 14 about $8, 3 to 6X, $5. For your nearest Pandoras, write to Pandora Knitwear Inc., Dept. V., 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

*TRADEMARK FOR DU PONT ACRYLIC FIBER.

Pandora®

We have big yellow eyes

and capezios® to match



THE VAMP, WILDLY FLATTERING, IN YELLOW RAISIN SUEDE AND BRONZE MOSS PATENT, ABOUT $16.00. / ALL BONWIT TELLER, THE DAYTON CO., NEUSTETER'S AND GODCHAUX'S STORES. / OR WRITE TO CAPEZIO, INC., DEPT. V-863, 9 WEST 61ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY 23, NEW YORK.

FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

capezio®

cobblers to the world of dance...and fashion

for the lass with the delicate skin...
MORE THAN JUST GLAMOROUS COSMETICS

New Almay is exquisite make-up
created expressly for women sensitive
to certain cosmetic ingredients . . .
fully 55 known irritants screened out! That's why
Almay cosmetics are called Hypo-Allergenic . . .
more than just glamorous cosmetics.

Almay lets you look lovelier...without worry! The complete line of Almay beauty aids includes high-fashion make-up, preparations for complexion, hair and nail care, deodorants. A delight to use...for sensitive skin. At better drug, department stores and cosmetic shops. Unscented, won't compete with your personal perfume. ALMAY®

DIVISION OF SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

. . . so glamorous you have to be told they're Hypo-Allergenic.

FASHION SHOW OF VOGUE PATTERNS AND FABRICS

Following is a list of stores where the Vogue Pattern-Forstmann Fabrics Fashion show will be held, and where the fabrics shown on pages 82-83 can be found.

ARKANSAS

The Blass Co., Little Rock. Aug. 15-17

CALIFORNIA

Buffums' in Southern California:
Long Beach, Aug. 26; Pomona, Aug. 27
H. C. Capwell Co., Oakland. Oct. 6-12
Bullock's, Santa Ana. Aug. 13, 14
Bullock's, Pasadena. Aug. 29, 30
Weinstock Lubin & Co., Sacramento. Oct. 18, 19
The Emporium, San Francisco. Aug. 29-Sept. 4

COLORADO

The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver. Sept 27, 28

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Woodward & Lothrop, Washington. Sept. 16-18

ILLINOIS

Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago. Aug. 9, 10

LOUISIANA

Maison Blanche, New Orleans. Sept. 9, 10

MARYLAND

Hutzler's, Baltimore. Aug. 14-17

MASSACHUSETTS

Jordan Marsh, Boston. Sept. 6, 7

MINNESOTA

The Amluxen Company, Minneapolis. Sept. 10, 11

MISSISSIPPI

S. P. McRae, Inc., Jackson. Oct. 4, 5

MISSOURI

Welek Fabrics, Springfield. Sept. 19
Welek Fabrics, St. Louis. Sept. 13

NEW YORK

Sibley Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester. Oct. 30, 31

NORTH CAROLINA

Belks, Charlotte. Sept. 23, 24

OHIO

Shillito's, Cincinnati. Oct. 21-23
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland. Oct. 14
F. & R. Lazarus & Co., Columbus. Aug. 26
Rike Kumler, Dayton. Oct. 14

OKLAHOMA

Wayne Russell Fabrics, Inc., Oklahoma City. Sept. 23-28
Brown-Dunkin, Tulsa. Aug. 8

PENNSYLVANIA

Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia. Sept. 16

TEXAS

Sanger-Harris, Dallas. Aug. 1, 2

WASHINGTON

Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Sept. 16, 17

The **ADELAAR** oxford shirts on the opposite page may be found at the following fine stores

Akron, Ohio, The M. O'Neil Co.
Albany, New York, Flah's
Albuquerque, N. Mexico, Benjamin's
Allentown, Pa., Zollinger Harned
Alton, Ill., The Vogue
Amherst, N. Y., Jenss Dept. Store
Appleton, Wisc., H. C. Prange Co.
Asbury Park, N. J., Steinbach Co.
Asheville, N. C., Ivey's
Atlanta, Ga., J. P. Allen
Augusta, Ga., Frank Goldberg Co.
Austin, Tex., Snyder's
Baltimore, Md., Hutzler Brothers Co.
Benton Harbor, Mich., The Petite Shoppe
Birmingham, Ala., Loveman's
Bloomington, Ill., Rolands
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Brooklyn, New York, Abraham & Straus
Brownsville, Tex., Popular Dry Goods Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., L. L. Berger, Inc.
Cedar Rapids, Io., Armstrong's
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio, The H & S Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, The May Co.
Columbia, S. C., Belk's
Columbus, Ohio, F & R Lazarus Co.
Davenport, Io., Goodells
Dayton, Ohio, The Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver, Colo., May—D & F
Des Moines, Io., Feldmann's
District of Columbia, Woodward & Lothrop
East Orange, N. J., R. H. Muir, Inc.
East St. Louis, Ill., Stanley's Apparel, Inc.
Elgin, Ill., Jos. Spiess Co.
Elizabeth, N. J., R. J. Goerke
Elkhart, Ind., Stephensons
Elk City, Okla., Farha's
Elmira, N. Y., The Gorton Coy
El Paso, Tex., Popular Dry Goods
Erie, Pa., Erie Dry Goods
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., Jordan Marsh
Ft. Worth, Tex., Meachams
Green Bay, Wisc., H. C. Prange Co.
Greensboro, N. C., Brownhills
Greensburg, Pa., Royers
Hackensack, N. J., Knitwear Shoppe
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Tex., Sakowitz
Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind., The Wm. H. Block Co.
Ithaca, N. Y., Holleys
Jackson Heights, N. Y., Clark Stores, Inc.
Johnstown, Pa., Penn Traffic
Kansas City, Mo., Adler's
Los Angeles, Calif., Bullock's Wilshire
Miami, Fla., Jordan Marsh
Milwaukee, Wisc., Gimbel Bros., Inc.
Mobile, Ala., Kayser's
Montgomery, Ala., Alex Rice
Morristown, N. J., M. Epstein, Inc.
Newark, N. J., Hahne & Company
New Britain, Conn.,
Davidson & Leventhal & Branches
New Orleans, La.,
The Leon Godchaux Clothing Company, Ltd.
Newton Centre, Mass.,
H. G. Morton Inc. c/o Browning King
New York City, N. Y., Bloomingdales
New York City, N. Y., Bonwit Teller
Northampton, Mass., Albert's, Inc.
Omaha, Nebr., J. L. Brandeis Co.
Orlando, Fla., Jordan Marsh
Pasadena, Calif., Bullock's
Passaic, N. J., Wechsler's
Philadelphia, Pa., Bonwit Teller
Phoenix, Ariz., Goldwater's
Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne Co.
Plainfield, N. J., Tepper Bros.
Providence, R. I., The Peerless Co.
Raleigh, N. C., Mac Josephs
Richmond, Va., Thalhimers
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Scottsdale, Ariz., Goldwater's
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South Bend, Ind., Gilberts
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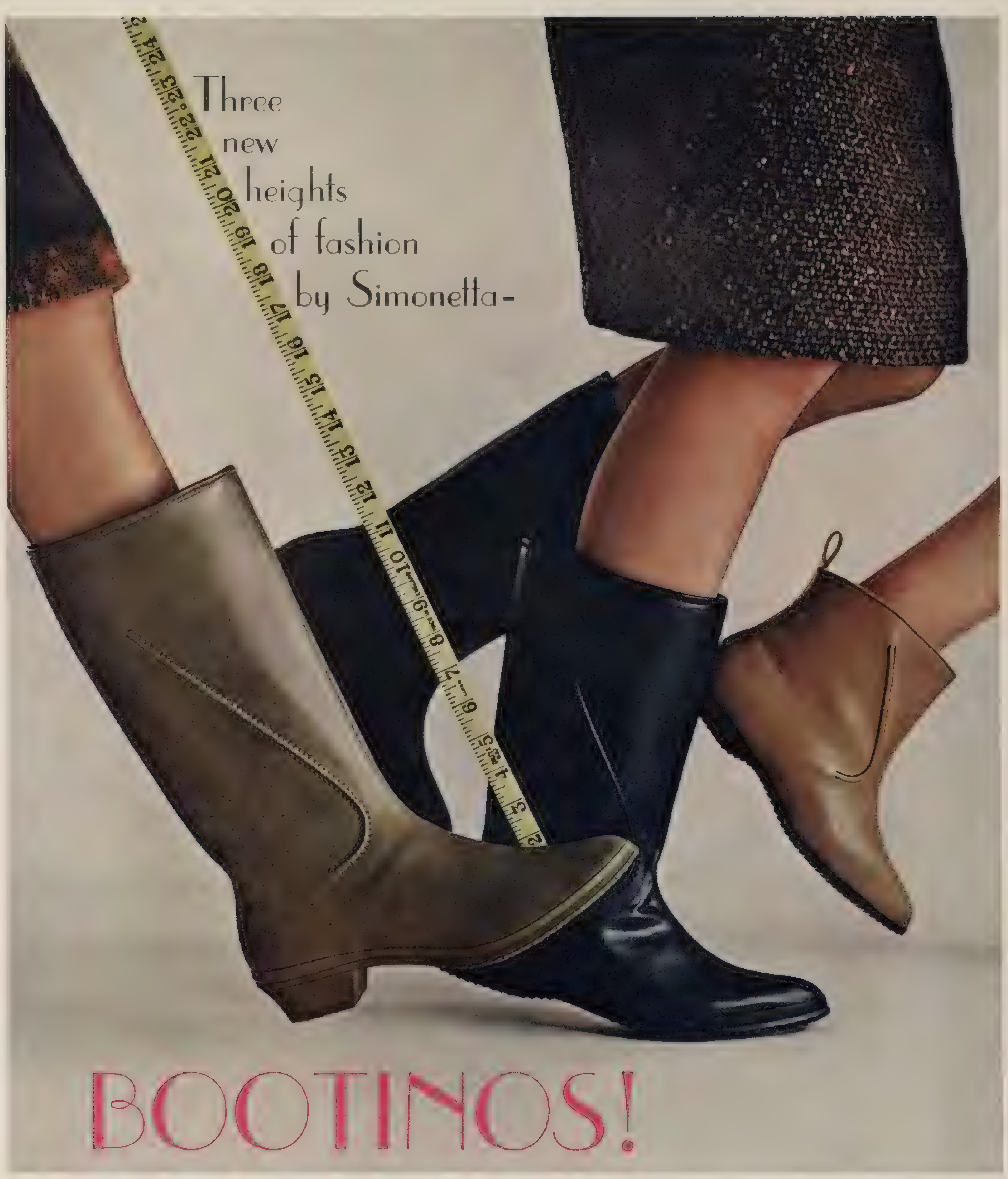
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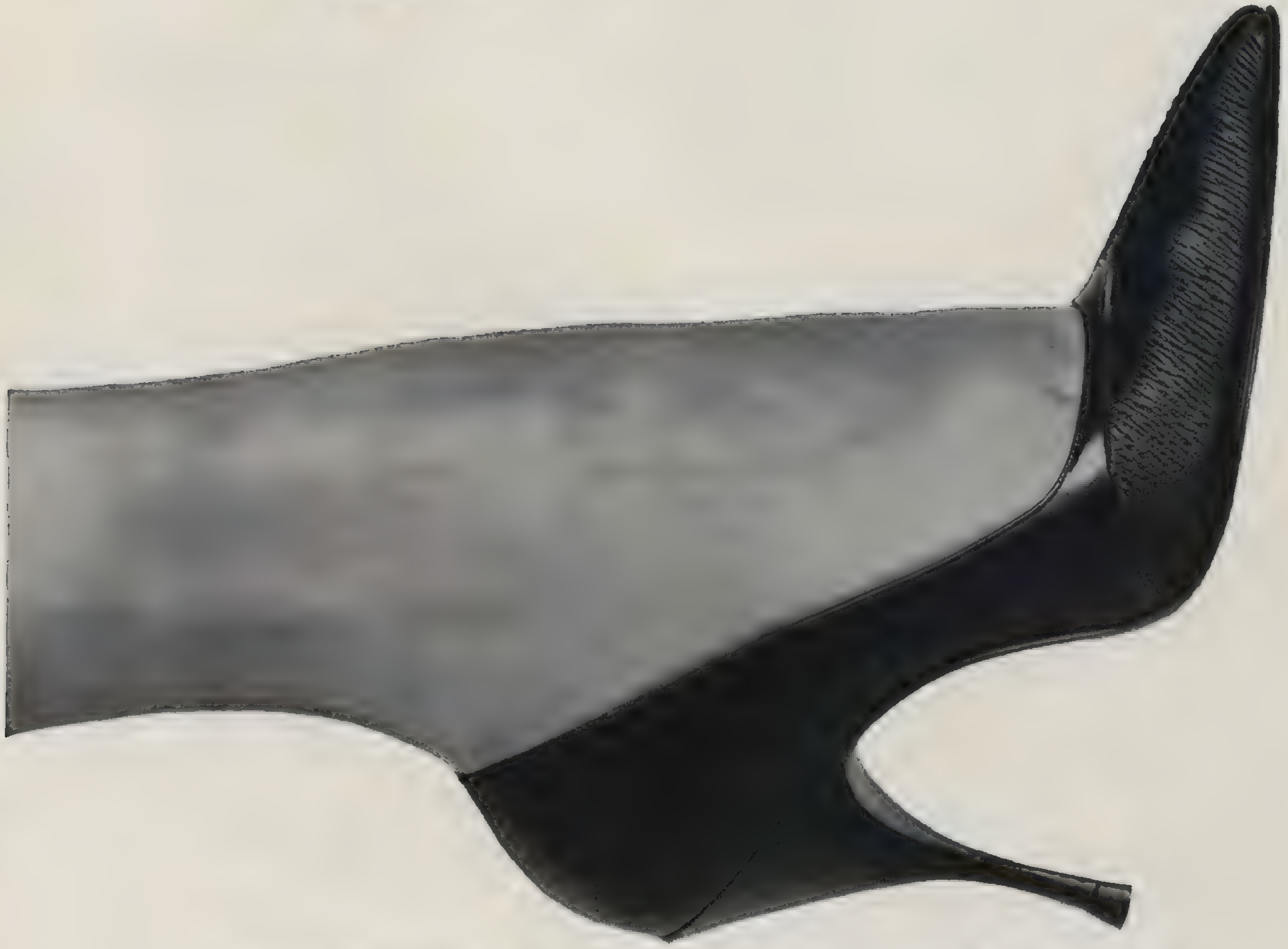

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Background music for a curl to come

The absolute inside word on what's behind any sweeping success in the dress world was offered us recently by a maker of mass-produced dresses—and it has, we think, an interesting application to beauty. "In the dead of night," he said, "a secret meeting is held by all the women in the entire country. They pour out of every city and they all get together to decide which one dress they'll all buy the next day." While we're mad about the idea of the nightdressed mass meeting and wish we could send a phantom photographer to cover it, we feel we must tell our friend the dress manufacturer that he's got his eye on the wrong meeting. There is a much earlier one—a most important one—that sets up the cravings for both fashion and beauty changes. And as far as beauty and hair go, the early steering committee definitely meets in Rome. . . . No one has tackled the subject of beauty lately with more devotion and energy than chic Roman women; they're making an art of their make-up, an adventure of their hair, and they're where ideas begin. Why we've orchestrated this thought with so much background is this: Roman women are beginning to like the look of ornamental curls—their postiches trail a curl or two these evenings. If the charmed-up curl doesn't catch on—at the nightdressed meeting, eventually—we'll be very much surprised. . . .

"Cucumber, peach, tomato?"

The menu at left was offered us not at lunch, but rather at the make-up table of a facial masseuse we know—she was inquiring about our preferences in masques. There's been more than a little fruit-and-vegetable stand being taken in treatment potions lately—most of it stemming from France where vegetable cosmetics are Big. What do these ingredients do, if anything? They may not do more than provide the kind of help one finds through the bio-chemical route (may do less, in fact), but they have a fairly admirable history. The Middle European will remember the women servants in the family kitchen plastering their faces with tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots, fruits, for—respectively—bleaching, refining, brightening, stimulating. We think the rage for such an approach is probably over-stimulated by people for whom fads are all; but we think the basic message of the fruit and vegetable idea will stand up a long, long time.

Tender types

In view of the number of women in the country who've turned to hypo-allergenic cosmetics, has it ever occurred to you: what about the men who might be allergic to the women who are allergic to cosmetics? Well, the men might be allergic, too, it seems. It's figured that, of the male population, some 5% to 19% might be sensitive to all the charming things in men's toiletries. For this reason, the first hypo-allergenic group of toiletries ever thought of for men has now been introduced. Made by Allercreme, and introduced in June, these took off like Chateaugay. Said to be in the history of Allercreme's decision to make such a move: one special incident involving a man so wildly sensitive to cosmetics that he bought and supplied to all the women in his firm's employ hypo-allergenic make-up to wear about their office lives.

Funny colour

Just to prove that we're not just a vanilla-chocolate-strawberry country when it comes to cosmetics, this checkout: Elizabeth Arden's Bisque eyeshadow (beige is the less subtle description) is doing well. So is Germaine Monteil's green Color Secret (actually it's a great antidote for a flush). So is Scandia's beige-brown lipstick called Be Natural; and Evelyn Marshall's sherry-brown lipstick she's called Photo #2. Vanilla types? Not at all. Nervy.

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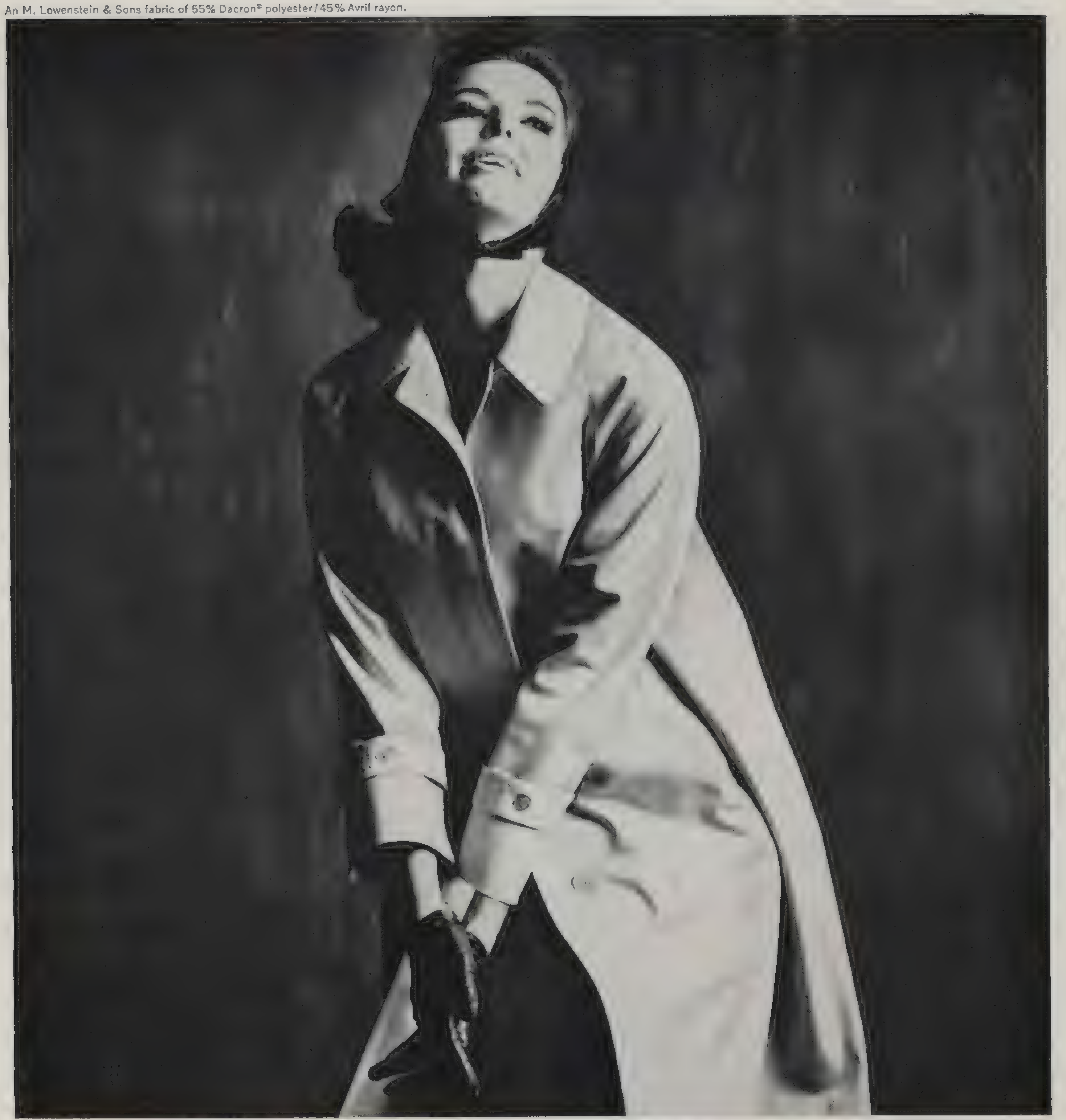

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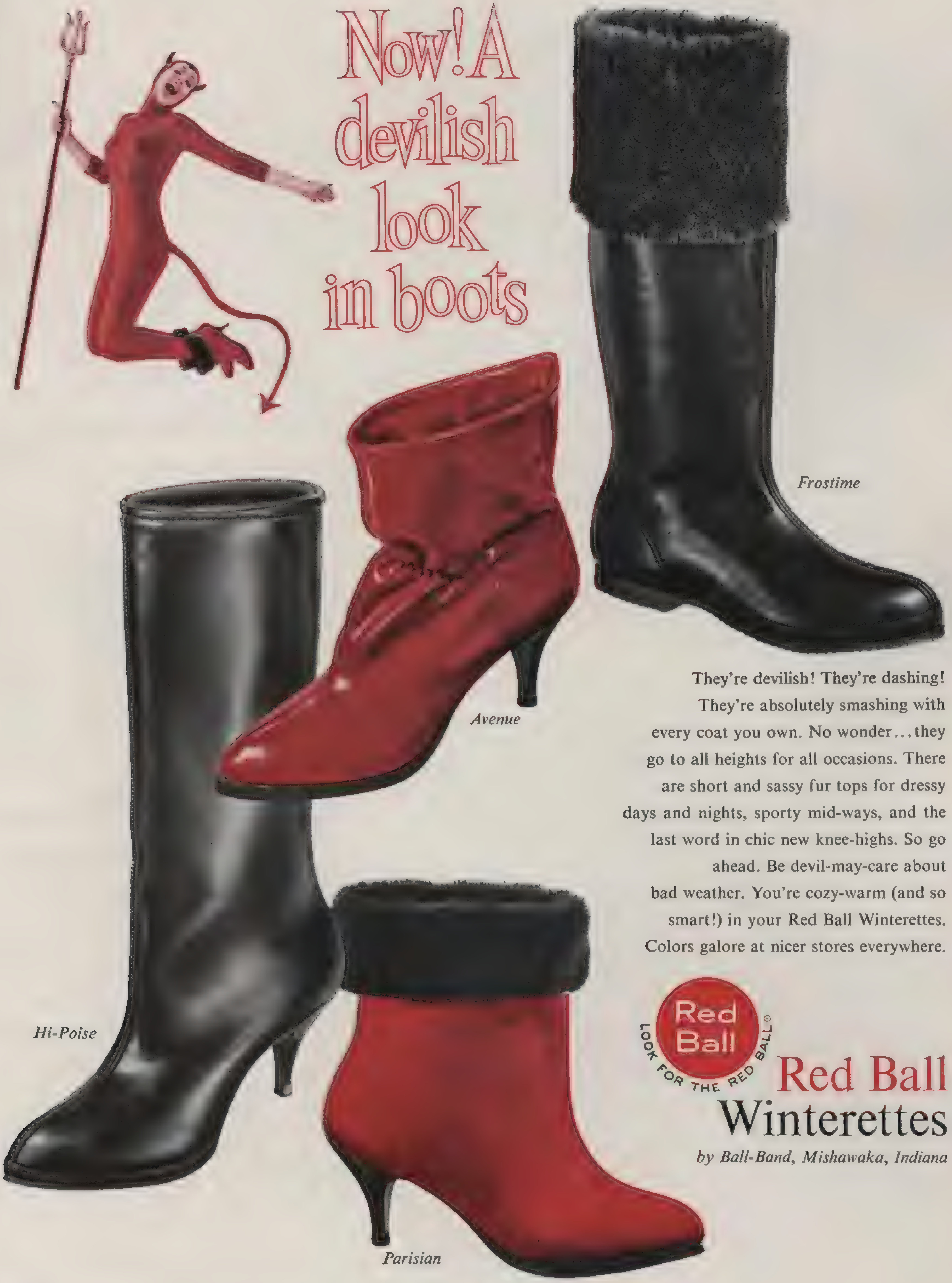

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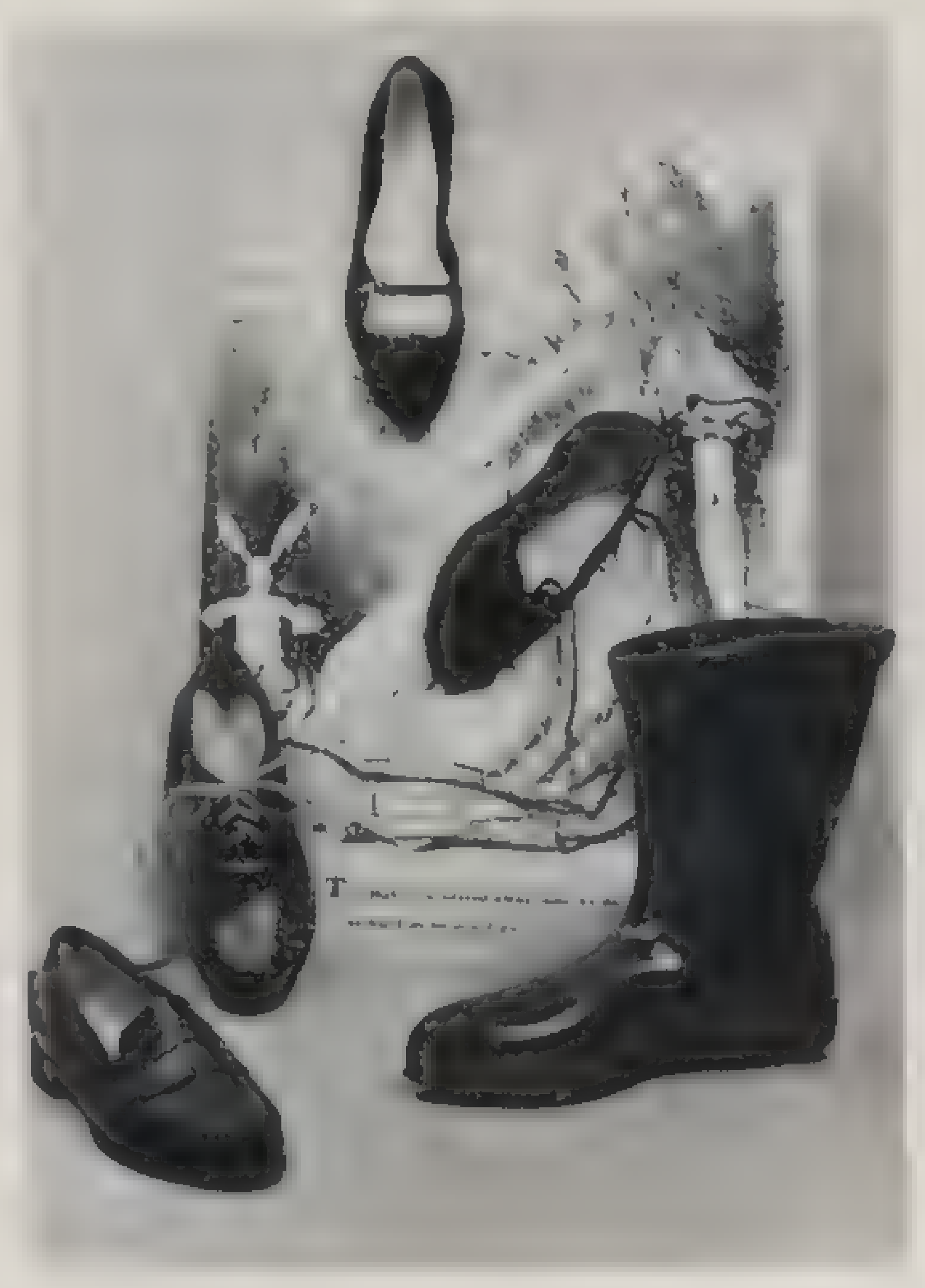

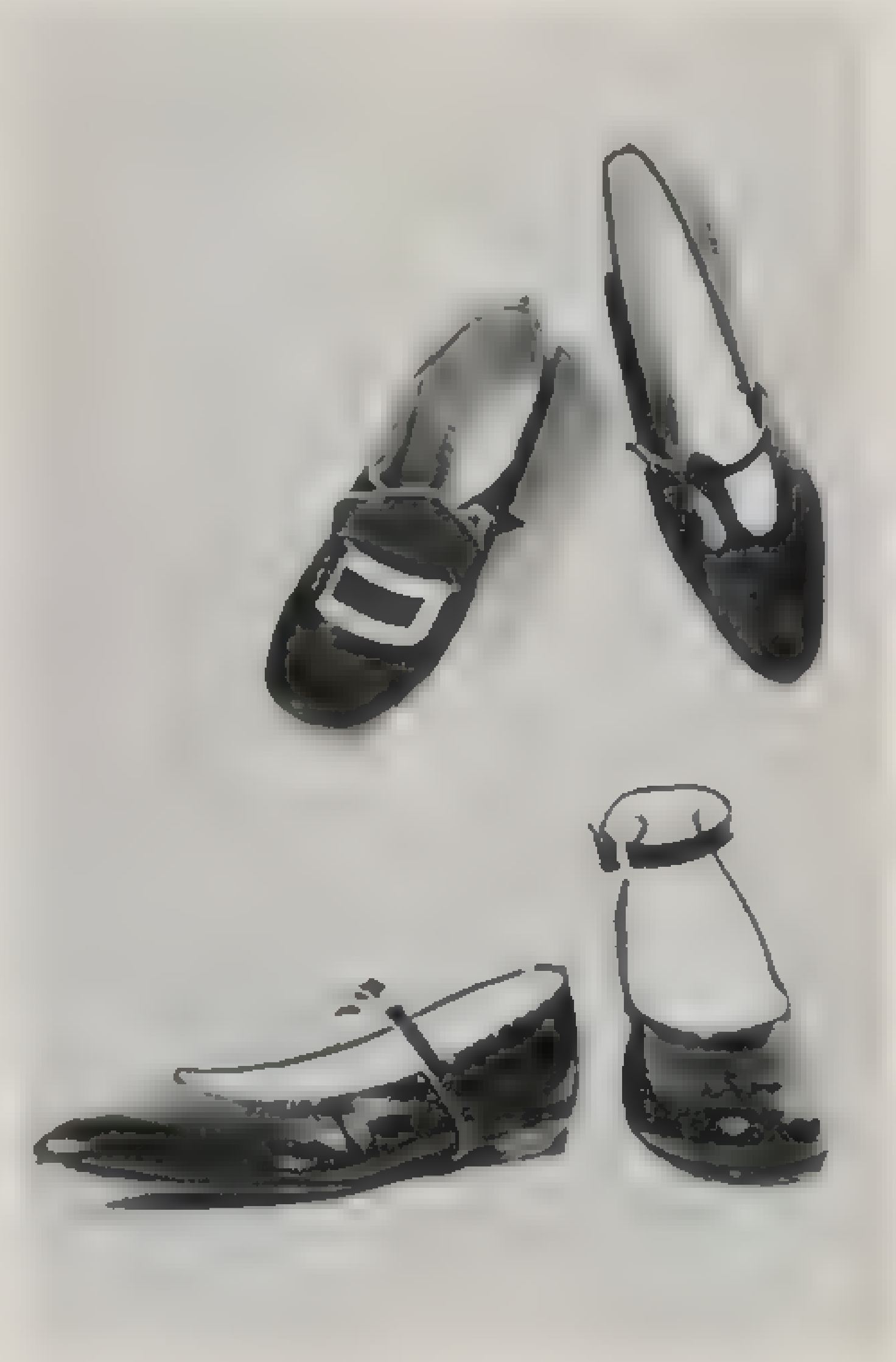

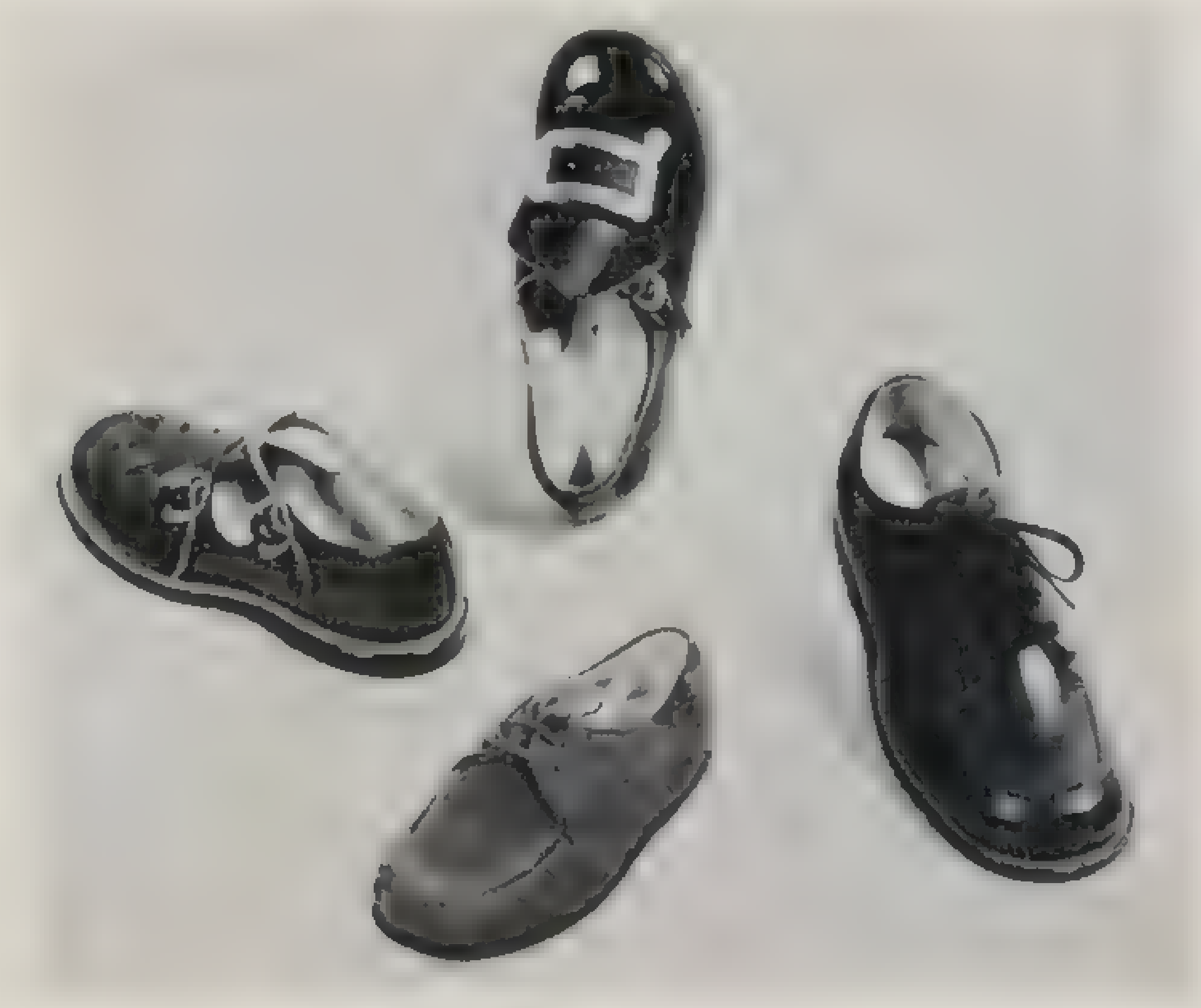

Sturdy shoes for school and play (above and clockwise): Black patent leather flat, black calfskin touches; $14, at Saks Fifth Avenue (available after September 1). Green suède ghillie Oxford; $7, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Flared-top red cavalier boot of vinyl, nylon fleece lining for warmth, worn without shoes; by U.S. Rubber, of Royalon; $13, at Bonwit Teller. Brown leather moccasin for everyday; by Miss Sandler; $9, at Best & Co. Classic, handsome, long-lived brown leather Oxford with oval-toed look; by Reider; $11, at Best & Co. Light and easy party shoes (upper left): Buckled Colonial pump of black patent leather; by Capezio; $10, at Lord & Taylor. Black patent leather T-strap pump, oval toe again; $11, at Saks Fifth Avenue. A classic revival, the ankle-strap pump in black patent leather; by Zulich, $9, at Lord & Taylor. Capezio shell pump of black patent leather with wrap-around removable strap; $10, at Bloomingdale's. Resolutely robust boys' shoes (lower left): The Number 26 brown Oxford, scuff-toed, leather-soled, hardy; $9, at Bonwit Teller. Italian Oxford of taupe suède; $10, at Bloomingdale's. Two-strap sandal for smaller boys; by Waterbury; $7, at Best & Co. Again the buckled Colonial pump, which is meant for boys to wear too; at Lord & Taylor.

FOUR PIECES OF SUIT

great grey flannel with a walking shape

Out for a walk—that could mean stepping on grass or concrete or the porch of a country club—a wonderful look that goes this way: a long jacket sporting patch pockets, cuffs, a notched collar; straight but walkable skirt; a sleeveless shell-like vest. All, so far, grey wool flannel. The fourth piece, an ascot-tied ivory shirt. To walk along: textured boots, a spotty fur hat, stockings that could be ribbed or herringboned, in bright pink or blue. Costume by Bardley; about $110. Best & Co.; F. & R. Lazarus; L. S. Ayres. Tatiana hat at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Marjorie Montgomery
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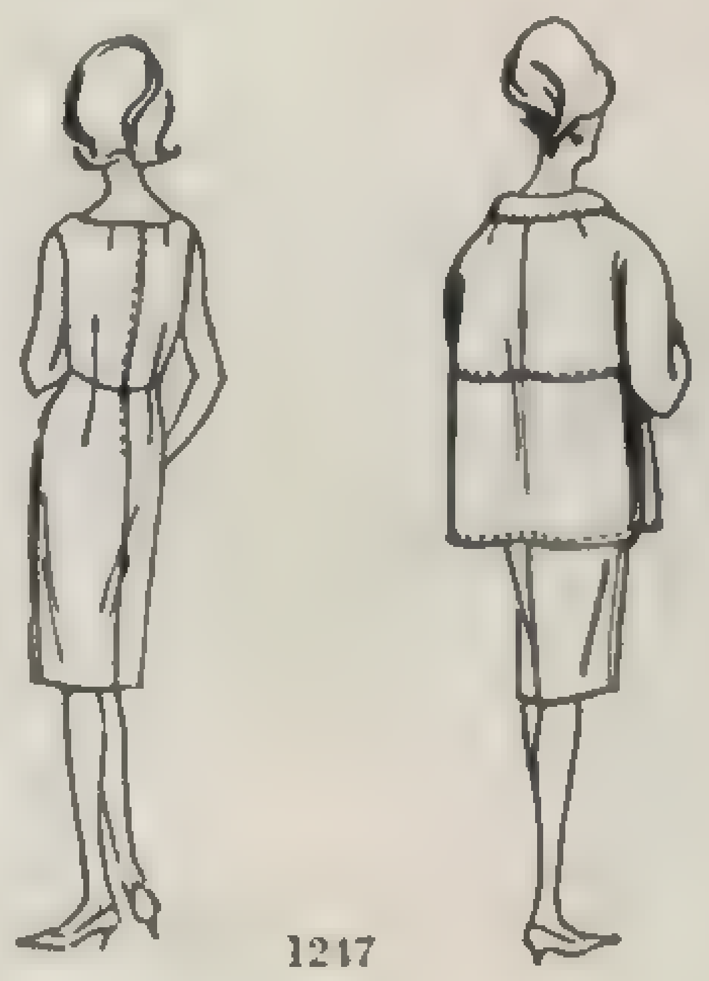
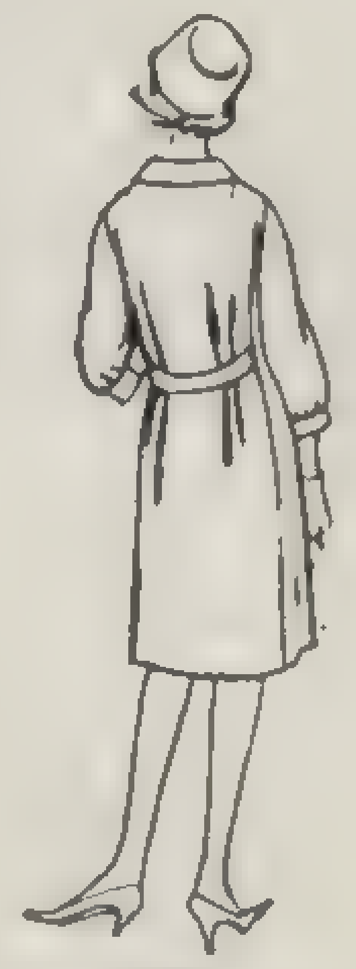
VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 82-83, other views, sizes, yardages)



1247

Above: One-piece dress and jacket. Vogue Paris Original Model 1247 by Nina Ricci. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 3½ yds. of 54″ fabric without nap. $3. In Canada, $3.30.



1267

Above: One-piece coatdress. Vogue International Couturier Design 1267 by Ronald Paterson. Sizes 12-20. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yds. 54″ fabric without nap. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.

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TWO NEW YORK PARTIES

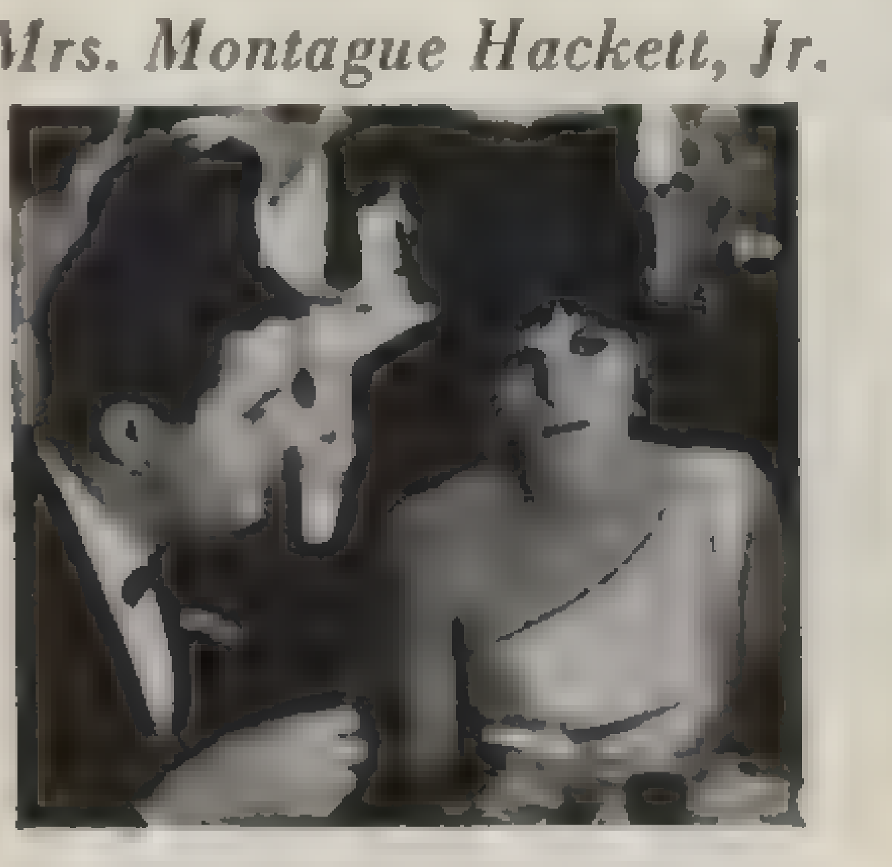
The Boys' Club Dinner Dance

The effect at the Plaza was a candlelit garden party—most of the women in white and pale pink and yellow, many in a long swirl of chiffon, all looking as if they dressed just for this setting. The decorator, Harry Bell, had transformed the Grand Ballroom into a garden with flowers all over, high flower statues, and jonquil-yellow tablecloths. The cause was The Boys' Club of New York, founded in 1876 when E. H. Harriman gathered together three lower East Side youngsters "to get them off the streets and teach them better manners." Many of the men at the dance do volunteer work with the boys. Their wives invented this annual benefit thirty years ago to help; now it's somewhat of a big family party. Many of the four hundred guests are sons and daughters of other guests; people who will go to no other ball are faithful about attending this one. The Boys' Club Glee Club gave their traditional concert, sang mostly songs from *Oliver*. Their coach, Joseph Bellomo, learned to sing ten years ago at the Tompkins Square branch of the Boys' Club.

Left to right: Mr. George Helme; Countess de Faramond. Mrs. Augustus G. Paine, II. Mrs. George Baker, Jr., and Mr. Garrick Stephenson.

Mrs. Garrick Stephenson; Mr. Oakley Rhinelander.

Mr. Thomas Pettus, Jr.; Mrs. Montague Hackett, Jr.

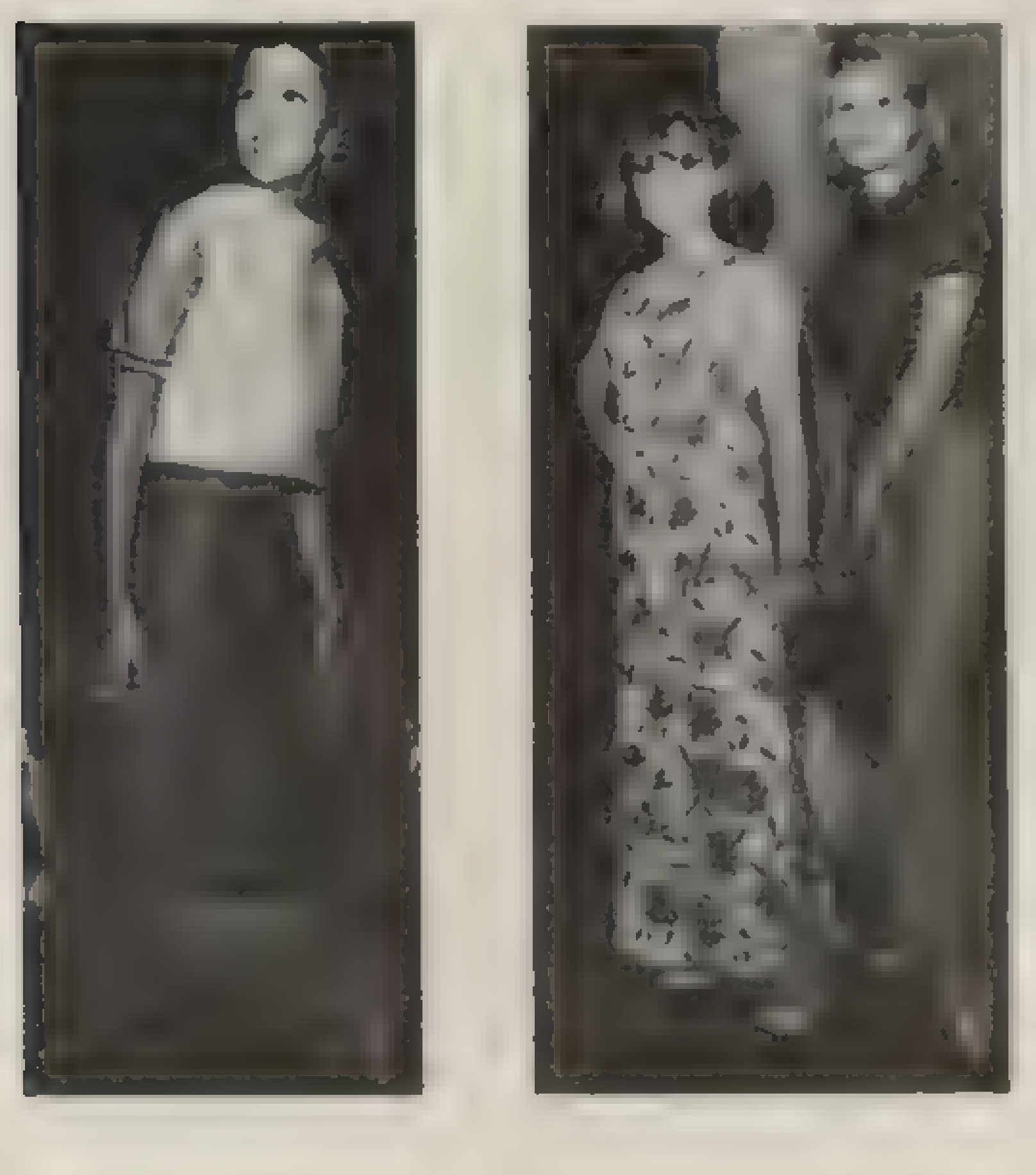


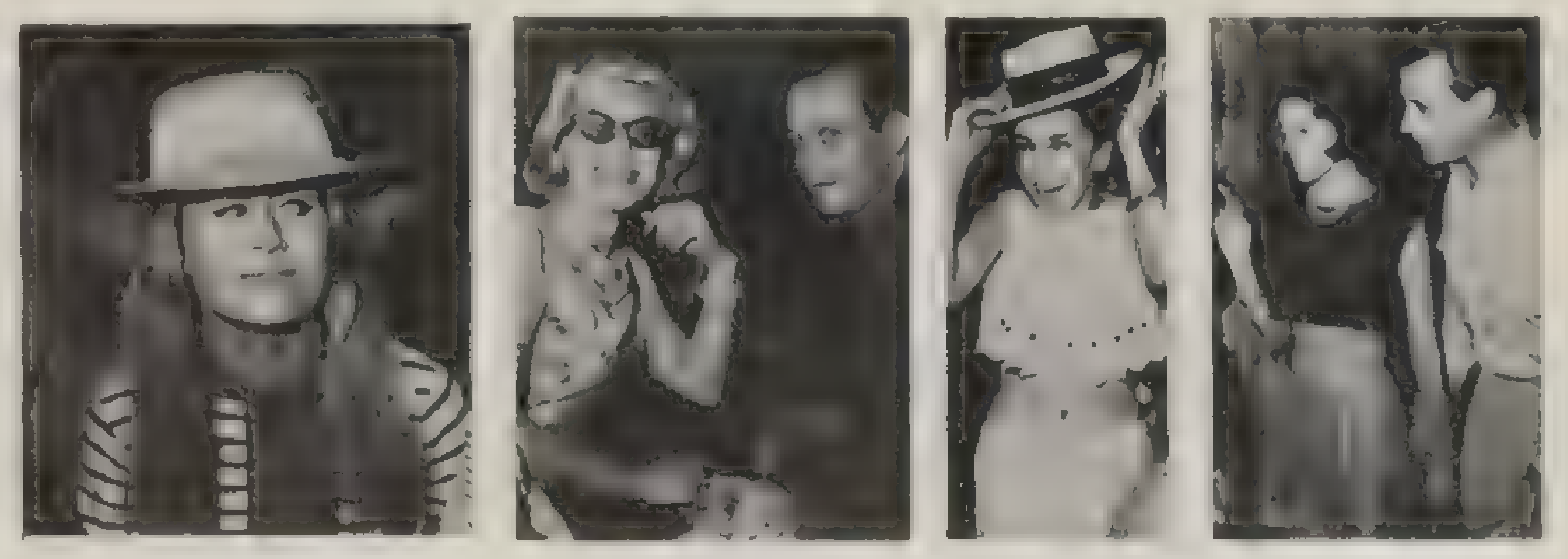
Mr. Duer McLanahan with Mrs. Michael Thomas and Mr. Barend van Gerbig, II.

"A Night in St. Tropez"

The effect at the Sherry Netherland was nautical. and as much of a mob scene as the real St. Tropez in August. The cause was the Musicians Aid Society. The guests—six hundred of them—were asked to dress "St. Tropez style." The women wore every sort of pants—jump suits, shorts, culottes—in every sort of material, gingham through brocade. (A few of them bought wonderful hairpieces for around $16 to pile their hair high and string it long.) Barefoot or sneaker-shod young men appeared in long sweaters, T-shirts, "St. Trop" sailor pants, suède jackets. After Le Jazz Hot and L'Orchestre Américain, people who could get through the crush to the buffet had midnight supper, others went on cha-chaing, twisting, and merengueing, until well after one. "St. Tropez" was a success, but clearly much too crowded. For "A Night in St. Moritz" in November, the committee is trying to hold the guest list down to four hundred.

Left, Miss Pamela Zauderer. Right, Mlle. Martine Alphand and Mlle. Isabelle Pons, nieces of Ambassador and Mme. Alphand.





Far left, Miss Mya Reintjens with straw hat. Centre left, Mrs. Denniston Slater, wearing dark glasses, with Prince Veriand Windisch-Graetz. Centre right, Miss Victoria Trask. Far right, Mr. and Mrs. Jan Bubela.

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AUGUST 15, 1963

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

10

FAST TIPS ON WHAT FASHION MOVES TO MAKE NOW...

Furs . . . never more vital to the fashion picture, never more exciting. Quick notes on what to watch: white—llama, for instance; or white Indian lamb—marvellous when it's a double-breasted princesse coat with faille buttons; pullovers of any of the minks, sable, black broadtail; an Inverness cape that might be sealskin or black mink.

Velvet . . . devastating all over again. A sapphire-blue dinner suit or a black one worn with a white organdie blouse, a triangular smidge of white organdie 'kerchief to tie back your hair. A long evening dress. Other velvet ideas, pages 60-69.

Brown accessories . . . mix them carefully; vary the textures. For a white suit, brown suède gloves, coffee-bean kidskin shoes and handbag. Mocha browns with daytime black, a suit of glowing alpaca or smooth tweeds with a silky touch. Bitter brown pigskin gloves with tweeds in cream and tan checks. A brown lacquery ribbon in the hair with a grey flannel suit.

The suit to wear twelve months of the year . . . during the day, in the evening, under coats, on its own. Must be vivid colour—perfect pink, a divine blue—or white.

Stockings . . . get smart about textures, colours, cabling. See pages 52-59.

Jewels . . . a flat necklace of round rubies all the same size, made to lie close to the base of the throat. Same idea in round diamonds, diamond roses. . . . All large and bogus. Terribly pretty with the surprise of looser hair at night.

Enamel blues and lacquer reds . . . be on the qui vive for these colours; blue in the clear, ravishing tones of cloisonné; red from the palettes of Japan.

This year's coat. . . . A trench coat of velvety double-faced wool with raglan shoulders, easy pockets, and tabbed sleeves. Or a white twill topcoat—free-swinging, yoked back; wear this all day and at night over a narrow dry black wool dress. Princesse coats still smart for city walking and in vivid colours at night—enamel blue wool twill, strong Spanish yellow, palest jade. For big evenings: a tailor's coat to the ground, smooth worsted in pale blue, geranium red, blond; black velvet or heavy doubled wool crêpe.

Black all the way any hour of the day . . . *but* everything depends on the fabric; be on the lookout for deep-ribbed wool. At night: shiny blacks, ciré, cloqués, lamé.

Chic with a purpose . . . if you live in the North country (cities included), one of the best moves you can possibly make will take you straight to a fur-lined raincoat—say cocoa-coloured Chinese lamb backing beige twill.

WHAT FELLINI THINKS MASTROIANNI THINKS ABOUT WOMEN

BY FEDERICO FELLINI

EDITOR'S NOTE: One of the most attractive men in the world is Marcello Mastroianni, a good-looking, quirky man, with a wide bold face over which his emotions blow easily. They have blown so effectively that by now this Italian actor is the phantom lover of innumerable women in movie audiences. They have seen him as a spiv, as a Dolce Vita character, as a bored Sicilian husband, as the marvellously bewildered film director of the movie, "8½," written and directed by Federico Fellini who is just about the second most attractive man—devil eyebrows, rumpled hair, his air of being just two inches beyond this world.

* * *

Here is part of the disjointed monologue that, in my films, I have put in the mouth of Mastroianni. As a result I have come to believe that Marcello feels exactly as I do. I wish that he would rise up to deny it, that he would get back at me by inventing a Fellini in order to give me a shock and to push my self-knowledge and development a step further.

". . . Look here, Federico, wouldn't you like to live with a careless, disorderly, light-headed, deliciously useless woman, one that would never call you to account or hark back to the past, a woman without a memory, living in the present, as completely as if she were born yesterday? What peace! What freedom! . . .

"No, to my mind the ideal woman is the perfect housekeeper, who surrounds you with quiet and order, with restful coolness or discreet warmth, as the case may be, who builds a home as if it were a temple. A woman who has a knack for choosing colours, who figures out your income tax, who shows the passports when you cross a frontier and deals with the customs agents. A woman who answers the telephone and extricates you from rash promises and thorny relationships. A perfect hostess who says the right thing and even knows how to answer the reporters who are always plaguing you to find out whether man is fated to lose or to save his soul.

"I know what would suit *me*, an opaque, gentle, sensual type, a (Continued on page 133)

MARCELLO MASTROIANNI

DAVID BAILEY

FOR KICKS— LEGS

Bert Williams, vaudeville's great comic, claimed that bringing on the girls—to liven things up—is a custom that dates back to ancient Egypt (where a lot of things have been dating back to lately). "When one of those Pharaohs died," he said, "they'd lay that old Pharaoh out, and then, just to make sure, they'd bring in wine—finest wine in the country—and they'd put it beside him. Then they'd bring in rich food that smelled just beautiful an' put that on the other side of him. Then they'd bring on the girls, an' those girls would do the veil dance. An' if that ole Pharaoh didn't sit right up and take notice then . . . brother, he was dead." And girls, then or now, mean legs—which are the big news that's changing, as of this moment, everything in fashion. What legs wear now paces the news, gives new proportion to clothes, gives the boot to any notions that leg status, in fashion, is perennially quo. For new legs, this kind of excitement: Stockings pulling up in patterns—laces, cables, ribs, diamonds, tweeds. . . . Colours—not hints, not tints, but strong pinks, blues, lodens, leather-tones; these for new country looks. White and black stockings patterned—firmly for day, sheerly for night. . . . New stretch stockings, textured, rising above wrinkles. . . . Stockings that end up boots—long sheaths of satin attached to little rounded shoe-shapes. . . . Lacy tights, smooth and bumpless under fluid dresses. . . . These shoe-greats: the two-eyelet tie, the ghillie, the square-throat pump with stacked heel. In suède and textured leather, in reptile, in plummy shades, blue-grape, taupe. . . . Boots boots boots—marching up and down again in reaches from ankle to over-the-knee. And, for an extra fashion that's news: white canvas gaiters, ready to spat with textured stockings and shoes. So bring on the legs. Their new clothes are here. For kicks.

The new legs—where the next day look starts

One of the ways to dress legs-first is shown opposite (and we feel sure the wistful look is only for the smashingly tailored grey flannel suit that should be waiting in the wings): Stockings of a heathery blue mixture, hand-knitted of wool so heavy they can almost stand alone; an elastic top keeps them fairly self-supporting. The shoes, deeper blue-grape with string laces, low stacked heels, the roughened texture that goes with new forthright stockings. Stockings by Marilyn Evins (knitted by elderly experts for Comeback, Inc.); at Henri Bendel; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Shoes by Evins, of Fleming-Joffe suèded pigskin; about $45 at I. Miller, New York; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Shops in other cities, for the leg-looks on the next six pages: page 136.*

ART KANE

The tights idea; trumps in suèdes and diamonds

More leg-news that changes everything for the greater—suèded leather shoes worn for day, with sleek deep-colour tights (wonderful under jersey dresses since they show no visible means of supporters); other suèded shoes for evening, worn with very sheer dark stockings, knitted in diamonds. *Two-eyelet shoes, this page,* of suèded calfskin in plum colour tied with grosgrain ribbon in a flat bow. With these, this stocking news: sheer dark pewter, diamond-patterned—almost as good as diamonds. Herbert Levine shoes, about $36; at Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Nylon stockings by Van Raalte, at Bloomingdale's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Lipstick and nail glacé, new and Nude; by Fabergé. *Opposite*: Day shoe with all this important shoe-news—suèded calfskin, taupe-coloured, squat stacked heel, square throat, two eyelets tied with tasselled cord. Stretching from these, tights of taupe nylon. Shoes by Julianelli; about $35. Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr; Harzfeld's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Tights by Capezio; at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Dayton's.

ART KANE

ART KANE

New power pattern Stocking with support-power, above; sheer taupe, small open texture. By Roman Stripe, of nylon knitted with Vyrene. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Hudson's. Shoes of truffle suèded calfskin. By Delman, of Fleming-Joffe leather; about $40 at Delman, Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's.

Garter-high boots Evening boot, below, black stretch satin reaching over the knee; garter of cony fur. $35; imported from England by Saks Fifth Avenue. Black lacy tights of stretch nylon. By Beautiful Bryans; Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus.

ART KANE

Leg herringbones Stretch-nylon stockings, above, tweeded in beige and brown herringbones (fairly big, these bones). By Francessa. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. Spectator shoes of taupe suèded kidskin, squared throat, set-back heel. By and at Andrew Geller, of Thomas B. Harvey leather; about $25. Also Neiman-Marcus.

Black-ribbed stockings Shown below, of stretch nylon, ribbed thick-and-thin. By Hanes seamless; at Bloomingdale's; Himelhoch's. Black lizard shoes with square throat, stacked heel. By Christian Dior-New York; about $36 at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Harzfeld's.

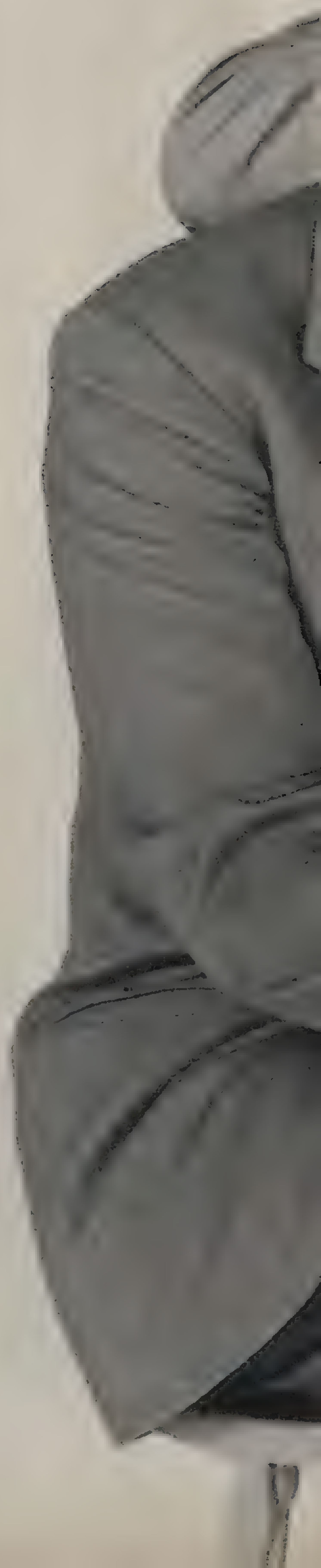
TWO CHAPS COME TO TOWN:

Federico Fellini, the famous and controversial Italian director, and Marcello Mastroianni, the star

On any old street—Madison, Main, the Corso, Georges V, or Bond—the masculine charmers in the photograph opposite set up the kind of ambiance women enjoy; it may have vexing aspects, but *au fond* there's a note of interest and something like appreciation that's fairly difficult to hate. For five fast, crammed days, Fellini and Mastroianni took over New York when their puzzling, amusing movie-flash, "8½," opened here. Fellini, who directed, is all persuasive power, piercing analysis, the dynamics of genius—with the inevitable, inexhaustible cry for perfection. Mastroianni, lax, understanding, appealing—at one point he appealed to a tireless movie press agent (female) to sew up a rip in his poplin jacket, a feat he considered a minor test of how good she'd be *a casa*. During Vogue's sitting, international charm was spent like vino at an Italian wedding. About movies, Mastroianni said: "With Antononi, you are like a desperately ill person in the hands of a master surgeon. . . . With Visconti you must fall into his milieu. . . . With Fellini you are an accomplice; it's *una fugga;* with him you live a great adventure. He lets you be your horrible self." Fellini said, of "8½'s" great harem fantasy: "Every man needs a harem, has a dream one; it exists."—That's where the vexing part crops up. For Fellini's views on Mastroianni's views of women, turn back to page 50.

THE RETURN OF DEVASTATING VELVET

There's just one reason velvet's back: everybody loves it. Men, women, children—and fashion brains. What it has is Everything. By which we mean it sets up an allure of its own; as Zero Mostel might put it, "lovely, absolutely lovely—that's what it can do for you." The whole *modus operandi* is documented in the photograph to the right: girl in black velvet, Federico Fellini, Marcello Mastroianni—two chaps entranced. (And as it happens here, also entrancing; our conditions were the greatest.) The dress involved: short black velvet, free-falling at the back with a touch of waistline seamed high under the bosom at the front; bare shoulders, spaghettini straps. By Mademoiselle Ricci, about $110. Of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon; fabric by Martin. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. A right little mystery in the hood: black velvet splashed with jet; by Adolfo.



DAVID BAILEY

PETER BEARD

VELVET in the blaze that's known as klieg, previewing the black velvet revival. Photographed at the première of this year's movie-lure, *Cleopatra*. Bareback velvet, left; a long-sleeved black dress of Du Pont acetate and Narco rayon, with an Empire sash of pale-blue silk, the mystère of a beaded velvet hood. By Helga; about $235. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; Bullock's-Wilshire. The hood, designed by Adolfo. Velvet and chinchilla, right; an evening coat to the ground worn over the simplest princesse shell of a dress—no sleeves, dipped neckline. By Ben Zuckerman, in French rayon velvet with collar and cuffs of Empress chinchilla. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The high, close little bonnet by Emme.

HORST

VELVET suit-looks.

Velvet Chanelerie, far left, a late-day suit opening onto the clean shimmer of white satin: cuffs, lapels, and a sleeveless blouse. By Davidow, of black De Ball cotton velvet. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Emme hairbow. Pin designed by David Kidd. At Henri Bendel. **Brocade gilet**, left, severely tailored as a gentleman's, sharply white under a soft, black velvet suit. Skirt on a camisole top. By Ben Barrack, of Avisco rayon (Crompton velvet); about $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Harzfeld's. Emme hairbow. **Checked black velvet**, right, in a suit with ruffly cuffs of white crêpe; sleeveless blouse of the same, with a jester's collar. By Rembrandt, of rayon cut velvet—that's what gives the checkered surface. Of Kandelaft fabric; about $125. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. White satin cache-chignon hat by Miss Alice. Gloves both pages, Grandoe.

VELVET playing black against a flicker of white mink, black with the dazzle of white satin—or a pale and meltingly pretty blue with crystal lights. In the Goya manner, far left, a moulded black dress with a touch of white bleached mink at the neck; the excitement of a pouffed hood of black net and pompons. Dress by Malcolm Starr; about $185. Made of Avisco rayon (Crompton velvet). At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin. Lilly Daché snood. A wide slash of black, left, arrows into this bias fall of white satin. Cache-chignon of white satin. Dress by Edward Abbott, about $125; skirt of silk satin, top of rayon velvet. Richelieu earrings. Kidskin gloves by Viola Weinberger. All at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, at Gus Mayer; Woolf Brothers. The hat, designed by Miss Alice. Pale-blue velvet, right, an Empire column of a dress with crystal beading; velvet stole lined with satin. By Bob Bugnand for Sam Friedlander; about $200. Of Avisco rayon (Crompton fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harold's; Frost Bros. Andrew Geller shoes.

HORST

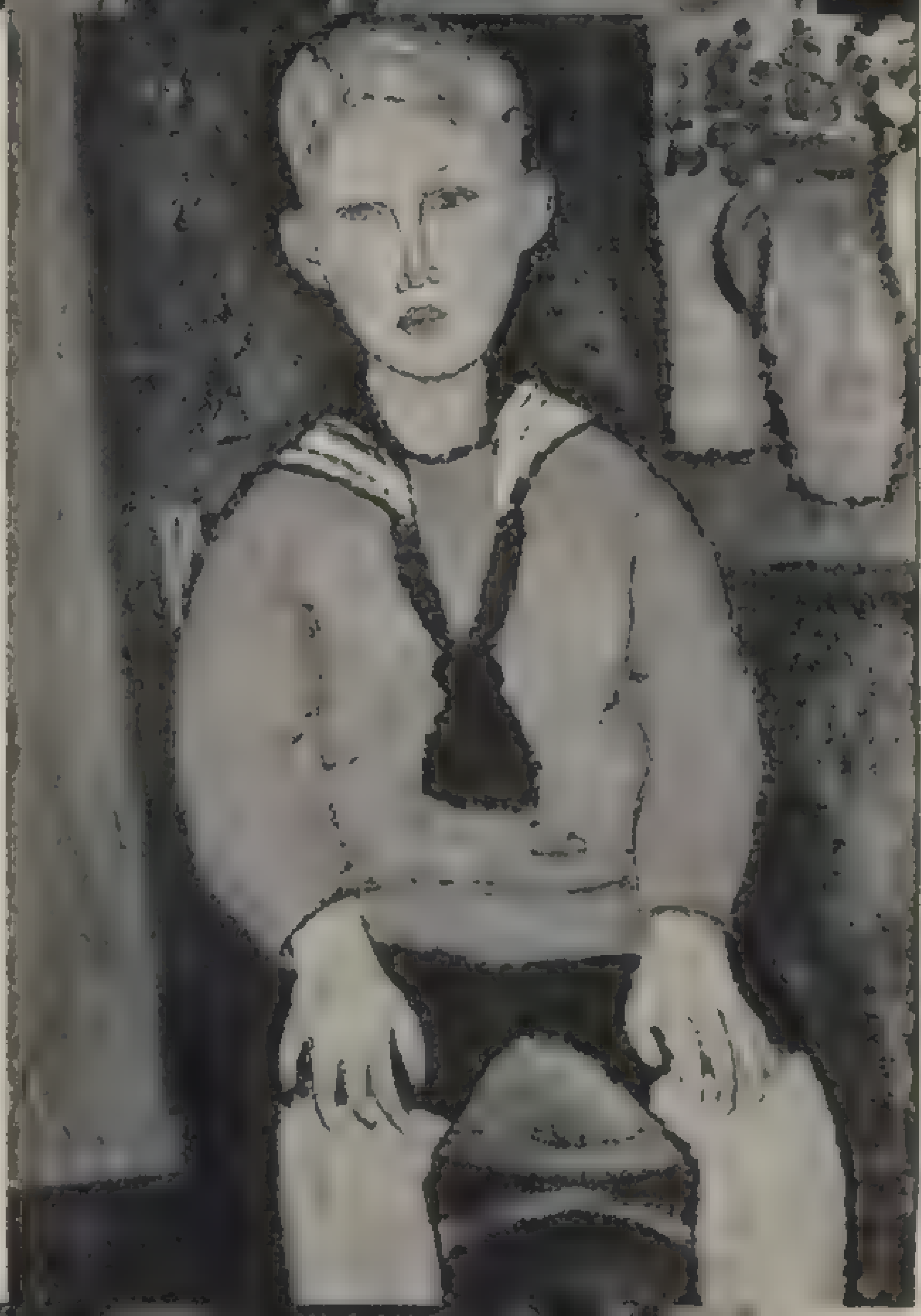
HORST

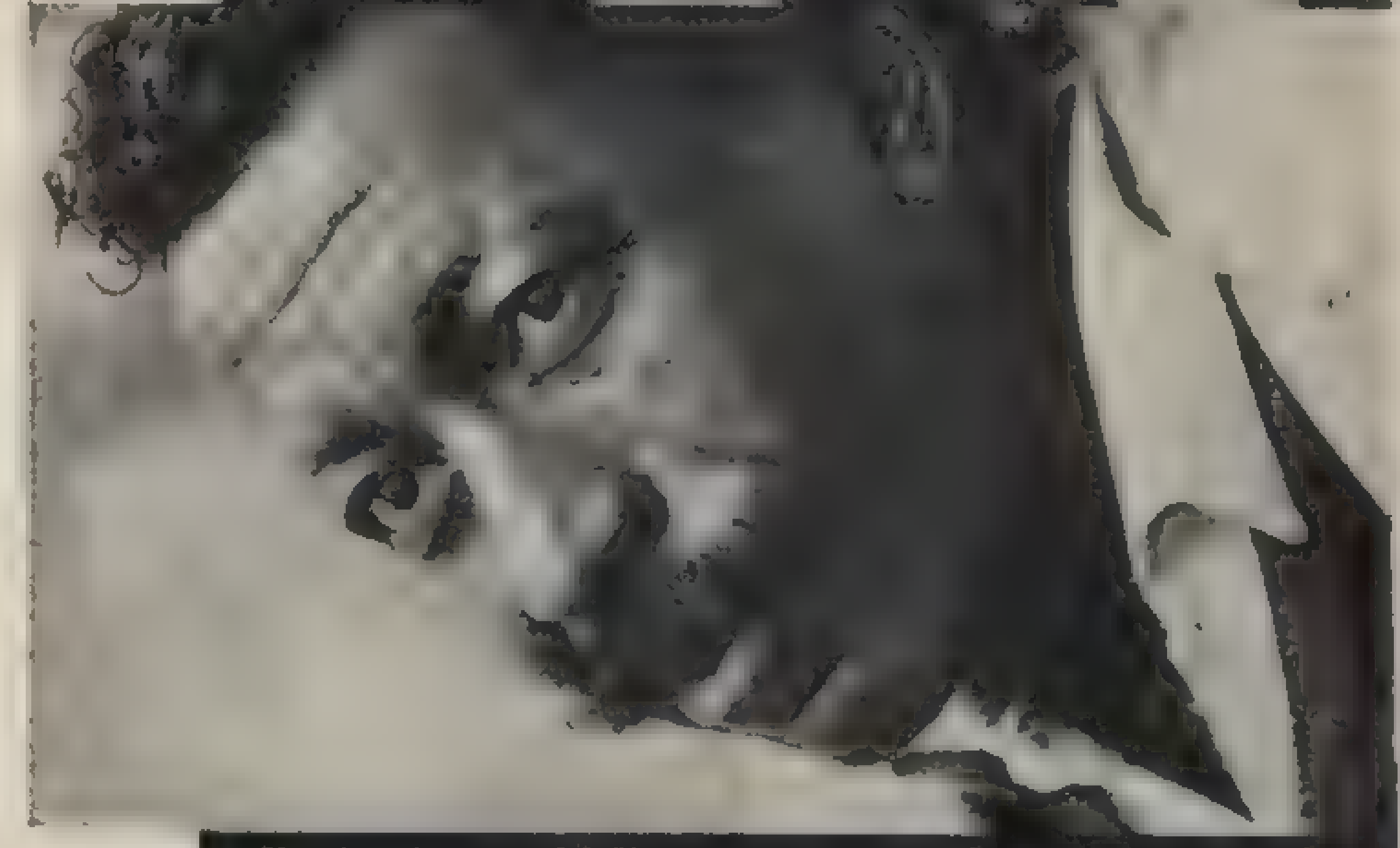
VELVET when it's long has all the drenching allure that makes big evenings big—and long is an important way for an evening dress to be this year. The plunge for Empire, far left, narrow as an Ondine; all black, with the waist a ribbon of velvet under the bosom, sleeves to the wristbone. Worn with hair piled high under a handkerchief paved in glitter. By Mademoiselle Ricci, of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon (fabric by Martin). About $160. Scarf by Echo. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Halle Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Brilliant navy-blue velvet dress, the blackest glitter—jet beads. By Nat Kaplan, with its own velvet stole; about $200. Of Du Pont nylon (fabric by Martin). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros. Gala black suit, right, with a dress for the woman who thrives on décolletage, a close little jacket that couldn't be more covered. The coif juste: a velvet cap, an earful of jewels. Dress from the ready-to-wear collection by Sophie, hat by Tatiana, both of Saks Fifth Avenue. Richelieu pin: Saks Fifth Avenue. Kidskin gloves: Viola Weinberger.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ADVANCE NOTICE

THE WORLD IN VOGUE





ROMY SCHNEIDER (right), who managed in *Boccaccio '70* to look like a Midwestern Sweetheart of Sigma Chi in spite of her Viennese provenance, will be on view, in December, in *The Cardinal,* which has been shooting all over, trailing a phalanx of publicity men.

"THE WORLD IN VOGUE" (near right), to be published by Viking in October, is a most surprising anthology: surprising because although its source is seven decades of Vogue, it is not a fashion history but a distillation of more than a hundred-thousand pages about the beautiful, the bold, the brilliant, and the great; the arts of living and the arts of painting, sculpture, writing, music, architecture. Just as each issue of Vogue is a record of its moment, *The World in Vogue* is a record: in some four-hundred pages, the work of this century's great writers, painters, and photographers unfolds as if in some never-before newsreel, a record of the best of kind—whatever the kind.

ELAINE SHAFFER (far right, below Romy Schneider), a young American who has been counted among the world's greatest flutists, will make her début as a soloist, this October in Vienna, with the Vienna Philharmonic. The conductor: Efrem Kurtz, her husband.

THE OBRATSOV PUPPET THEATRE (right, above) of Moscow will bring to New York next month two enormously dashing, funny programs: *An Unusual Concert* and *Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp.* (Aladdin is shown here with his wonderful falcon.) The *Unusual Concert* action involves hundreds of two-foot-tall puppets—all presented by a fat wooden *conférencier* whose voice, happily, comes out English.

"LE GARÇON ROUGE" BY MODIGLIANI, a 1917 painting from the collection of Mrs. Evelyn Sharp, will be part of the important Modigliani exhibition—at the Perls Gallery in New York, October 28 until December 7—to benefit the Association for Mentally Ill Children. (One reason that there has been no such show in years is that there have been some false Modiglianis around, but in this exhibition every work has been verified.)

GORDON PARKS (right, below the Modigliani), a *Life* photographer who is perhaps most famous for his photographic essay, a few years ago, on poverty in Rio de Janeiro, has now written a novel, to be published next month by Harper & Row: *The Learning Tree,* a fast, headlong story about a Negro boy growing up in Kansas. Surprisingly, it is not at all visual.

A. J. LIEBLING (right, below), a writer who reads exactly the way the best kind of anecdotal conversation sounds, has spent the past quarter-century doing pretty much what he wanted to do and then writing about it. In October, Simon and Schuster will publish a sampling from that quarter-century: *The Most of A. J. Liebling,* a marvellous collection of pieces, most of them made funny by Liebling's acute feeling for the absurd, made fascinating by his passion for the massive accumulation of relevant and irrelevant Fact.

ARNOLD WESKER (left), a thirty-one-year-old British playwright who has been called "the first anti-Establishment playwright of whom the Establishment has cause to be afraid," will have his *Chips with Everything* in New York this October. (London saw it in 1960.) It is about some British draftees who do not much care whether There'll Always Be an England.

CECIL BEATON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ADVANCE NOTICE

JUDY GARLAND (far left), that most loved staple, will have, beginning September 29 on CBS, her first regular television show: a full hour, Sunday nights from nine to ten, in which to display her peculiar gift for making every audience believe that it is witnessing a suspenseful but finally successful struggle against total breakdown. Another TV possibility, much less definite: an all-American version of one of the most-talked-and-written-about British programs, "That Was the Week That Was."

"THE BEACH BOOK" stuffs prose, poetry, games, pop art, and Charles B. Slackman sketches (one of them, an Open Mind in sunglasses, at left, above) into one grand design for sunning. Put together by Gloria Steinem and designed by Samuel W. Antupit for November publication by Viking, it includes, among "Fantasies to Have," this one . . . "Cary Grant is walking down the beach toward you. He is carrying a shaker of Martinis. He is smiling."

ALAN SCHNEIDER (near left), who last year directed Edward Albee's nonstop excursion into marital hell, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, will, in October, bring in Albee's second Broadway play: *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, an adaptation of the famous Carson McCullers short novel.

"WILLIE" (far left, below Judy Garland) starts out by being that cliché, a book of photographs about a child and His World. A Ridge Press-Atheneum book, out next month, *Willie,* however, is made special by the clarity of the Ken Heyman photographs and by, simply, Willie.

"PORTRAIT OF ISABELLA BRANT" BY RUBENS (near left) is one of the hundred great portraits to hang at The Cleveland Museum of Art, October 2 to November 10, in a dazzling exhibition—"Style, Truth, and the Portrait."

JEAN DALRYMPLE (left), the fairly unquenchable theatrical power and director of the New York City Center Drama Company, has a memoir, to be published next month by Dodd, Mead: *September Child*: a happy, pick-it-up-anywhere view of a world where crises occur mostly at "21."

MARY MARTIN (far left) arrives back on Broadway this October in *Jennie*, a musical improvisation upon the early career of Laurette Taylor. The lyrics and music are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz; the book by Arnold Schulman. Note: It was Jean Dalrymple (above) who cast Mary Martin, a long time back, in *One Touch of Venus.*

CHRISTOS CAPRALOS (near left), whose famous sculpture filled the entire Greek pavilion at the 1962 Venice Biennale, will have, November 19 to December 14 at the Martha Jackson Gallery, an important New York show—his first.

"BUGAKU," danced by Allegra Kent and Edward Villella (right), makes up one part of the New York City Center ballet program this fall. As formal and intricate as calligraphy, the choreography is Balanchine at his most abstract: a beautiful weaving of bodies, so sexual as to be asexual. Suggested by the Royal Court dances of Japan, "Bugaku" has a fluted score by Toshiro Mayuzumi; a corps de ballet in tutus of white, white chrysanthemums; a gymnastic perfection; and, so far, a rather mixed press.

BERT STERN

New fabrics in the tailor's idiom

As everyone within earshot of the fashion beat knows, what the great new clothes have is expert tailoring. And what an expert tailor needs is a material that appreciates his work: fabric with spirit, substance, proper surface, since needless commotion of texture can blur the precision of cut and seam. Shown opposite, new smoother day fabrics that hold their shape, show important seaming and welting, make marvellous collars, shoulders, buttonholes. All, in the nature-study tonalities that are big day-news now—stone, camel, fawn, taupe, mild tobacco, earthy brown. The toff-tailored turnout on this page: a camel suit—jacket of smooth wool, skirt of corduroy. Also corduroy, the red vest with second-neckline of a Paisley scarf. Suit by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; of Forstmann wool, loomed in America. Gloves by American Astral. Marvella earrings. Stockings by Bonnie Doon. Boots by Herbert Levine, to order. All at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Hutzler's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. Hat by Adolfo. Orlane's Or Brulé lipstick. Further details on fabrics on page 131.

PENN

More of the stuff that fashion is made of now—fabrics standing firm on shape that can take a seam, double it, and come up as smashing clothes. The colour-message here: important new blues-to-violets—top news now in wonderful wools and silks. Opposite, wool gros point in bright navy blue with some purpling; true clear violet in hand-crocheted-looking wool; cropped stand-up fleece of deep mood-indigo wool. Also bright purple silk, corded, for an evening dress or coat (violent violets, remarkably becoming to many women, are suddenly back for night). Added here: ginger wool-and-nylon tweed—one of the topaz browns which, as we predicted last January, are big now. On the violets-for-your-furs idea, the dress left, short-sleeved with slightly Empire top and bow, worn with a pincushion hat, both violet. Dress and hat by Christian Dior-New York, of mohair-and-silk tweed. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Frederick & Nelson. Earrings: Lilly Daché Boutique. Coiffure by Mr. Perrone of the Kenneth Salon. Lipstick, Dior's pinkest shade: 12. Further details on fabrics on page 131.

In the blue-violet idiom—dressmaker dress, tailor's fabrics

PENN

Seaming, welting, tailor-tacking, for handsome, breezy-looking clothes—all this is happening to leather, around now more than ever. Flung opposite, these enchantments: suèdes, smooth or with a shadow shagginess; hairy horse, thickly thatched for an amusing coat; hair calfskin, spot-printed; kangaroo, a fur-bearing leather pouched with new fashion-power for coats or boots; alligator, either per se or per grained calfskin, in bright colours; licorice textures in black kidskin with late-day possibilities. At the right, one of the great new ways with leather: a hooded coat of taupe suèded antelope, with button-in lining of "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mink. With it, a white wool turtleneck sweater, skirt of oatmeal wool and nylon, and one shock of brightness—stockings that are very, very pink. Coat, designed by Givenchy for Elizabeth Taylor to wear in her new movie, *VIP*; at Hattie Carnegie. Sweater by Geist & Geist. Skirt by Sloat. Stockings by Bonnie Doon. Gloves by American Astral. All, at Bergdorf Goodman. Golo boots of Dreher brushed pigskin. Further details on leathers on page 132.

New leathers in the pelt of fashion

PENN

The pitch here, black—shiny, bubbled, coal-bright, in fabrics for spectacular night-shapes now. Cut out with a gleaming eye for theatre suits, coats, dresses, these black brilliants: Cirés, waxing greater all the time. Ottomans with fat licorice-stick ribs, widely spaced. Cloqués and matelassés with deep prune-faced puckerings, often in marvellous coat-weights. Jetty lamés, and a fabric with rows of gleaming crew-cut fringe—these, with a crackle of cellophane in their make-up. Black velvet, suddenly wonderful. (To add, perhaps, to this entire cast: the spiky gloss of black mink; pearls—big, seed, or coloured.) At right, shiny black shaping up this way—an overblouse, patently glittered, fringed in pearl beads, with a long wedge of yellow skirt. By Oleg Cassini; blouse of black rayon-and-Mylar; skirt of Antron nylon-and-silk by Chardon-Marché. Vendôme pin. Black jersey gloves. All at Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer; Sakowitz. Customcraft shoes. Coiffure with pearly tie-in, by Kenneth. Further details on fabrics on page 132.

New blacks—shining the night looks

PENN

VOGUE PATTERNS

Paper profits for the tailor's hand

Topcoat suit, left, in a brighter-than-navy blue with this-minute details—welt seaming, just-off-the-neck collar, raglan shirt sleeves, high-rising pockets set on the slant. Under the jacket: a narrow dress with a slightly lifted carved waist. Vogue Pattern 1247 designed by Nina Ricci. Here, it's made of Forstmann wool. The Halston hat is made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Coatdress, right, in a smooth camel-coloured wool. A lifted belt slides through the seams and reappears in back; just-left-of-centre buttons; collar notched to a just-below-the-collarbone V; banded shirt sleeves stop short of the wrist. Vogue Pattern 1267, by Ronald Paterson. Made of Forstmann wool loomed in America. Hat by Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue. Gilt earrings by Monet; Saks Fifth Avenue. Other views, yardages, page 44. Stores where fabrics can be found, listed on page 30.

VOGUE PATTERN 1247

HORST

VOGUE PATTERN 1267

BEAUTY
BULLETIN

Tip sheet on hair for autumn

What are the oncoming looks you'd stake your scissors on, was the question we put to twelve hairdressers in Paris, Rome, London, New York. At right are their replies; the ideas they'd like to see come out ahead. Not all agree, but then we didn't expect they would—that's what makes hairdressing. However: there was clearly some ground that could be called area of agreement, and we photographed this for the following pages. What's agreed upon? For day, hair short enough to clear the new collars and double collars; close enough to the head to be described as "small." Also for day, hair moving into curviness; turning into the nape of the neck; fringing from the crown of the head into bangs. For evening, eleven out of twelve hairdressers agree that something dazzling is wanted, and proceed to build their own new-heights-of-fantasy *up from the crown.* Also for evening, a new narrowness at the sides of the head to emphasize the big build-up at the crown. . . . *Scanning the field* on the opposite page in search of a new way to wear her hair (you'll see what's been lined up for her when you turn the page), is an English beauty wearing a hat from the fascinating young English hatmaker, James Wedge, who's using tweed, Sherlock Holmes, leather, and other such materials to pull off one of the snappiest new views of sport-de-luxe. The hat that's shown here, of grey-and-black tweed; at Lord & Taylor.

12 OF THE WORLD'S TOP HAIRDRESSERS CALL THE SHOTS AS THEY SEE THEM

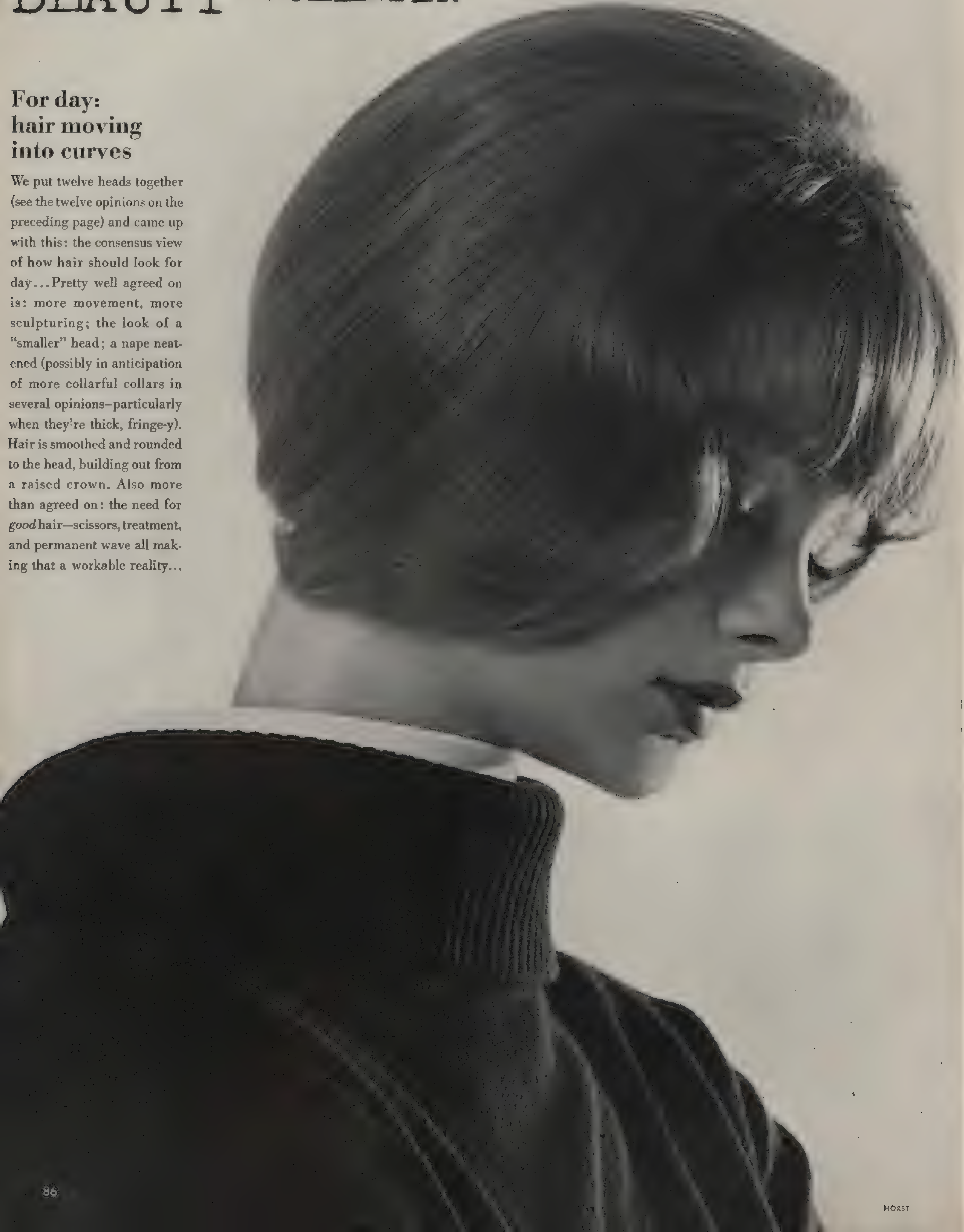
HAIRDRESSER	DAY PREDICTION	EVENING PREDICTION
ALEXANDRE, PARIS	Short hair, moulded head for day.	Short hair skinned back, supplemented by ornaments made of hair in fanciful new shapes.
EVE OF ROME	Small neat head, ideal for hats.	No fullness. Hair suggesting the 'Thirties. Romantic side or back braiding.
FILIPPO, ROME	Day hair extremely sophisticated; side hair going up like plumes.	Immense postiche, top of head.
RENE, LONDON	More movement. More sculpturing. Less sleek hair. . . slightly longer.	Chignons.
KENNETH, NEW YORK	Smaller-looking head, whether hair is straight or cherub curly. Thick bangs. Possibly return of cherub curl.	Hair up, generally, with height towards back. Hairpieces, fantasy; everything smooth and polished-looking. Chinese lacquer surface.
ENRICO CARUSO, NEW YORK	Smaller, polished head. Hair cut short and layered at back. Long at front with movement onto the cheek of the face.	Great variety of hairpieces, elongated look at front with build-up to back height.
RUEL, COIFFURES AMERICANA	Small close look to head above and below temple area. Some height at top. Tapered cut brushed up and away from the neck.	Back hair brushed up. Sides brushed up towards back. Hair elongated upwards, smooth and shiny.
GEORGE MASTERS, ANTOINE SALONS	Hair slicked back from brow, going into a headband. Wavy tousled hairpiece placed on crown. Egg-shaped profile.	Same look, day and evening.
MARC SINCLAIR OF LILLY DACHE	One-length hair—or slightly longer at front. Blunt cutting. Longish bangs that can disappear. Hair close to head, capping in on face.	Dazzling. Bangs solid and long—but again disappearable. At crown, height—a brioche, piled, braided, whatever, but kept narrow to crown.
NORBERT OF REVLON	Small head. Layered cutting. Hair turned in toward nape of neck. A little height on top.	Turban-like coiffure achieved by use of hairpieces. Back hair up generally. Narrow slick look at brow.
[illegible] NEW YORK	Hair long at front, cut short and layered at back. Small, curving look to head.	Hairpieces at night. Hair up. Height towards back.
MICHEL KAZAN, U.S.A.	Ball-shaped head. Hair six to eight inches long, measured from the crown. Movement swirling to back, flipping into the nape of the neck.	Same line as day look but more elaborate. Balloon effect, but line enlarged by use of fake egrets or ostrich plumes.
CONSENSUS (PHOTOGRAPHED, NEXT PAGES)	SMALLER HEAD, MORE MOVEMENT; HAIR MOVING INTO HEAD-SHAPE AGAIN.	[illegible] CONTINUED [illegible]TION; HAIR [illegible] HEIGHT [illegible] CROWN.

DAVID BAILEY

BEAUTY BULLETIN

For day: hair moving into curves

We put twelve heads together (see the twelve opinions on the preceding page) and came up with this: the consensus view of how hair should look for day...Pretty well agreed on is: more movement, more sculpturing; the look of a "smaller" head; a nape neatened (possibly in anticipation of more collarful collars in several opinions—particularly when they're thick, fringe-y). Hair is smoothed and rounded to the head, building out from a raised crown. Also more than agreed on: the need for *good* hair—scissors, treatment, and permanent wave all making that a workable reality...



HORST

For evening: hair stacked up from the crown

Almost all the money is on this look for evening: hair stacked into shapes to make your own silhouette; the weight building up from the crown; the sides held to a strict narrowness. From here on in, it's even money in the consensus opinion: some like a certain softness, some are for a lacquered Chinese-y surface...As for bangs—they aren't on every hairdresser's list or for that matter on every woman's but they seem newest when they're solid and combed straight, long enough to be disappearable. Whether it's made of hair-pieces or hair, the look at the top is: lifts, loops, twists, possibly a Botticelli curl—fake or real—swinging out loosely at the back, or caught up to trail from the crown...

MARIANNE MOORE SPEAKS

Her wisdom, with side comments, collected by Henrietta Fort Holland

"I have read that several people think So-and-so is the greatest living woman poet; anyone would dislike applying so clumsy a phrase to Miss Marianne Moore—but surely she is," said poet Randall Jarrell.

So, too, say a chorus of critics of Miss Moore, who has won every poetry prize available in this country.

Yet there are many readers who accuse her of obscurity—who say that they simply can not understand her writing. To them Miss Moore has plaintively said that she is as clear as her natural reticence allows her to be.

It is to further this qualified clarification that the following categories are offered:

Of courage

Victory won't come to me unless I go to it.

What is there like fortitude—what sap went through that little thread to make the cherry red?

Again the sun, anew each day, and new and new and new, that comes into and steadies my soul.

Of thinking

The malcontent attacks greatness by disparaging it . . . interpreting needful silence as lack of initiative . . . by distortion, by ridicule.

An architect of justice, determined and destined to win his "case," Lincoln did not cease until he had demonstrated the mightiness of his "proposition." . . . It is a Euclid of the heart.

Don't relive bad moments or revive them for others—or expect more of them.

I would, like Sir Winston Churchill, refuse to let a betrayal rob me of my trust in my fellow man.

One is not rich but poor
when one can always seem so right.

Patience—that is action.

Snobbishness is a stupidity.

Sophistication is, as it has always been, at the antipodes from the initial great truths.

A love of order, ardour, uncircuitous simplicity, with an expression of inquiry, are all one needs to be.

Words are constructive when they are true.

The passion for setting people right is an afflictive disease.

We do not admire what we can not understand.

One would not be he who has nothing but plenty.

Of reading, writing, and writers

The adjective "damn," the earmark of incompetence as an emphatic, operates in reverse—is equivalent to: "Spare diagnosis, this is no writer."

The accuracy of the vernacular: That's what I'm interested in—am always taking down little local expressions or accents. I think I should be in some linguistic operation or enterprise—am really much more interested in dialect and intonations. I scarcely think any of that comes into my so-called poems at all.

Spontaneous initial originality—say impetus—seems difficult to reproduce consciously later. As Stravinsky said about pitch, "If I transpose it for some reason, I am in danger of losing the freshness of first contact and will have difficulty in capturing its attractiveness."

I dislike the term "poetry" for any but Chaucer's or Shakespeare's or Dante's. . . . What I write can only be termed poetry because there is no other category in which to put it.

I may start a piece, find it obstructive, lack a way out, and not complete the thing for a year or years—am thrifty (though), I salvage everything promising and set it down in a small notebook.

Mr. Eliot's aptitude for mythology and theology sometimes pays us the compliment of expecting our reading to be more intent than it is; but correspondences of allusion provide an unmistakable logic of preference: for stillness, intellectual beauty, spiritual exaltation, the white dress, "the glory of the humming bird," childhood, and wholeness of personality. (Essay on T. S. Eliot)

The effect of Mr. Eliot's confidences, elucidations, and precepts, I would say, is to disgust us with affectation, to encourage respect for spiritual humility; and to encourage us to do our ardent best with the medium in which we work.

An author, that is to say, a fashioner of words, stamps them with his own personality, and wears the raiment he has made in his own way.

We fail in some degree—and know that we do if we are competent; but can prevail . . . we can in the end prevail, if our attachment to art is sufficiently deep.

One who attains equilibrium in spite of opposition to himself from within, is stronger than if there had been no opposition to overcome; and in art, freedom evolving from a liberated constraint is more significant than if it had not by nature been cramped.

The thing is to see the vision and not deny it, to care and admit that we do.

(Continued on page 134)

SUMMER GAMES

By Reynolds Price

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reynolds Price, a pleasant-looking, dark-haired man just turned thirty, wrote* A Long and Happy Life, *a short, clutching novel that received the William Faulkner Foundation award for the most notable first novel written by an American in 1962. A volume of his short stories,* The Names and Faces of Heroes, *was recently published by Atheneum. A former Rhodes Scholar, Mr. Price teaches English at Duke University.*

Outside, in the summers of my childhood, there was war. They were the summers of 1939 to 1945. I was six and finally twelve, and "outside" was three thousand miles to the right of central North Carolina where London, Warsaw, Cologne crouched, huge, immortal under nights of bombs or, farther, to the left where our men (among them three cousins of mine) crawled over dead friends from foxhole to foxhole slow, sure towards Tokyo or, most terribly, where there were children (our age, our fragile size) starving, fleeing, trapped, stripped, abandoned. Far off as it was, still we dreaded each waking hour that the war might arrive on us—a shot would ring in the midst of our play, freezing us in the knowledge that here at last were the first Storm Troopers till we thought and looked and knew it was Mrs. Hightower backfiring her Ford. And any plane passing overhead after dark seemed pregnant with hostile parachutes ready to blossom. There were black hints that war was nearer than it seemed—swastikaed subs off Hatteras or the German sailor's tattered corpse washed up at Virginia Beach with a Norfolk movie ticket in his pocket, but of course we were safe. Our elders said that daily. *Our* deadly threats were polio, being struck by a car, drowning in pure chlorine if we swam after eating. No shot was fired for a hundred miles. (Fort Bragg was that far away.) We had excess food to shame us at every meal, excess clothes to fling about us in the heat of play. So, secure, guilty, savage, we *invoked* war to us by games which were rites.

All our games ended desperately. Hiding, Prisoner's Base, Sling-Statue, Snake in Gutter, Giant Step, Kick the Can—we would start them all as friends, cool, gentle enough, but as we flung on under the monstrous heat, sealed in sweat and dirt, hearts thudding, there would come a moment of pitch when someone would shout "Now *war!*" and it would be war—we separating, fleeing for cover, advancing in stealth on one another in terror, inflicting terror, mock death, surrender till evening came and the hand of the day relaxed above us and cool rose from the grass and we sank drained into calm again—a last game of Hide in the dusk among bitter-smelling lightning bugs, ghost stories on the dark porch steps, then bath, bed, prayers for forgiveness and long life, sleep.

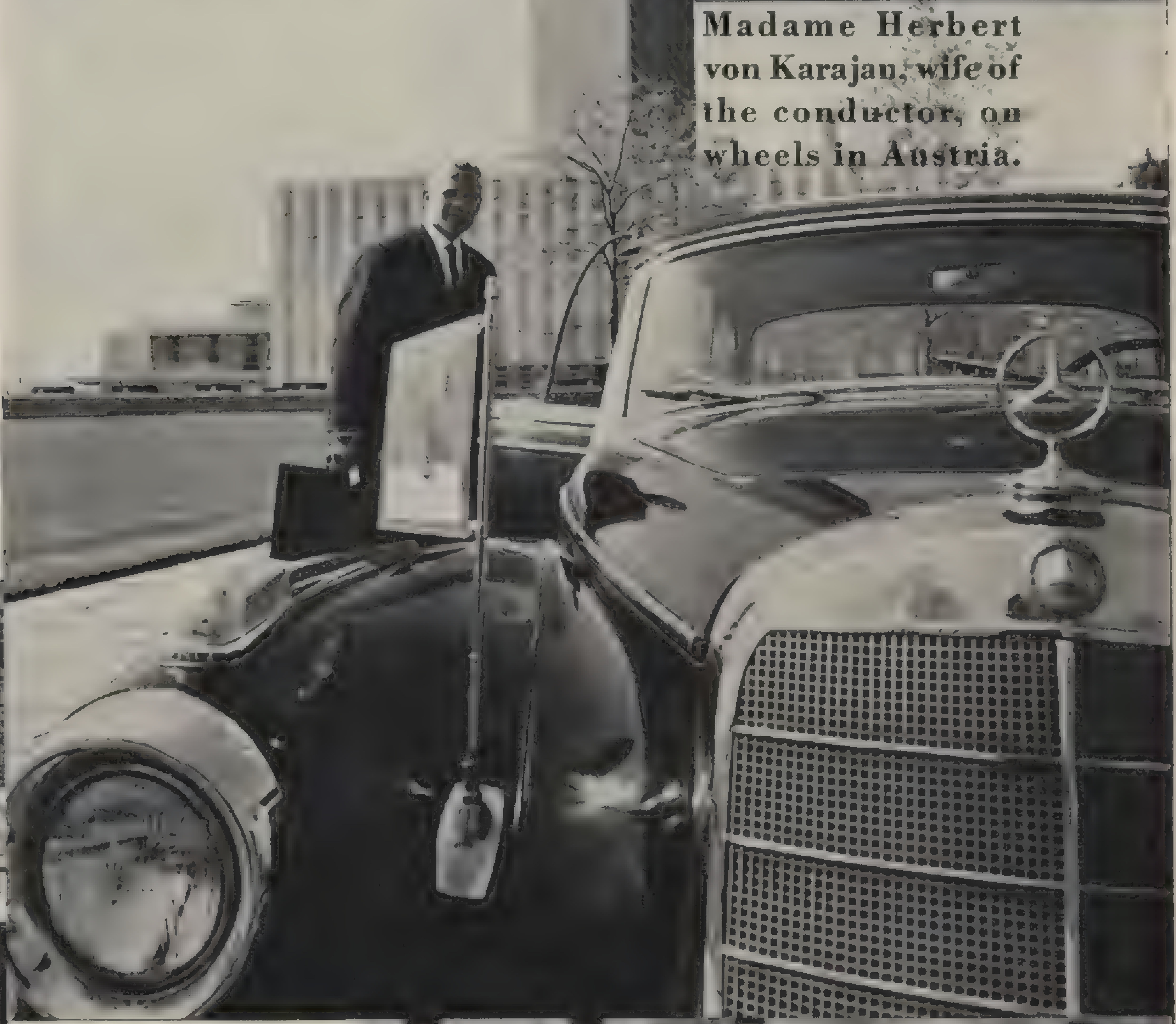
Only once did we draw real blood in our games, and I was the cause, the instrument at least. One August afternoon we had gone from, say, Tag into War. It was me, my cousins Marcia and Pat, and a Negro boy named Walter (who played with us for a quarter a week) against older, rougher boys. They massed on the opposite side of the creek that split the field behind our house. We had gathered magnolia seed pods for hand grenades, but as the charge began and swept toward us, as Madison Cranford leapt the creek and came screaming at me, he ceased being Madison (a preacher's son and mean as all such), the game ceased, the day rose in me, I dropped my fake grenade, stooped, blindly found a stone (pointed flint) and before retreating, flung it. My flight was halted by sudden silence behind me. I turned and by the creek on the ground in a huddle of boys was Madison, flat, still, eyes shut, blood streaming from the part in his sweaty hair, from a perfect circle in the skin which I had made. Walter, black and dry and powdered with dust, knelt by the head and the blood and looking through the day and the distance, said to me, "What ails you, boy? You have killed *this* child."

I had not, of course. He lived, never went to bed though a doctor did see him and pass on to us the warning that, young as we were, we could already kill, were deadly. My rock, he said, an inch farther down in Madison's temple would have done the work of a bullet—death. Death was ours to give, mine. The warning was passed through my mother that night when she came from the Cranfords', having begged their pardon, and climbed to my room where I feigned sleep in a walnut bed under photographs of stars—movie stars. I "woke" with a struggle, oaring myself from fake drowned depths, and lay flat as she spread covers round me, and heard her question launched tense but gentle. "Why on earth did you throw a rock when everyone else was playing harmless?" What I suddenly knew I held back from her—that the others were not playing harmless, were as bent on ruin as I but were weak, were cowards, had not been touched hard enough by hate, not yet. So I blamed the summer. "It was so hot I didn't know I *had* a rock. I was wild, I guess, for a minute. I will try not to do it again next summer." She said "*Ever* again" and left me to sleep, which tired as I was did not come at once.

I lay in half dark (my sacred familiar objects crouched in horror from me against my walls) and thought through the lie I had told to save my mother from the truth in my heart—that summer was to blame. Then I said aloud as a prayer, a promise (to my room, to myself), "I will tame *myself*. When the war is over and I am a man, it will all be peace, be cool. And when it is not, when summer comes, we will go to the water—my children and I—and play quiet games in the cool of the day. In the heat we will rest, separate on cots, not touching but smiling, watching the hair grow back on our legs." Then sleep came unsought, untroubled to seal that further lie I had told to hide from *me* what I knew even then—that I was not wrong to blame the summer, not wholly wrong; that wherever summer strikes—its scalding colour—even in years of relative peace, something thrusts from the earth, presses from the air, compresses that in us which sets us wild against ourselves, in work, in games, in worst of all our love. Summer is the time wars live on, thrive on.

WHEELS ON WHEELS

Madame Herbert von Karajan, wife of the conductor, on wheels in Austria.



Ambassador Sigismund von Braun (above), Permanent Observer of the Republic of Germany to the United Nations, with a Mercedes-Benz 300. (The attaché case: a present from De Gaulle.)

William Pereira (above), the California architect, halfway out of the Chevrolet Greenbrier he drives on the Irvine Ranch, the 93,000-acre complex that he has planned to include even a university.

Peter Ustinov with children, poodle, and the white Aston Martin that he drives because he loves "nervous beautiful things."

Peter Stephaich (right) beside *the* safari car, a Land-Rover, on safari in Tanganyika. His trophy here is a zebra. His best one: a sable antelope. **Mrs. Anatole Litvak** (below) and the white Austin Cooper, small and parkable, she drives in Paris. Very special: the custom black caning.

Françoise Sagan (above) in her grey-green Jaguar XK-E convertible. Miss Sagan cares less about speed than she once did; likes simply "a beautiful car in beautiful weather with the wind in my face and the sun on my head."

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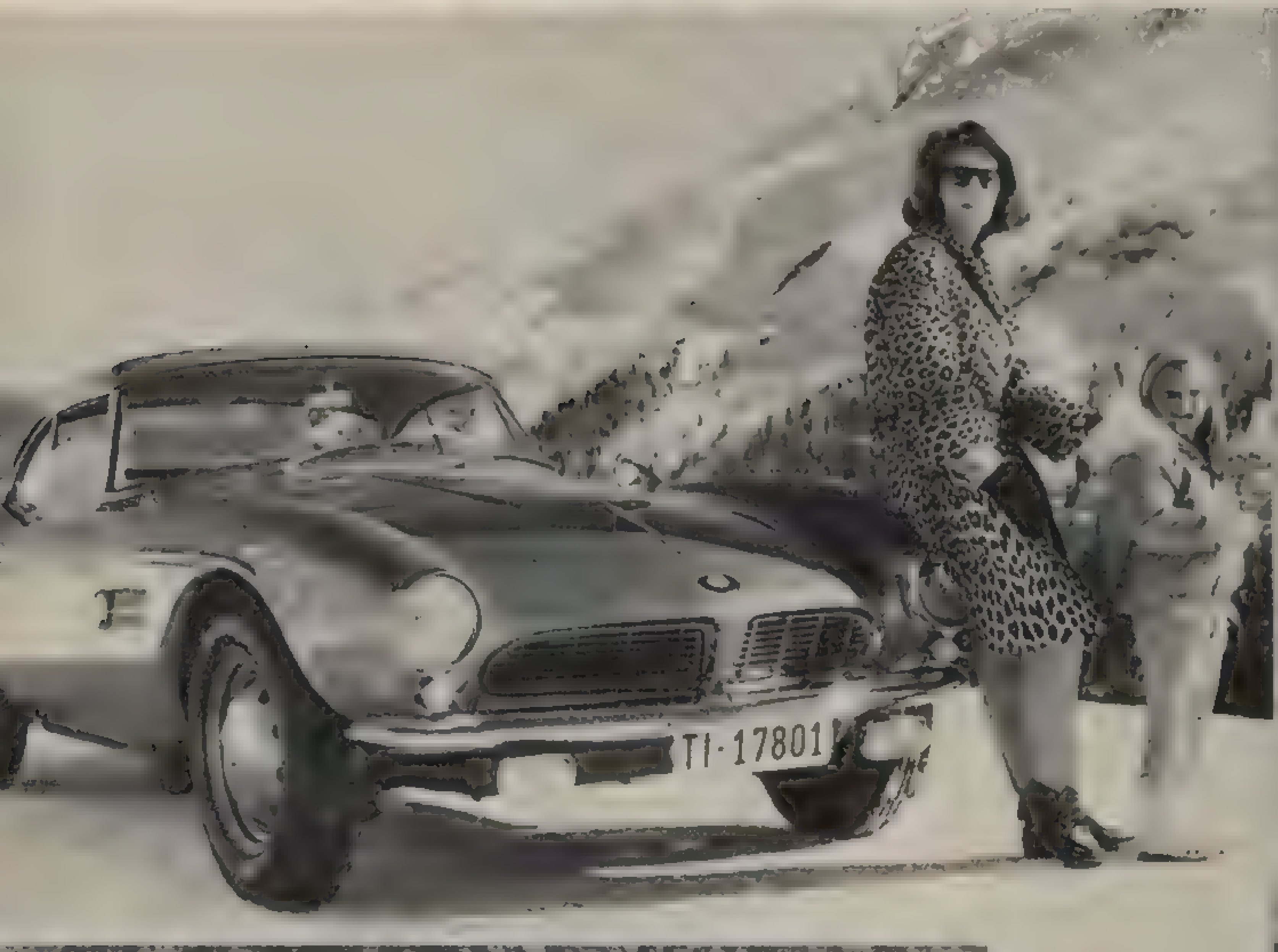
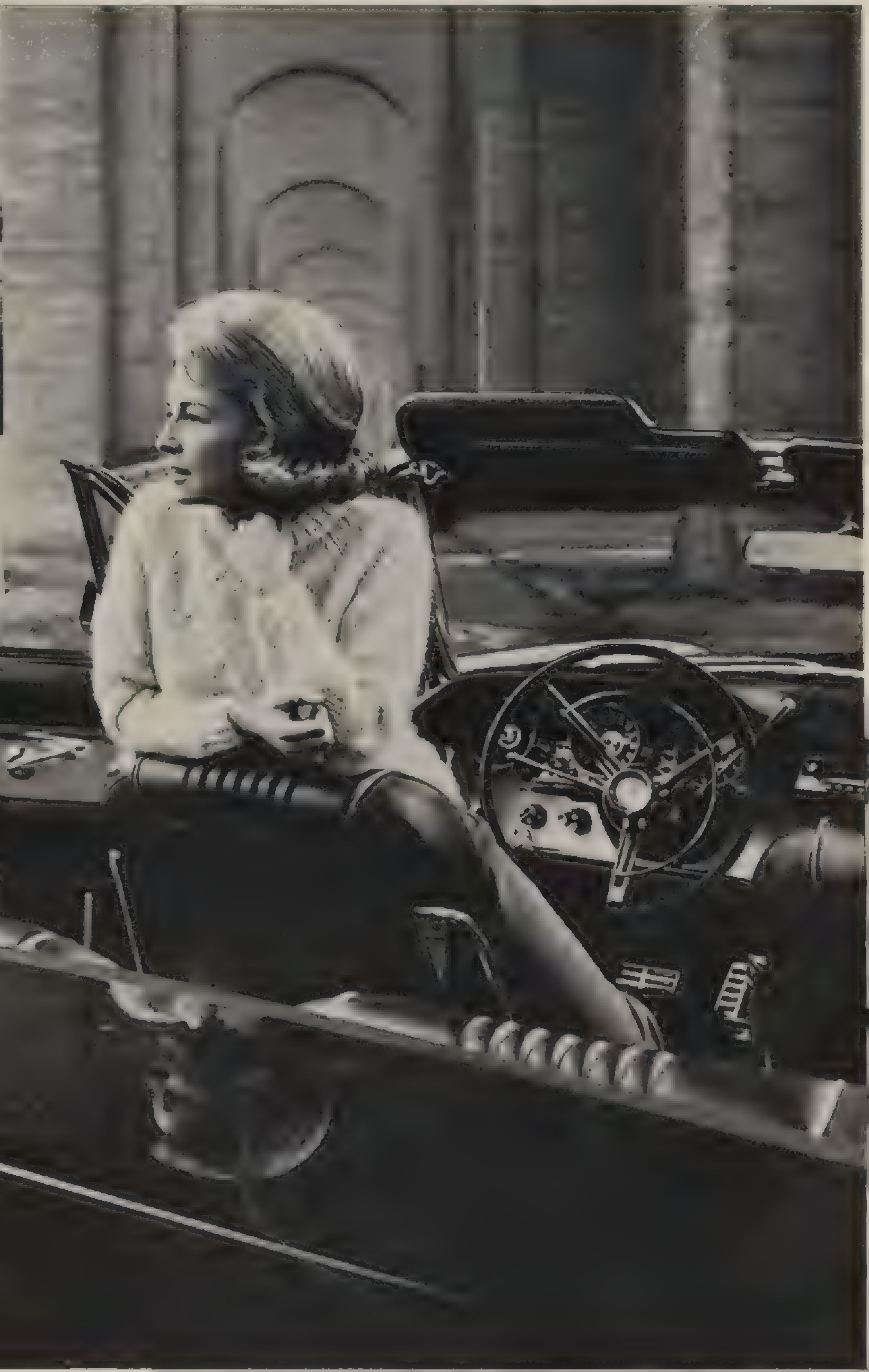
Lord Howe (left) outside Parliament and beside the blue-and-silver (his racing colours) Goggomobil he uses in London partly because its hum reminds him of his racing years.

Princess Alexandra and her husband, **the Hon. Angus Ogilvy** (below), in their Mark X Jaguar.

Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza (below) and her daughter, with the five-year-old BMW (Bavarian Motor Works) that she uses around St. Moritz and Lugano.

Mrs. Henry Ford, II (below) in a black 1963 Thunderbird convertible, white-topped. She drives the Thunderbird mostly around Grosse Pointe, Mich.; puts her own mark on each of her cars by ordering red leather on the inside, her initials on outside.





The Hon. Patrick Lindsay (above), a director of Christie's, the great London art auction firm, photographed in Afghanistan in the 1930 Rolls-Royce, a present from the Maharajah of Jaipur, that he drove home from India. (Besides the Rolls, he has a 1931 Alfa Romeo, a Napier-Railton, and an Aston Martin.) Miss Jean Gibb (right), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis M. Gibb, with the Chrysler Imperial she drives to the Middleburg Hunt in Virginia.

Thomas Shevlin and Reginald Boardman (left) in a bright red Victor Golf Cart, speed thirteen m.p.h., at Seminole Golf Club in Palm Beach.

Signora Giovanni Agnelli (below) in one of the four small beach Fiats she keeps at Leopolda, her place on the French Riviera—for running to the beach, into town. White with black-and-blue stripes, the cars have handmade wicker-trimmed bodies.

Franco Corelli (above), a known car buff, in his bronze-coloured Ferrari. After opening the season at La Scala he returns to the Metropolitan Opera.

Truman Capote (below): "My car is an audacious Jaguar XK-E. It's like Fabergé on wheels. I sailed into the Jaguar place and said, 'I'll take it.'"

Madame Gérard Bonnet (above) in her Land-Rover station wagon, used for driving around her chalet in Switzerland. (In summer she drives it directly across the fields.)

In a flurry of pale-pink crêpe-de-chine, embroidered monograms, lace, flying arms and legs, and laughter, Miss Merle Oberon, the eminent—and dazzlingly beautiful—actress, demonstrates the art of enjoying children: her own two beauties, Bruno Pagliai, five, and Francesca Pagliai, four, who had dropped in to her bedroom for a late-morning visit. Her system, we suspect, is tickling—and it's still one of the best (Continued on page 131)

BRUCE DAVIDSON

Children are to enjoy

THE VIOLETS

Clothes for the small smart spenders

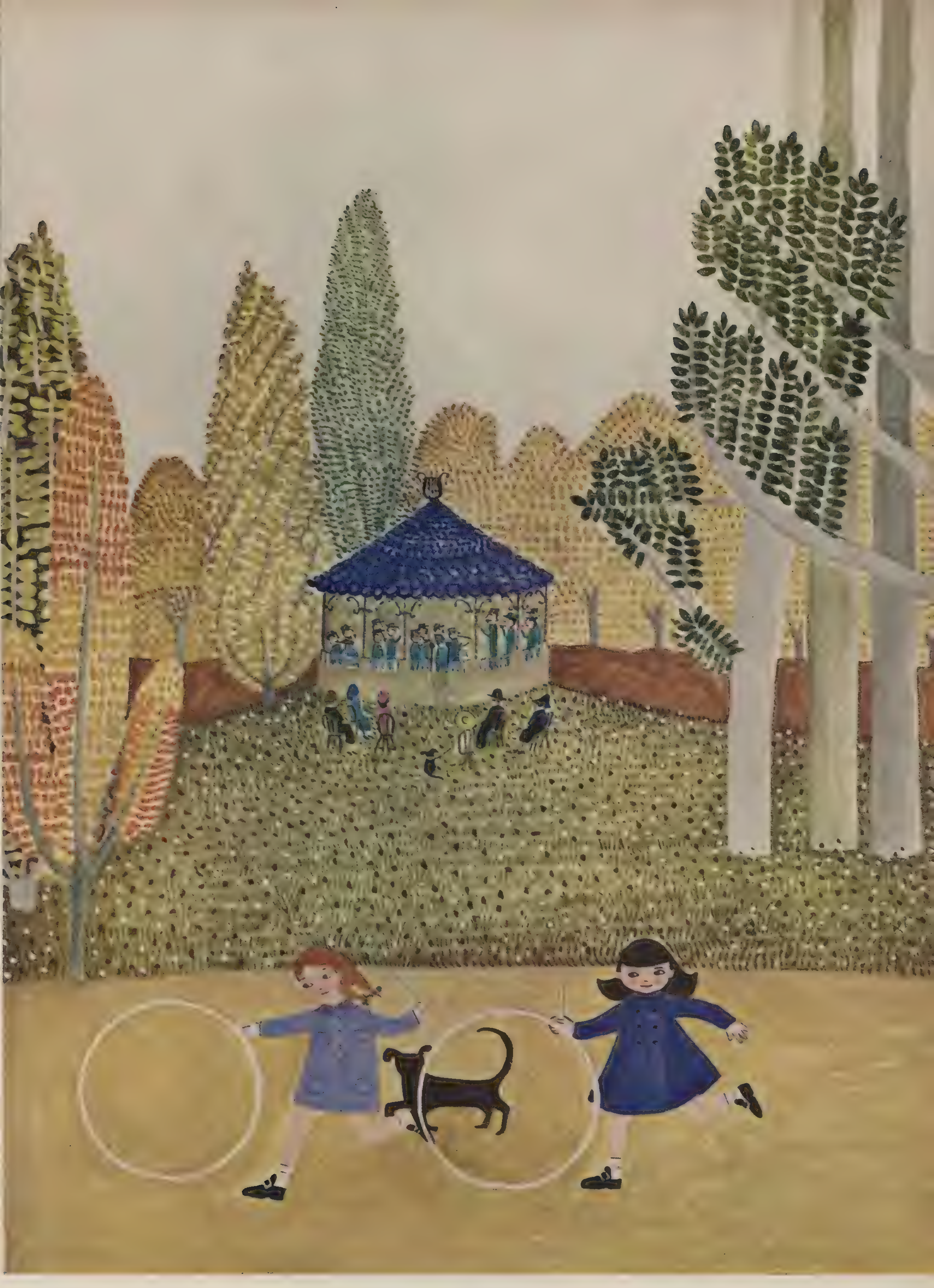
Reports from all over maintain that children are people; it's a rumour we think children launched from that special private world in which their real life goes on, and certainly life *is* easier if you play along with their point of view. As Dr. Spock points out, "the baby can always win," but one mother we know whose children are aged enough to be out of that particular ruling class has taken a whole new lease on life since someone explained, "Children are all love and terror." Somehow it clarifies everything. All you have to do is this: *behave* as though they were people, never let them suspect you of any ulterior motives; but operate secretly on the principle that they are healthy—for the most part, enchanting—little beasts. Which means: dress them in the simplest clothes, clothes that fit well and work easily—buttons that don't tear off, sleeves that move, fasteners that stay fastened. And right here we'd better say that the mother with a taste for the sentimental must avoid taking it out on her young; the boy dressed (however beguilingly) in the manner of the Stuarts, the girl whose clothes smack of Godey's Lady's Book, are apt to have a hard time with what is regretfully known as The Group. Most hateful of all are the clothes designed to make children look like miniature adults; they are to be avoided at all costs. . . . This is the gist of Vogue's point of view on dressing children; here, and on the next twelve pages are clothes that fill the bill.

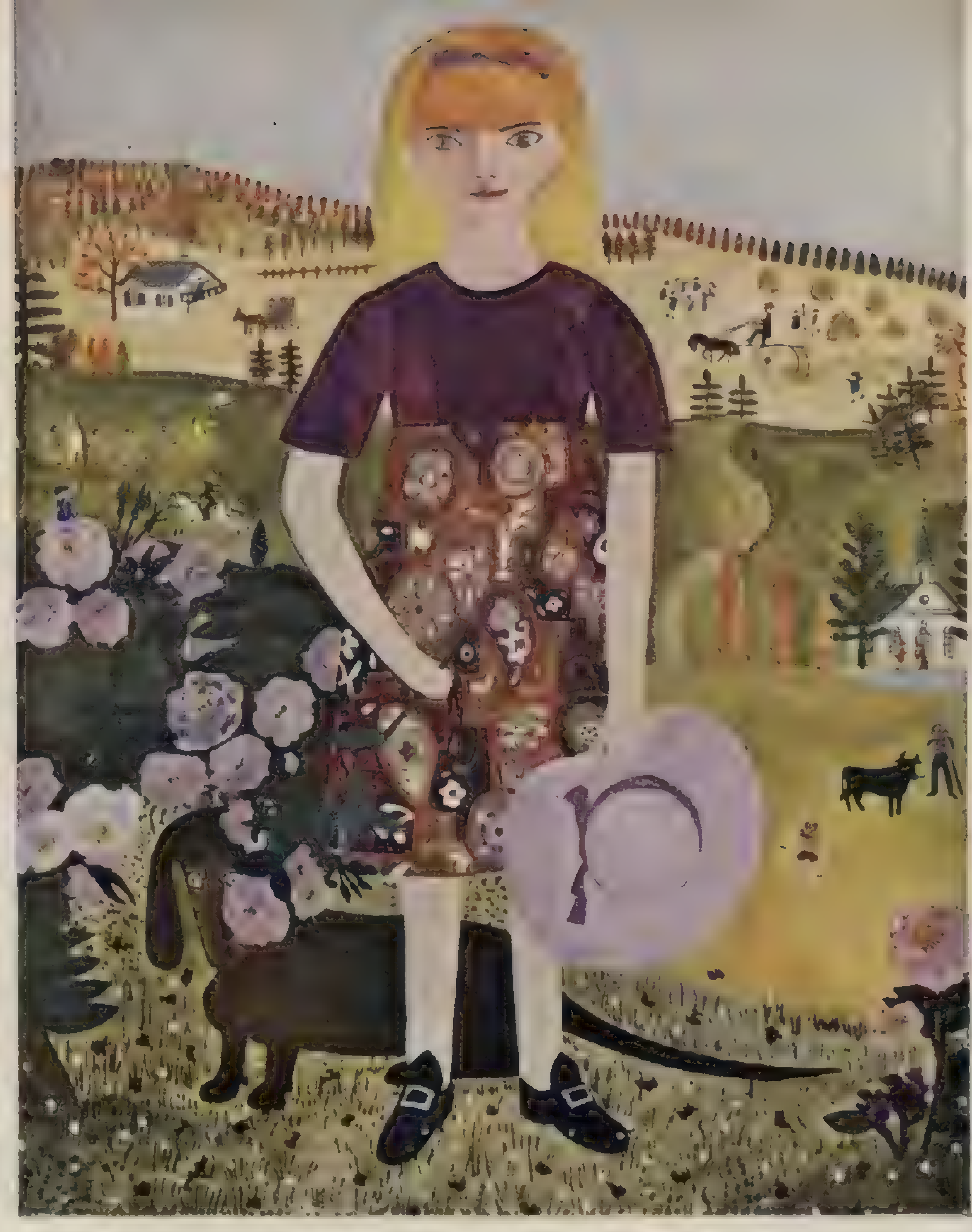
What matters every bit as much as the clothes themselves is the putting-together process: strict attention to such details as hair (not too short), skirt-lengths for girls (not too long), shoes (always, always polished), and socks (We think white, neatly-turned-down socks look best on all young children, except when something warmer is needed. White cotton for day, and for boys all the time; white silk for girls with party-dresses and slippers). Having always deplored crew-cuts, clipped necks, and "scalped"-looking haircuts for boys, we're overjoyed to see the Prince Charles haircut—full on top and sides, shaped in at the back—making headway here. (Recently, the school newspaper of a small New York boys' school carried this ad for a nearby barbershop, much patronized by the boys: "Get a Prince Charles haircut and start off your vacation WITH A BANG!")

A girl's hemline should never be lower than the exact mid-point of her kneecap, and should probably be that long only if it's the hem of a coat; dresses and skirts can be considerably shorter. Almost the only way to tell where *they* should end is to put them on the child and observe, with narrowed eyes, the effect. If in doubt, shorten. A Scotch nanny we once knew observed, "If a gerrl's dress is too long it makes her look like Little Orphan Annie." She was, of course, a paragon. Now it all seems like a wish-fulfillment fantasy. Finding a superb nanny now is roughly as probable as seeing a unicorn in the garden. What these women at their best brought to the job of looking after children was not only skill in all the household arts, not only a deep knowledge of children, and a comforting sense of order . . . it was also love. They cared about how the children looked, felt, and behaved. They made children bloom. Now it's up to the understaffed mother to carry on more or less single-handed, which indeed she does with all the love and vigilance one could hope for—in fact, it's really only mothers who seem to miss that comforting sense of order. Yet if nannies were still about, there's always the chance one might miss those scintillating bits of conversation that crop up in the new all-day mêlée of children and adults. It almost seemed worth it to us recently when we watched a Cape Canaveral blast-off with a boy of five who objected violently to our gauche reference to all that steam revving up the rocket: "That's not steam," he explained with scientific asperity, "that's liquid oxygen."

Children's clothes should be practical and comfortable (see *left*), and we see no real reason why they shouldn't also be enchanting. And right now, about the most enchanting clothes-colour anyone could pick for children is violet. Cool in itself, it casts a mysterious and madly becoming warmth, a glow; it makes blue eyes seem bluer, dark eyes darker, baby skins seem pink-and-whiter. . . . The three pages of violets that follow were painted by the young French artist Jacqueline Duhème, a protegée of Matisse. Two years ago Miss Duhème painted delightfully—and delightedly—her impressions of Mrs. John F. Kennedy's trip to Pakistan and India. *Near right:* Coat of pale-violet wool with patch pockets, a collar of velvet. In the same delicious colours: leggings, a hat to match. Of wool tweed from England; about $40, sizes 2 to 4. By Helen Lee of Saks Fifth Avenue. Outfit, also at Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. *Far right:* Lilac wool tweed coat cut on princesse lines, double-breasted and buttoned; firmly tailored of wool tweed with a smidge of reindeer in it. Coat, hat, and leggings by S. J. Buchman; $35, sizes 2 to 4. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Harzfeld's.

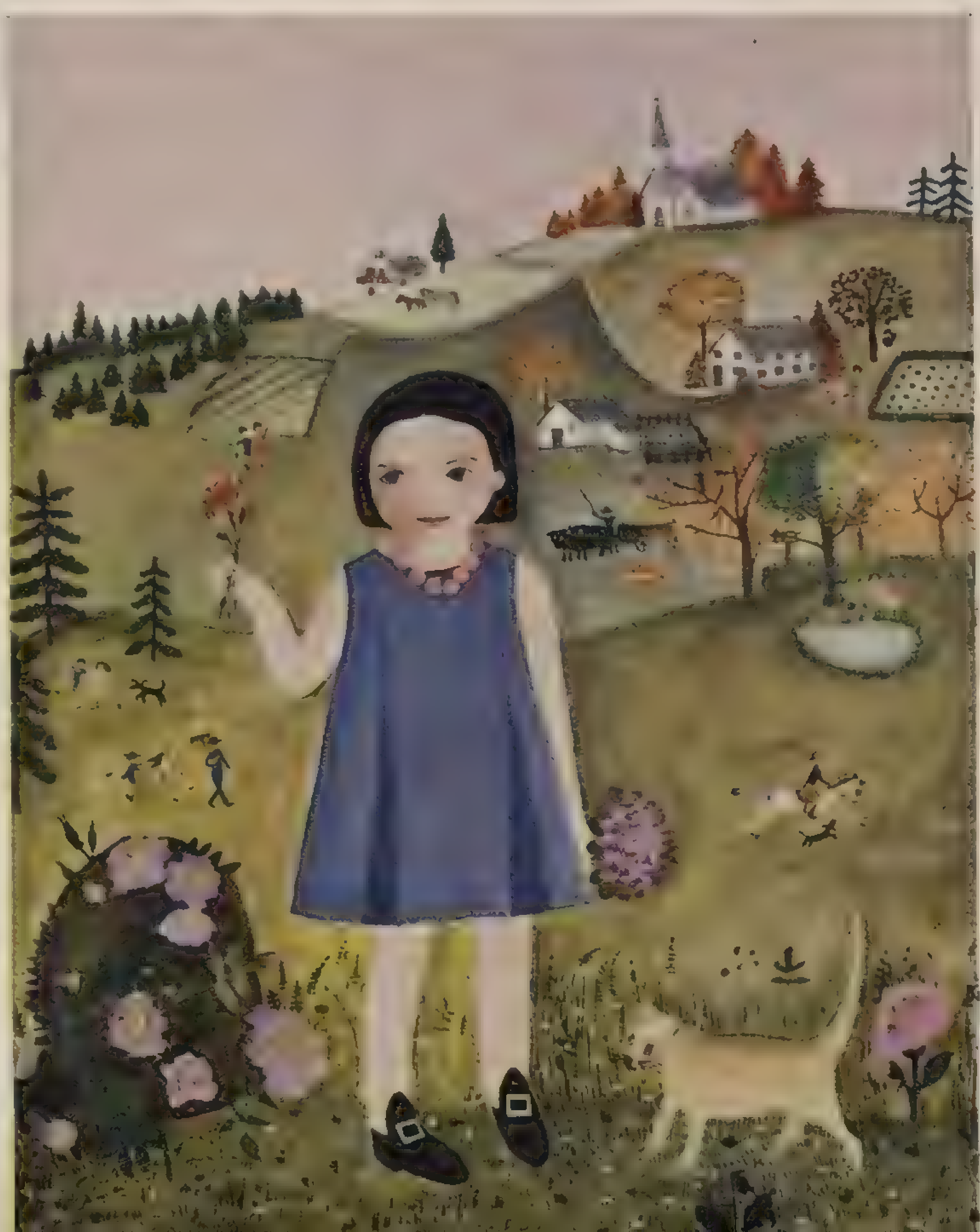
JACQUELINE DUHÈME

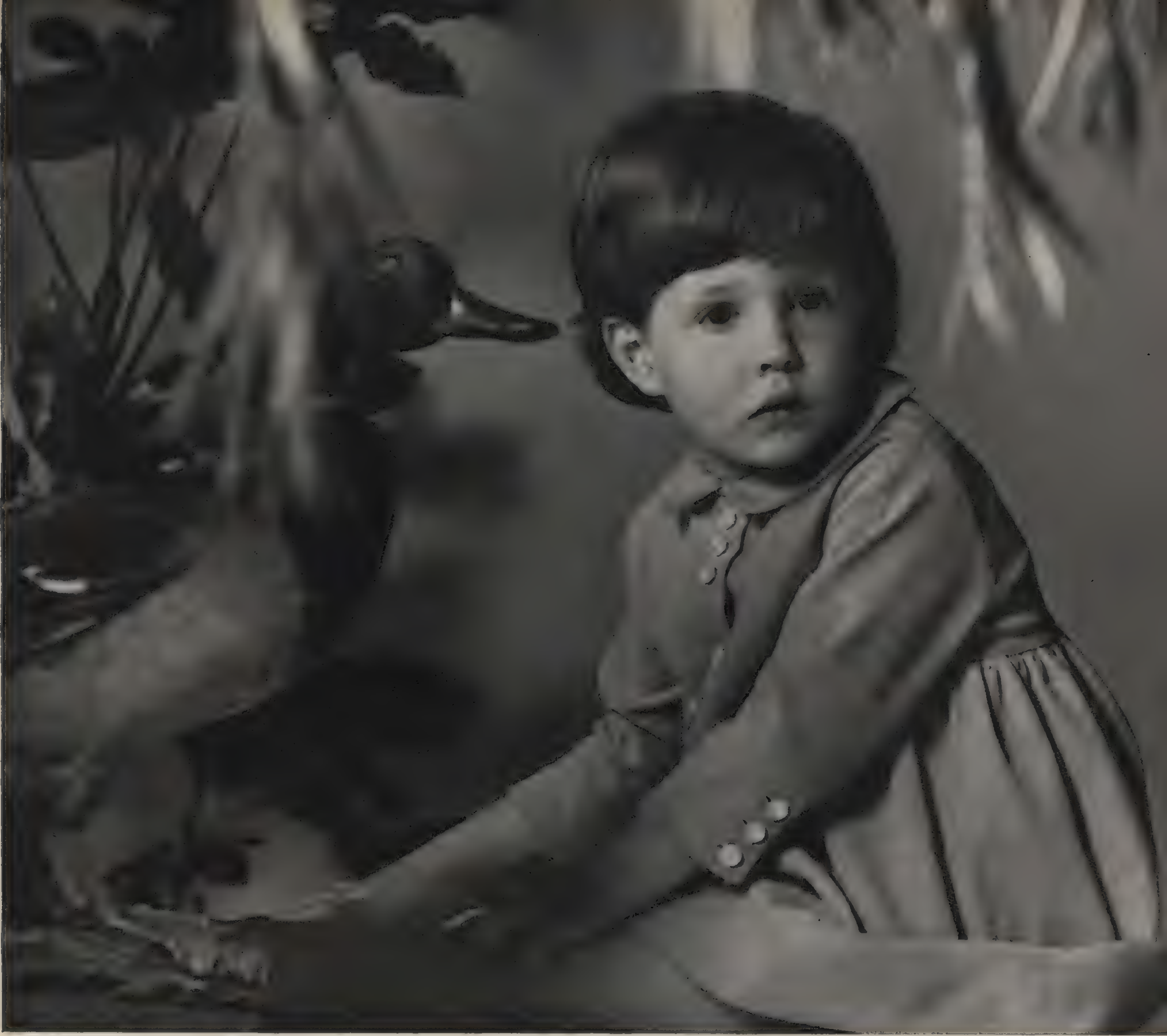




More fresh-picked violets, painted by Jacqueline Duhème—the talented young Frenchwoman whose seemingly artless art is an enchanting mixture of innocence and sophistication. *Far left:* Pale-violet linen, cut on the A-line—a wonderfully unbunchy one for little girls; piped in white, with a tiny bouquet on one shoulder. By Florence Eiseman. in sizes 1-4; $23. At Jean Gale. *Centre, left:* Violet looks, bright and refreshing on little boys, too. Here, a one-piece cotton suit with violet pants, white shirt embroidered in violet, and plenty of pockets. Sizes 1 to 4. About $44. By and at Marcelle Julien. *Near left:* Two inverted pleats—great for minimizing any tummy problems there may be—fall from the shoulders of this purple velveteen party dress, with a deep collar of ecru lace. By Celeste, made of cotton-backed velveteen; in sizes 3 to 6X. $18 at Boys & Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel.

More and more, party dresses are getting away from the full-skirted, fluffy-ruffles look that caused one young father to remark with a pained air of alarm, "Why do they look so much like painted cauliflowers?" The look now is straighter, simpler, more tailored. *Left, above:* A party dress with a simple round-necked bodice of violet-red velveteen and a challis skirt in an abstract print. By Helen Lee, in sizes 7 to 14; top of Amity Cantoni cotton velveteen. challis skirt of Avisco rayon. About $13. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres. *Left, below:* A charming skimmer of a dress in pale-violet velveteen. By Helen Lee, of cotton velveteen from Italy; sizes 2 to 3X. About $9. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Frederick & Nelson. All the violet-wearers on these pages also wear patent-leather shoes with big Pilgrim buckles of shiny silver metal; these, by Capezio. The short white cotton gloves by Wear-Right.

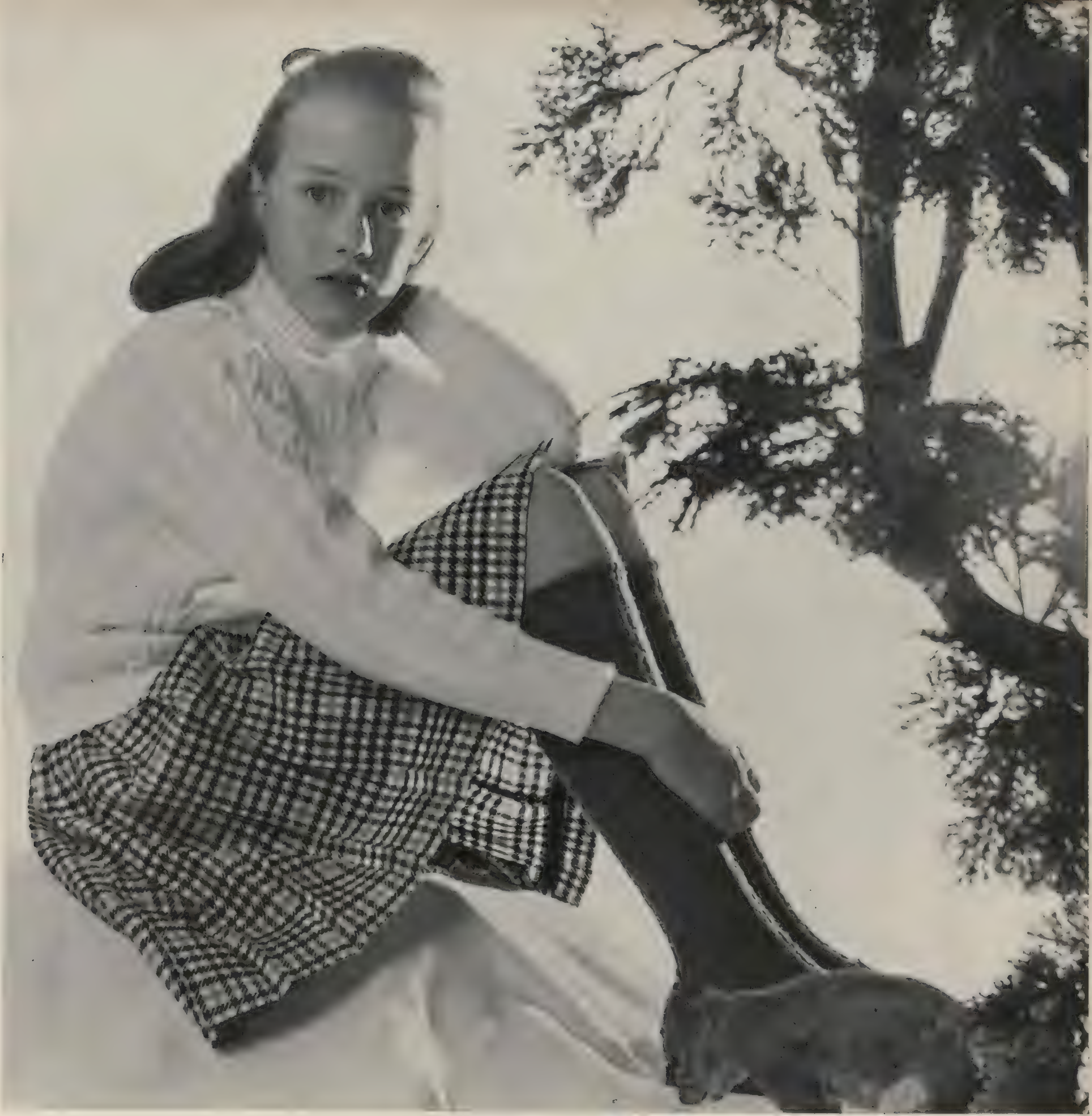




Here, and on the next eight pages: a range of clothes for children of both sexes, all ages—up to that fail-safe point when size 14 is too small—and most occasions. All have a knack of working well—and looking well. *Above,* a Goya-esque yellow dress for special occasions, with long sleeves, coveys of buttons. By Bill Blass for Joseph Love, of Cantoni Amity cotton velveteen; sizes 3-6X. About $15. Altman's; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. *Left,* a cheerful green cotton dress for everyday, freshened with white saddle stitching, a white collar. By Simonetta et Fabiani for Yolande, in Reeves fabric of Avril rayon and cotton; sizes 3-6X. About $8. At Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Both worn by Alexandra Auchincloss. Ankle-strap shoes, at Lord & Taylor. All socks on these pages: Bonnie Doon.

HORST

More for small smart spenders

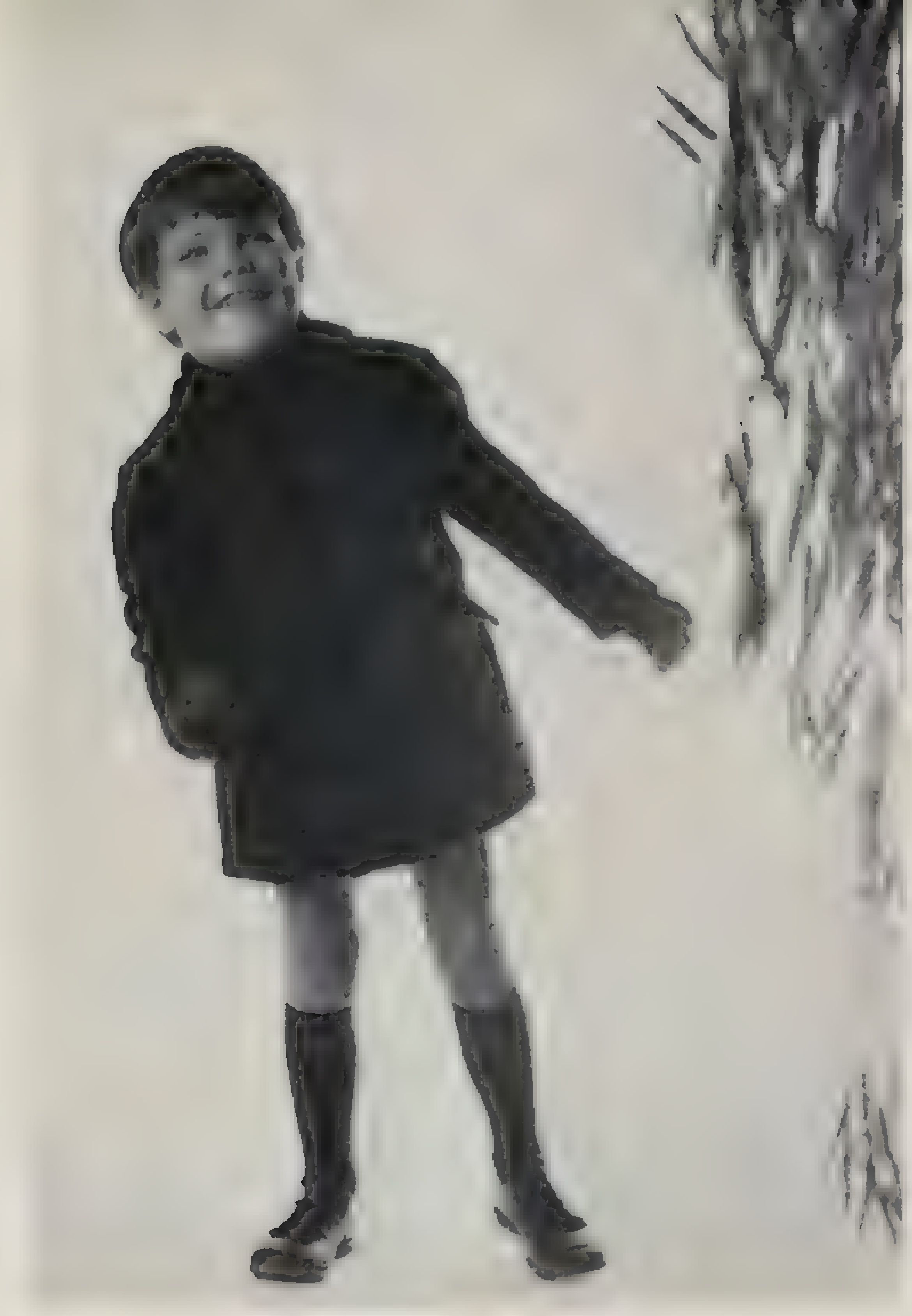


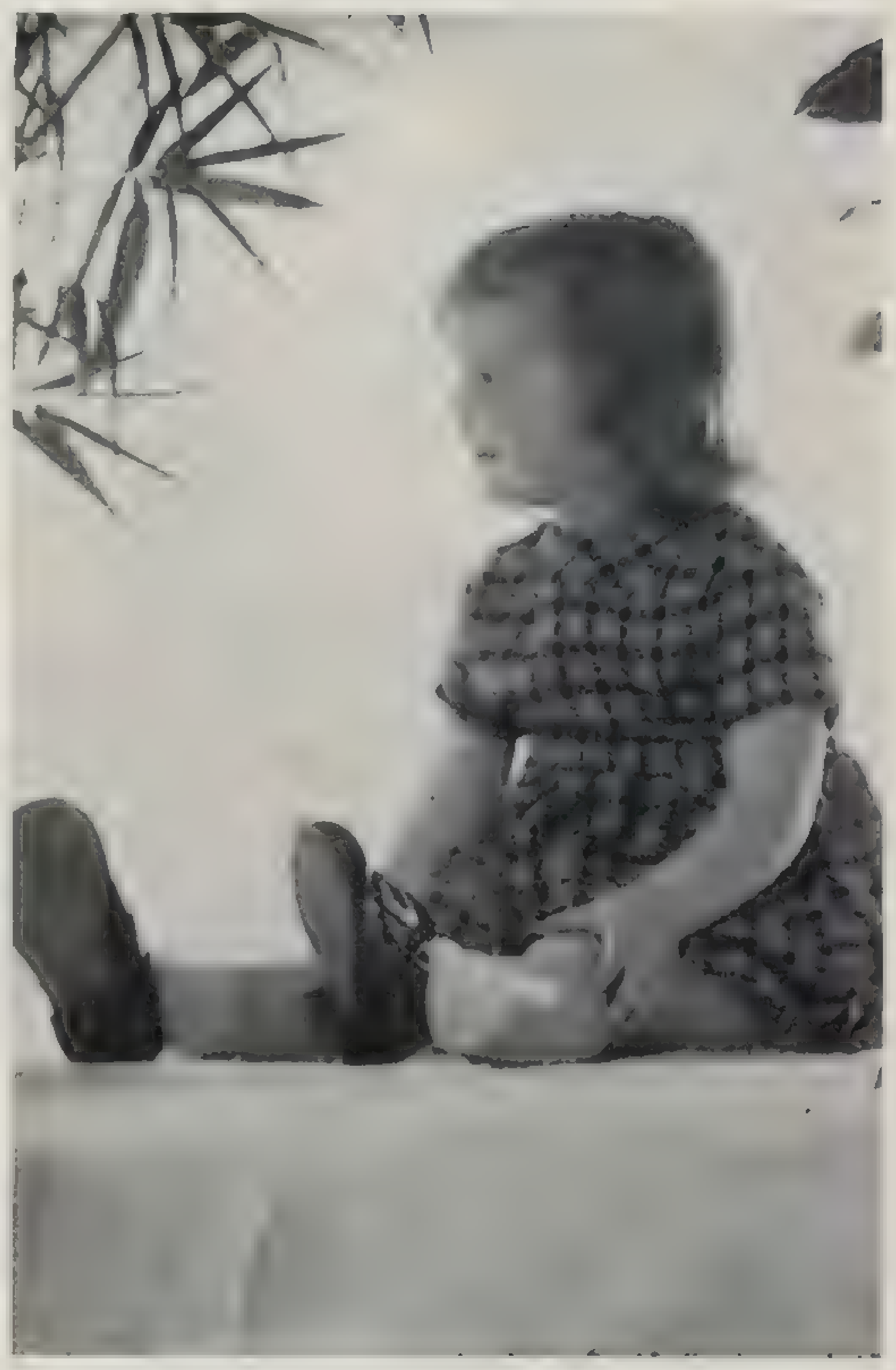
Made for each other, a kilt and a turtleneck, *above*—worn here by Alison Howard. Wool kilt in yellow, black, white, stitched and pleated, with leather straps; about $9. White cable-knitted turtleneck of Orlon; about $6. Both by Pandora. Sizes 7 to 14. At Best & Co.; Joseph Horne; Sakowitz. Plaid shift, *right*, to wear with or without a shirt. Worn by Liza Lloyd. Red, black, and yellow plaid of Creslan; side kick pleats, grosgrain trimming. About $11. By Youngland. Sizes 7-14. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. Capezio shoes: Lord & Taylor.

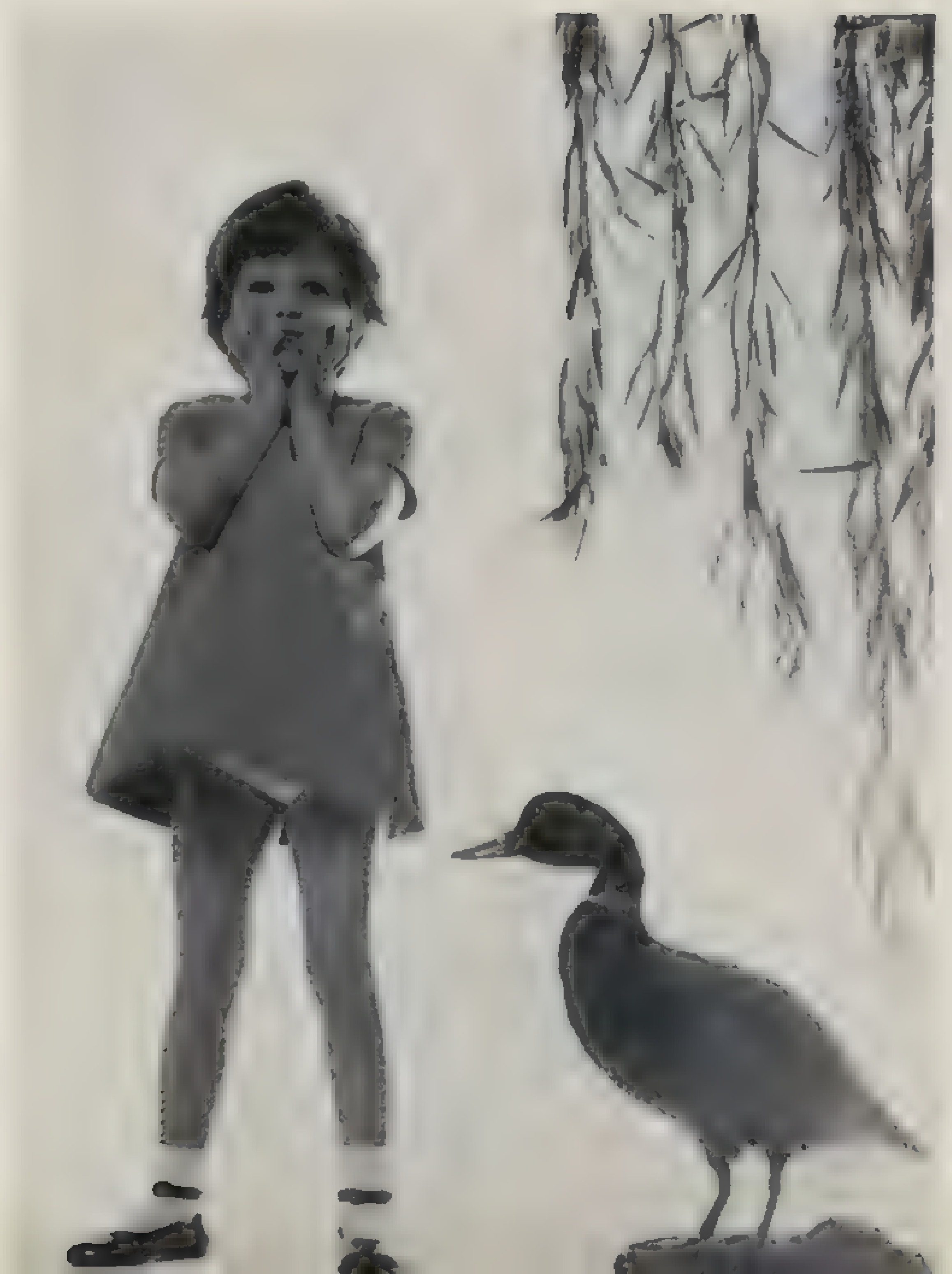
HORST

A really good coat bolsters everyone's morale, and it makes getting out of the house somehow quicker, less effortful. Especially if it's a really good party coat—the party mood is established right from the very beginning.

At *left*, worn by Lacy Ford: the kind of party coat we mean. Brown wool tweed. double-breasted, with an inverted pleat, a belt at back; on the collar: an inlay of pink velvet. By Helen Lee of Saks Fifth Avenue, sizes 3 to 6X; about $40. Also Hutzler's; Rich's; Dayton's. *Right, above,* a coat that seems to pull the whole situation together. Here. Arthur Walker Bingham, IV, wears a double-breasted Chesterfield overcoat of navy-blue wool Melton cloth, with a navy-blue velvet collar; matching Eton cap (not shown). By Merry Mites; sizes 3 to 6X. $35. Can be had at Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.

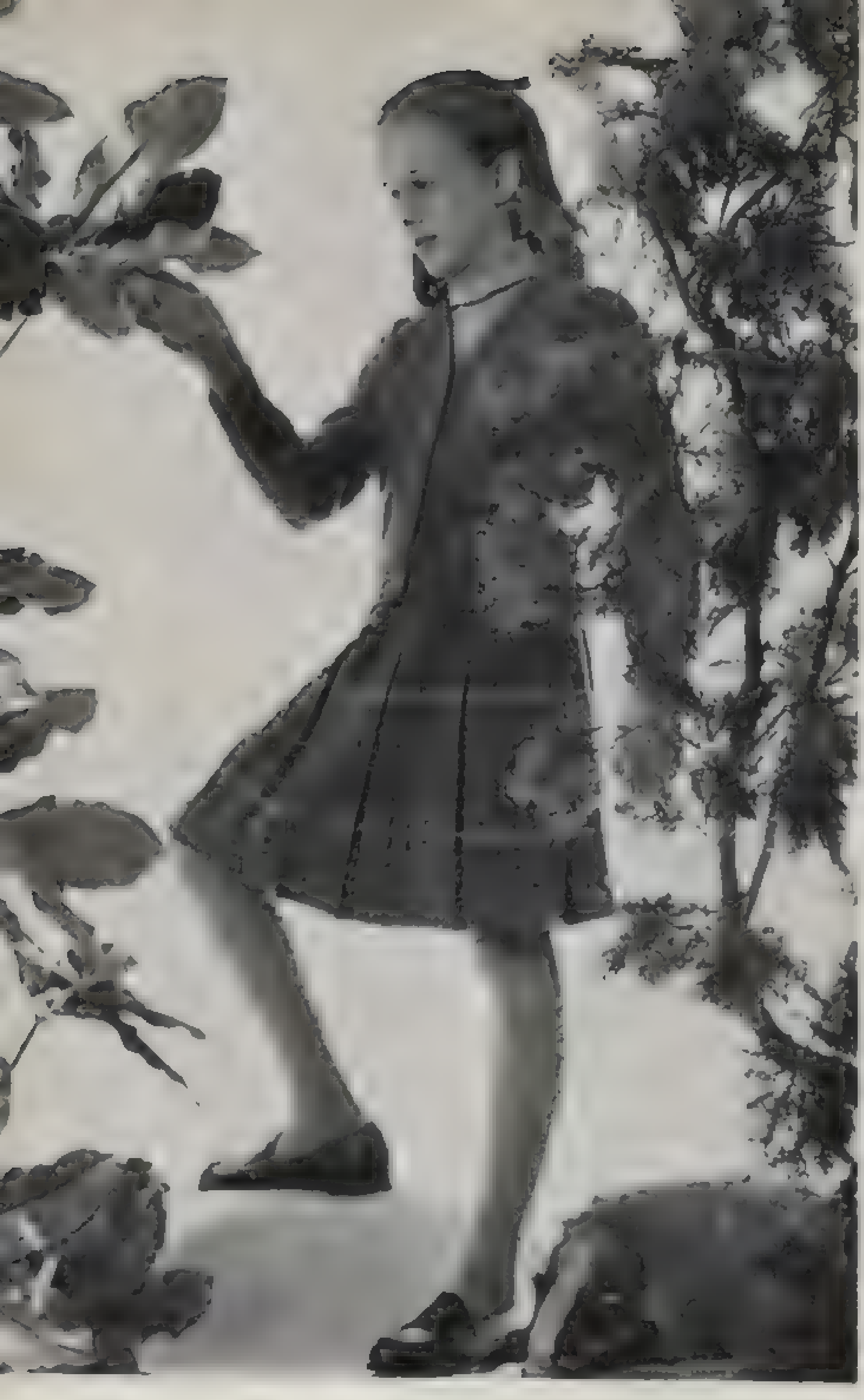


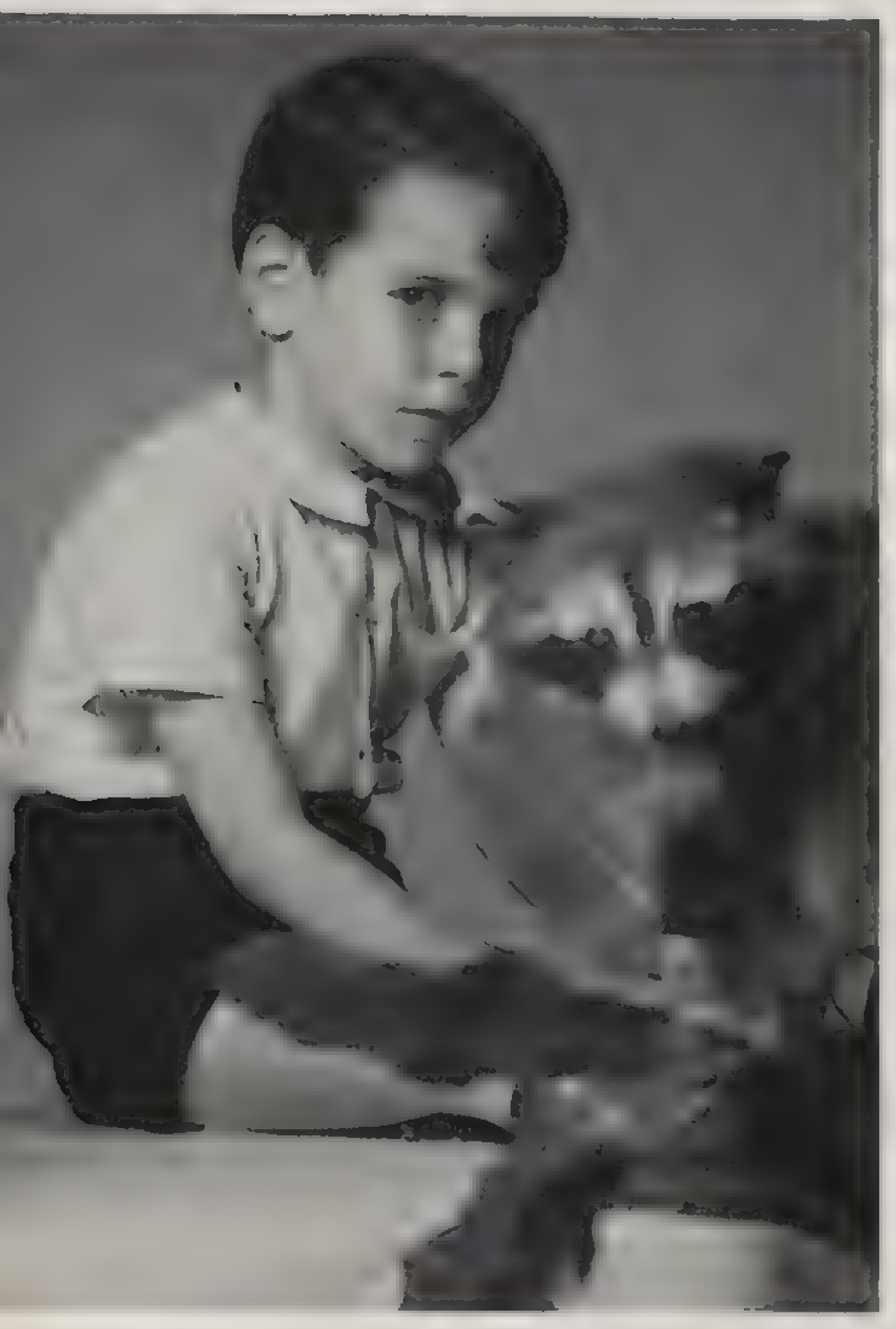


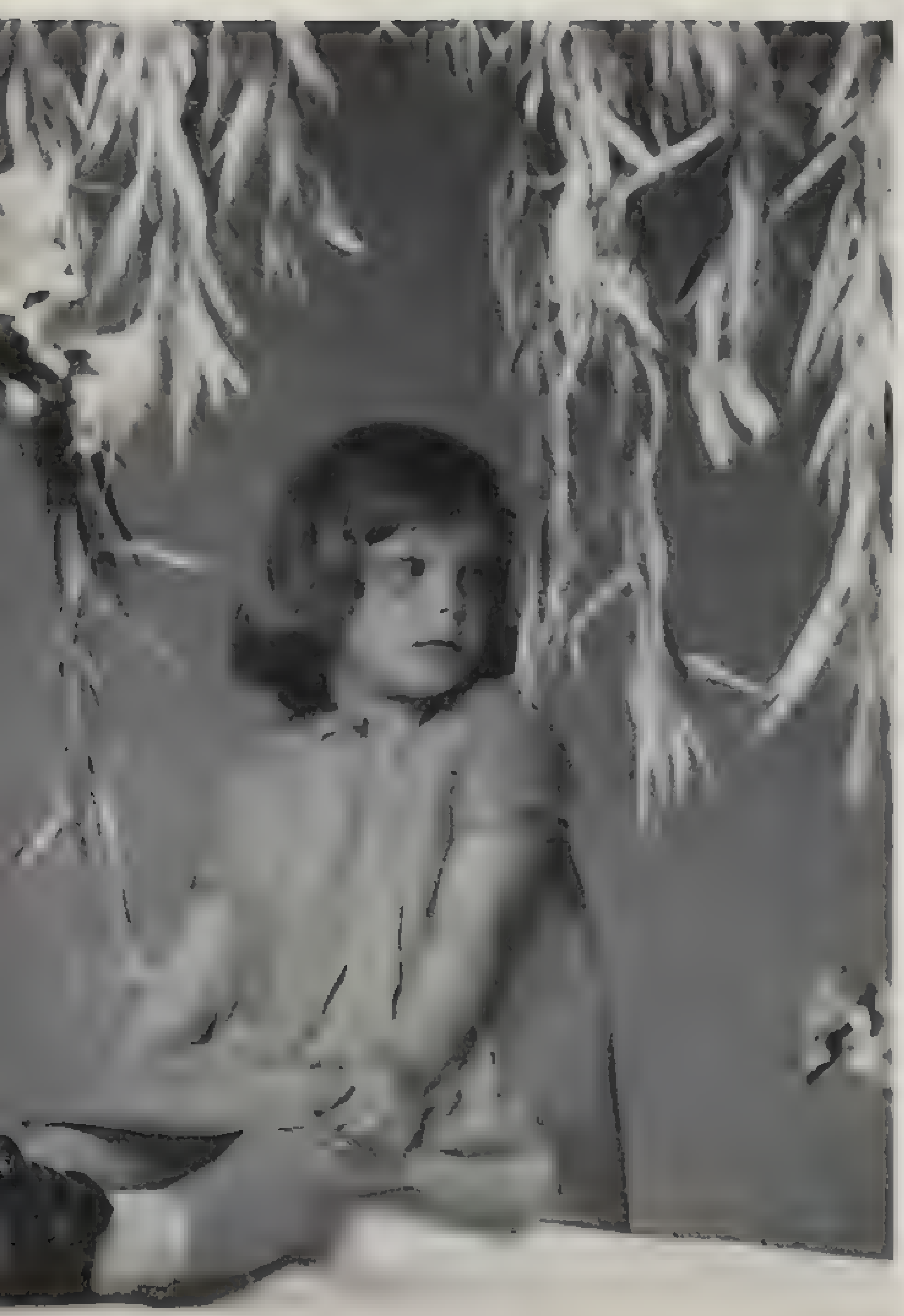


Something about the low-waisted look always looks wonderful on little girls. *Centre, left,* a low-waisted dress, worn by Cecile David-Weill, that's great for school, park, any daylight playing, has these additional charms: it's checked in red, green, and gold, side-pleated on the bodice, and equipped with two tab pockets. The dress, of Creslan, by Shepardess, in sizes 3 to 6X, $13. I. Magnin. *Below, left,* another great line for the young—in fact, they almost invented it: the princesse line. Worn by Alexandra Auchincloss, a princesse dress of pink corduroy, short-sleeved, piped in corduroy around the neck. The dream dress for Sunday lunch, or Saturday-afternoon doings—for all the short-of-party occasions that are often hard to figure. By Sunny Lee, of Crompton cotton corduroy; in sizes 3 to 6X. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

HORST





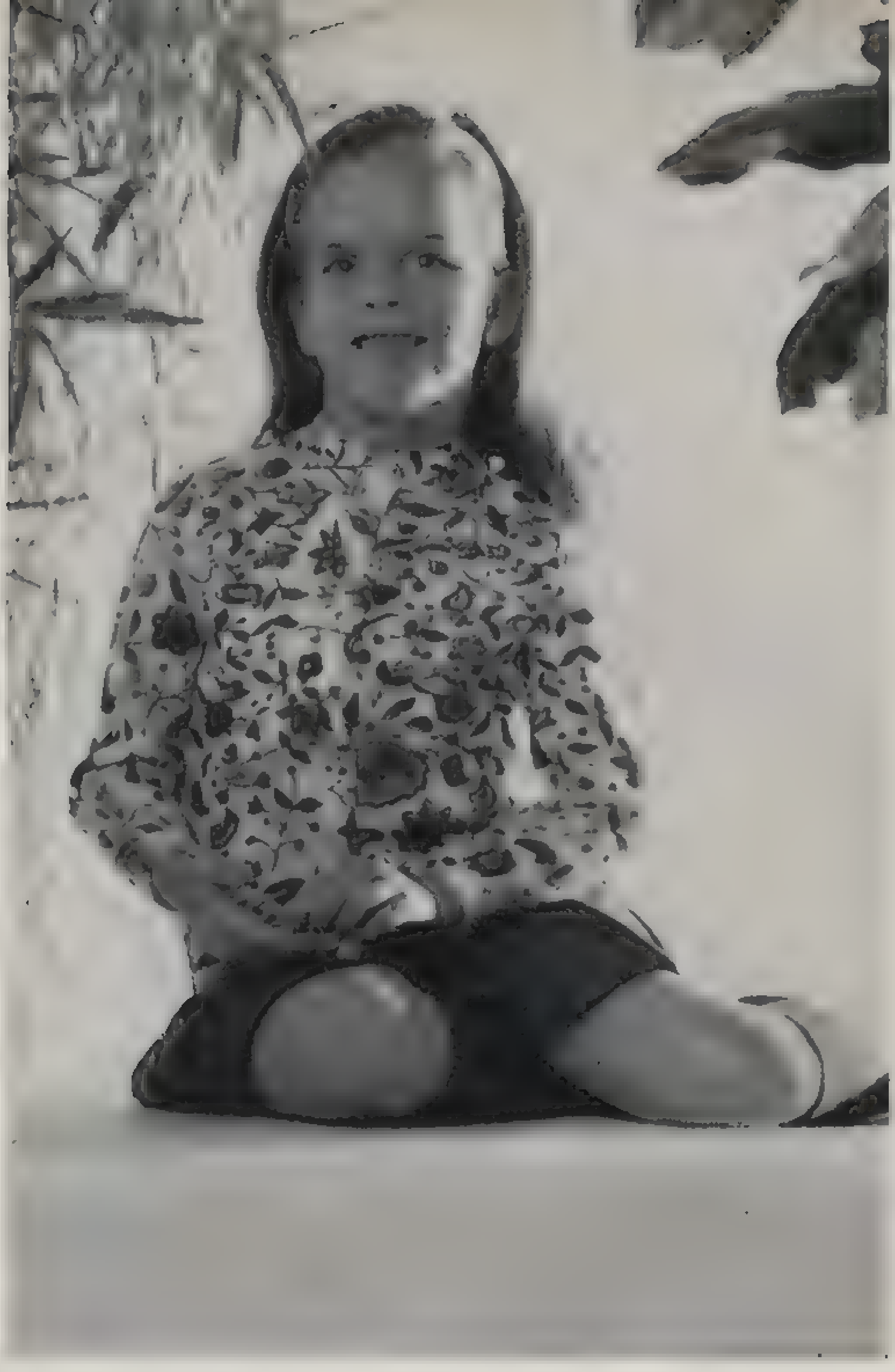


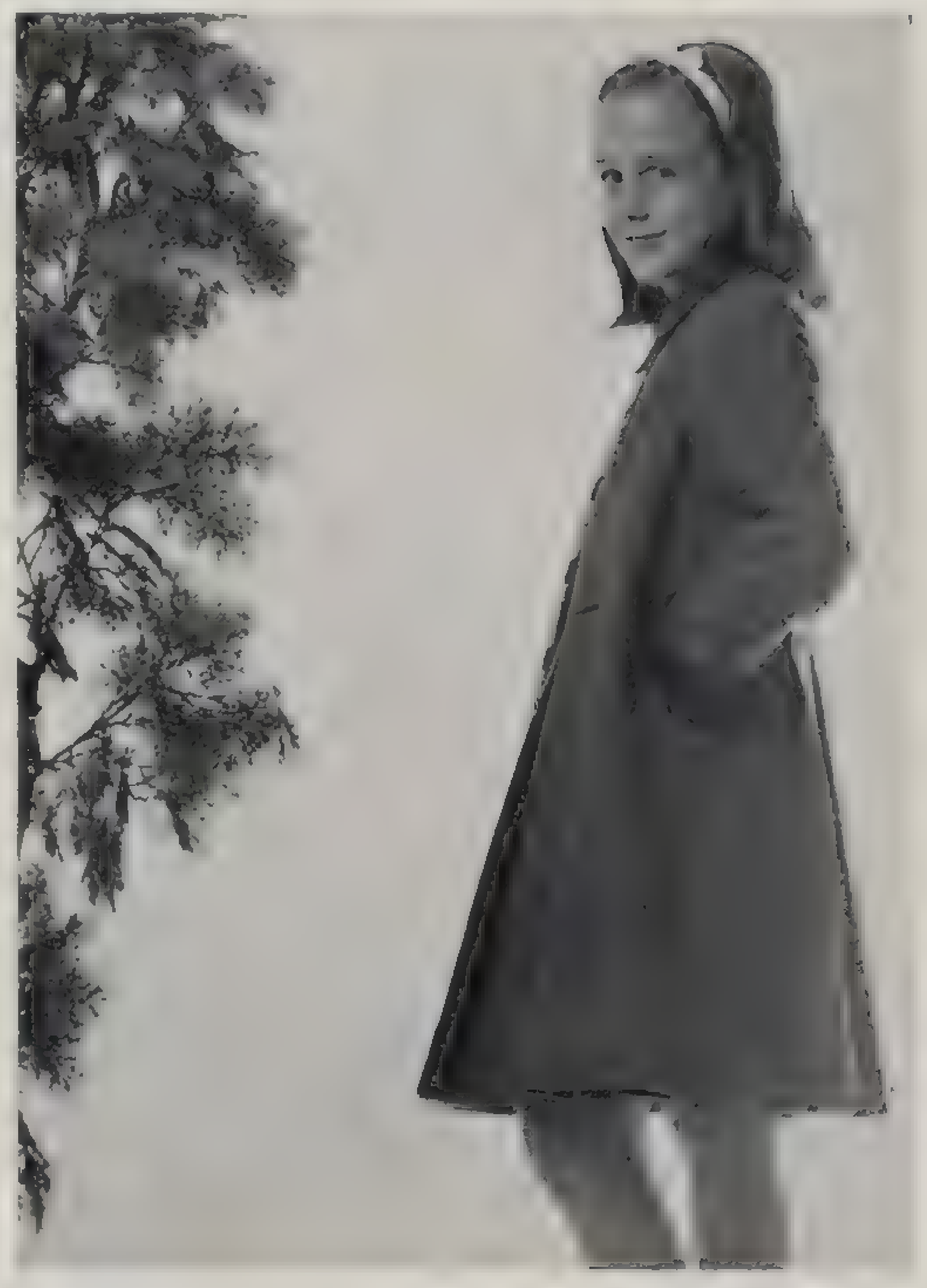
Built to take the kind of beating they will almost certainly get, the clothes at the left have a better-than-average chance of survival. *Top,* Alison Howard in three pieces, starting with a long sleeved yellow turtleneck, worn with a brown V-necked cardigan. The wool brown plaid skirt has stitched box pleats. All by Regal. Sizes 7-14. Turtleneck of Orlon, about $4. Cardigan of mohair and Orlon, about $8. Skirt, about $8. All: Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. *Centre,* short brown pants. With them, a short-sleeved cotton Oxford shirt, striped in yellow and brown on white with a soft Eton collar. Worn by James Kempner. Pants of nylon and wool in sizes 3-6X. About $4. The shirt of Stevens cotton, sizes 3-6X, $4. Both by Imp Originals at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. *Lower left,* Cecile David-Weill in enamel-pink cotton corduroy. Box-pleated in front. Polished cotton piping. By Sunny Lee of Crompton fabric. Sizes 3-6X. About $9 at Bloomingdale's and Joseph Magnin.

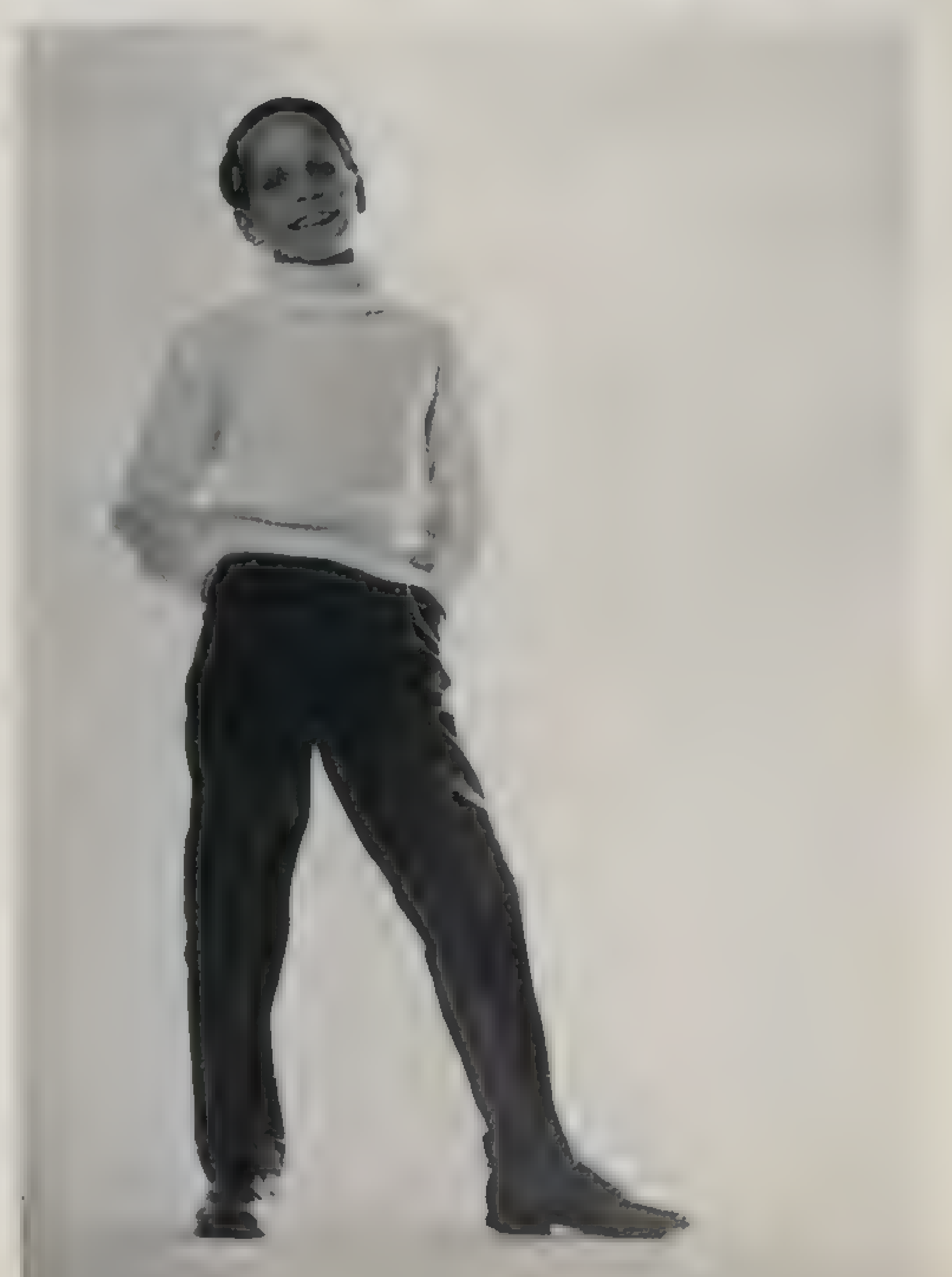
More unbeatables, at the right, to put on and forget about—they're made to take care of themselves. It all begins with the news of bright flowers printed on a cardigan of Orlon. Worn with it: a box-pleated grey skirt that's held there (in the absence of a waist) by suspenders. Lacy Ford is the little girl. Sweater; sizes 4-6X. $6. Skirt of wool-and-nylon; sizes 3-6X, $5. Both by Regal at Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's, Phila.

Centre, a grey wool coat that's lined in grey corduroy, collared in grey velvet. It's warm, without bulk, shaped to an easy A, slender, easy as a skimmer. The girl is Alison Howard. The coat by Bambury in sizes 7-14. $35 at Macy's.

Bottom, heavily ribbed knitted white turtleneck sweater—only very slightly Jean Gabin. Here it's worn with grey cotton corduroy slacks, adds up to a good way to be outdoors. They're worn by Thomas Kempner. The turtleneck of Orlon; sizes 7-14 by Regal. $6. Pants in sizes 6-12 by Superior Knicker; $6. Both at Altman's.

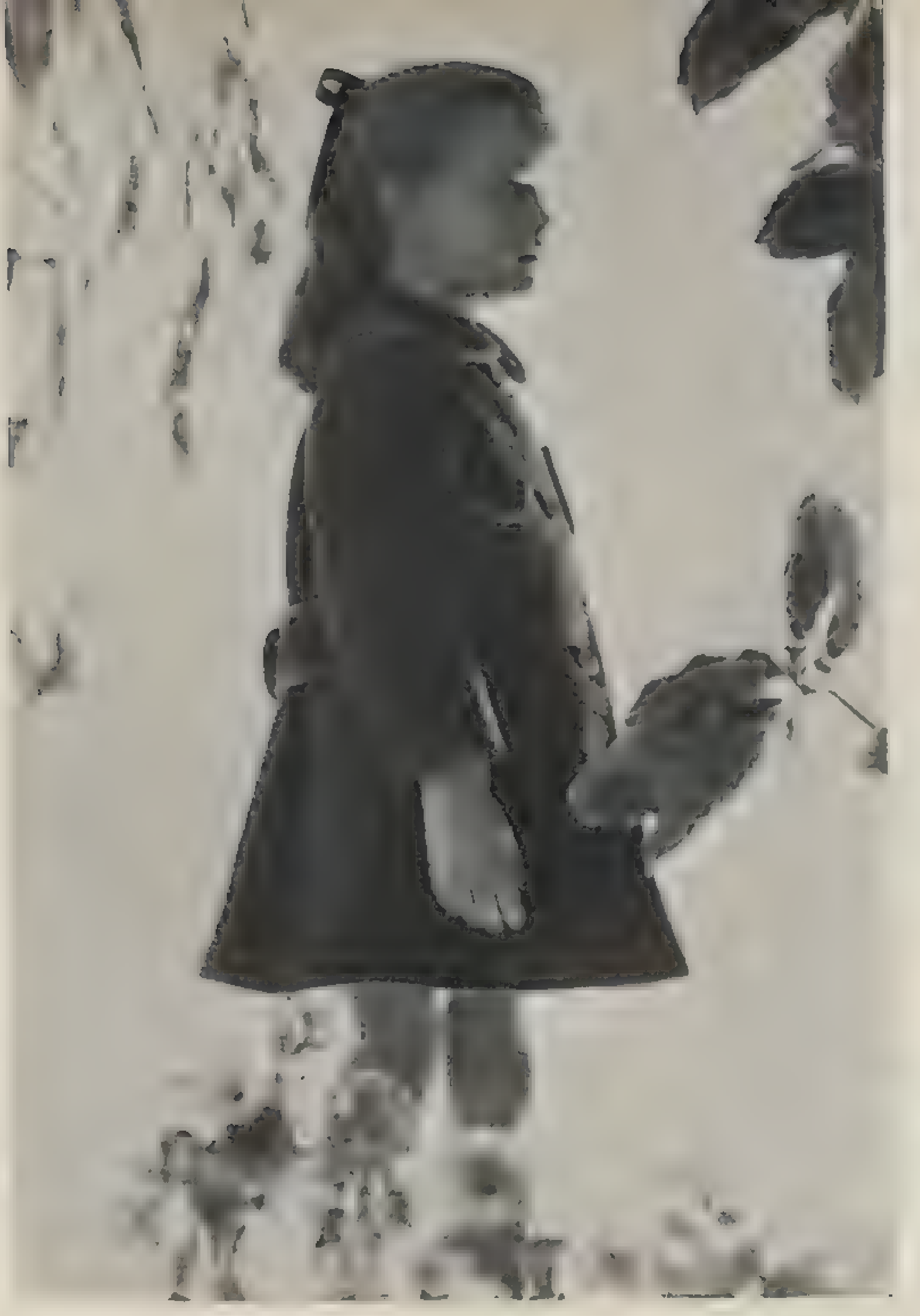


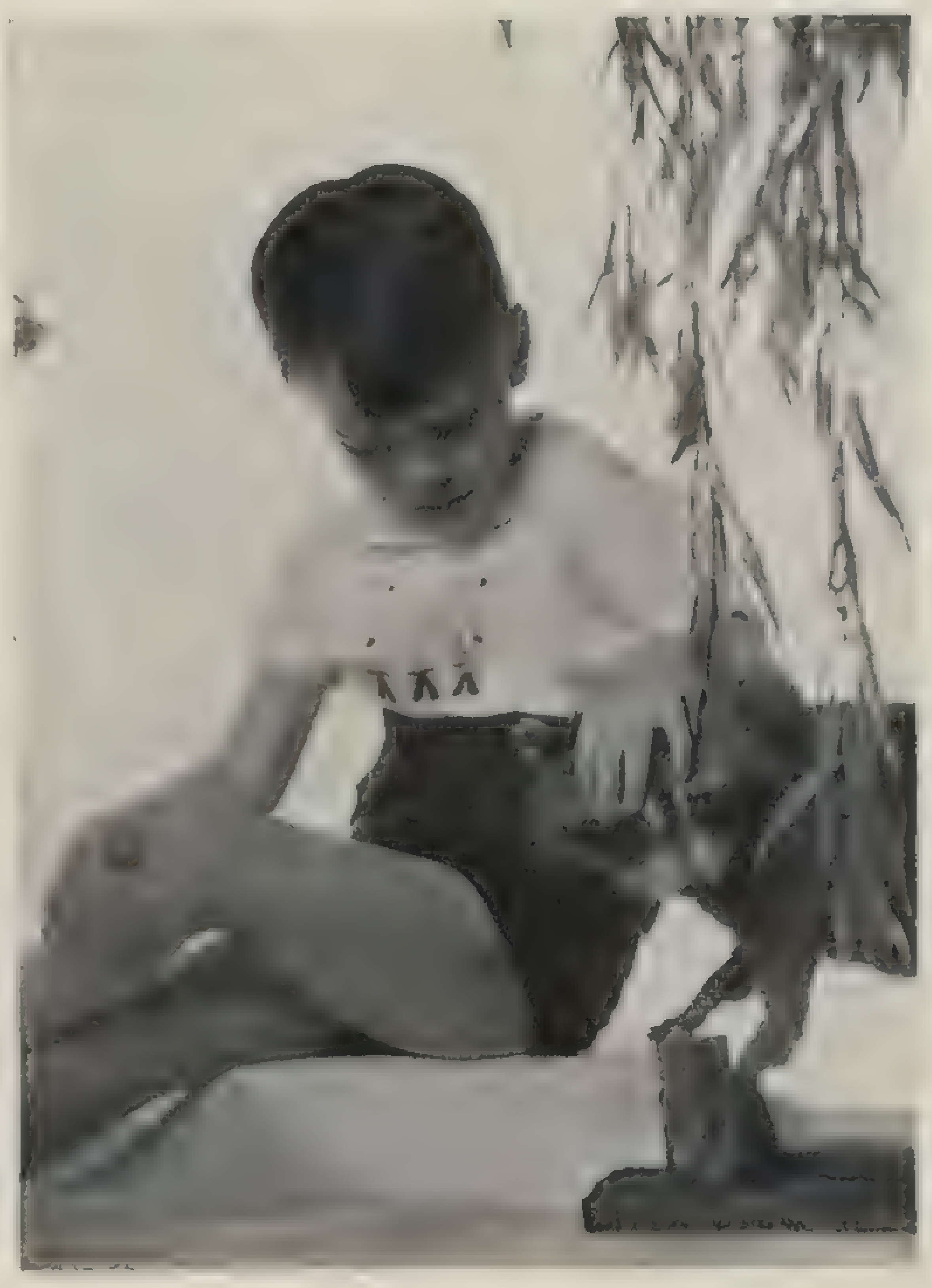


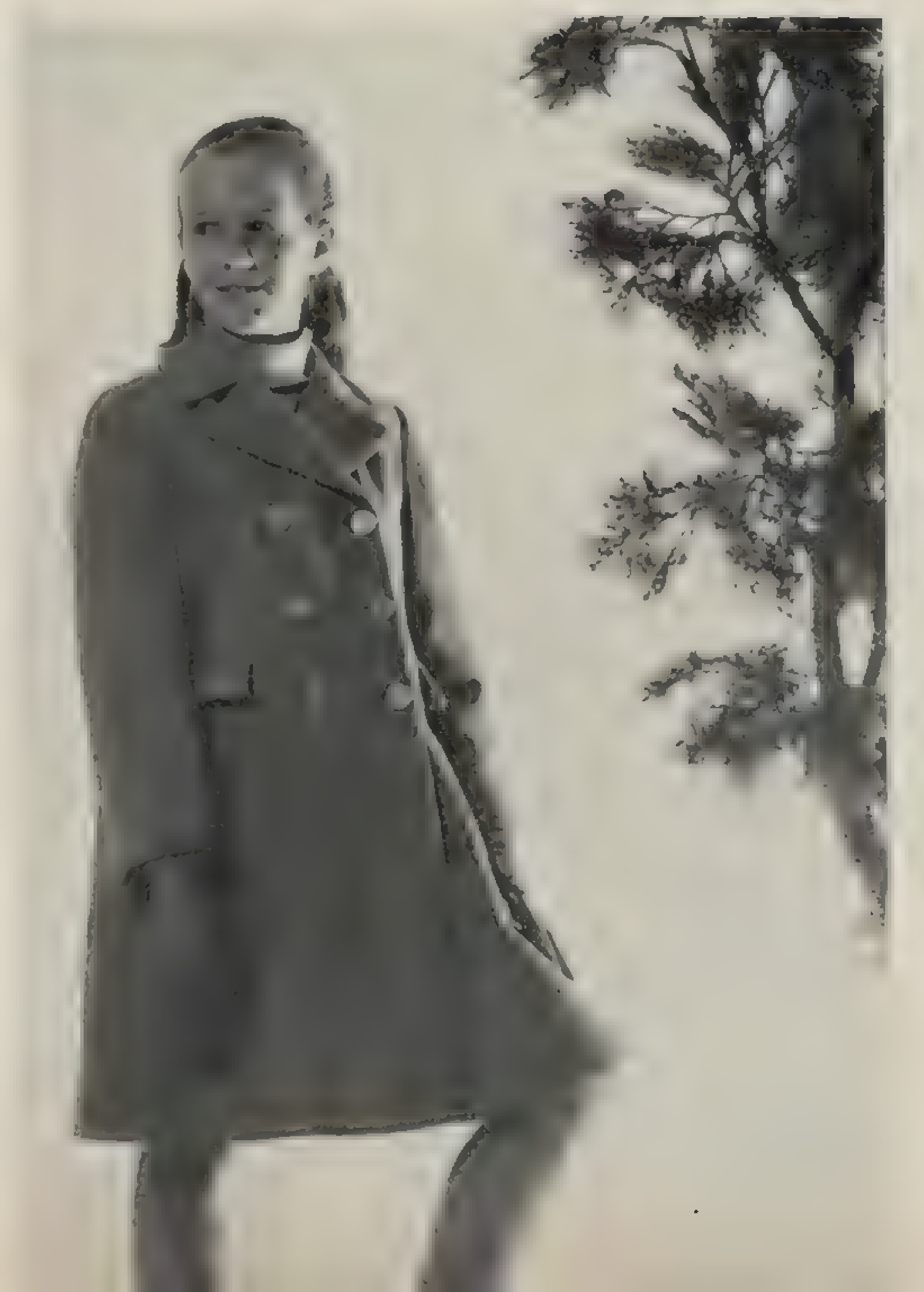


Green wool tweed, top right, goes into a single-breasted coat with an easy A shape. It's back-belted and the collar, pockets, and belt are trimmed in bright red wool braid. Worn here by Lacy Ford—and she could wear it just about anywhere during the day. By Helen Lee of Saks Fifth Avenue in sizes 3-6X. About $45. Coat also at Hutzler's. *Centre*, embroidered sailors stand at attention on a crisp white blouse that buttons on to a pair of short royal blue pants that are stitched in red around the pockets and waist. The little boy is James Kempner. Suit of cotton broadcloth. Sizes 1-4, by and at Marcelle Julien. About $50. *Directly right,* camel-coloured coat in a blend of camel's hair and wool that would take care of any school coat needs from October to May. Worn by Alison Howard, it's double-breasted and belted in back in the polo coat tradition. Other details here: a notched collar, flap pockets, and an inverted back pleat. In sizes 7-14. By H. Rudinger. About $35 at Best & Co.; I. Magnin.

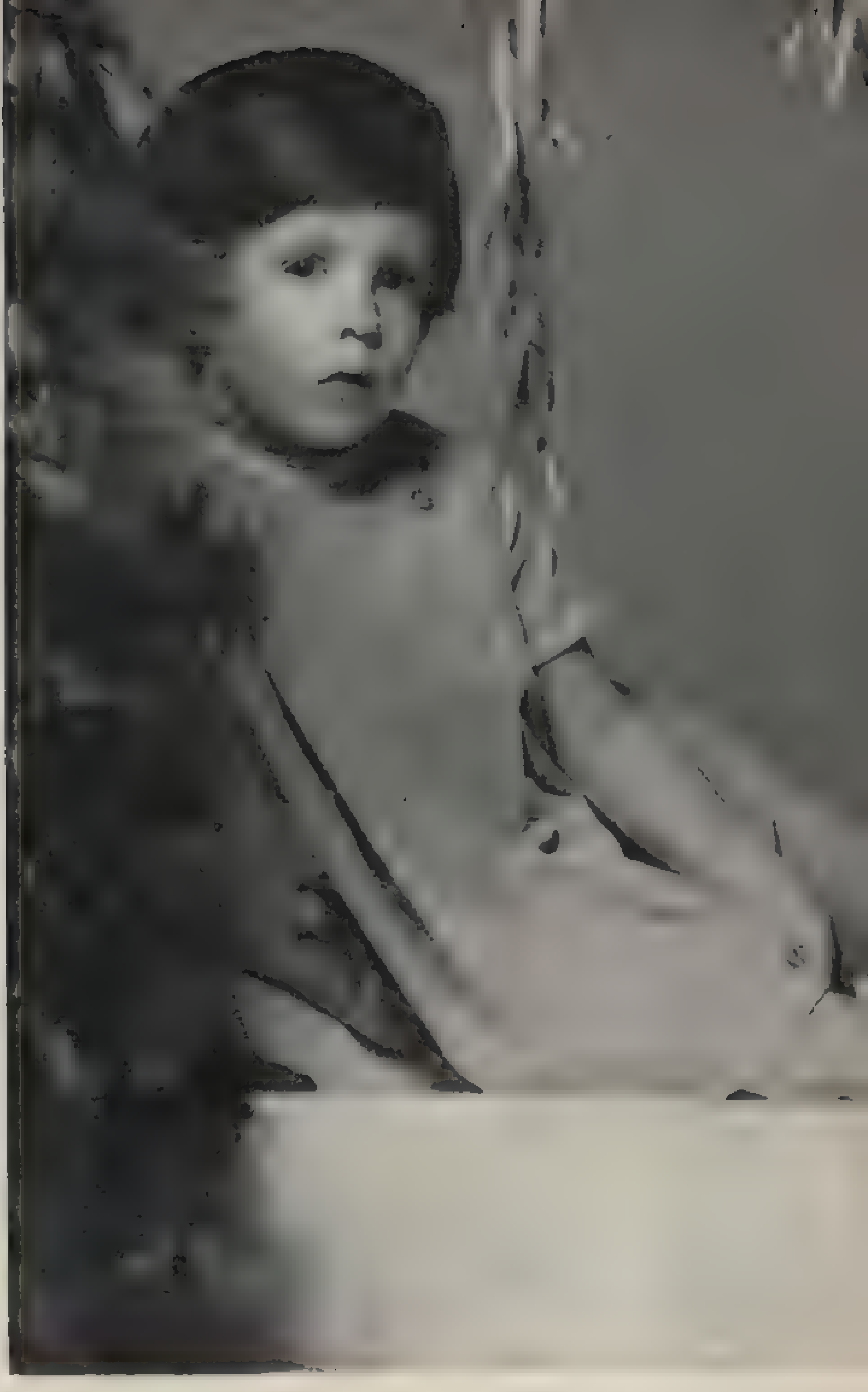
HORST

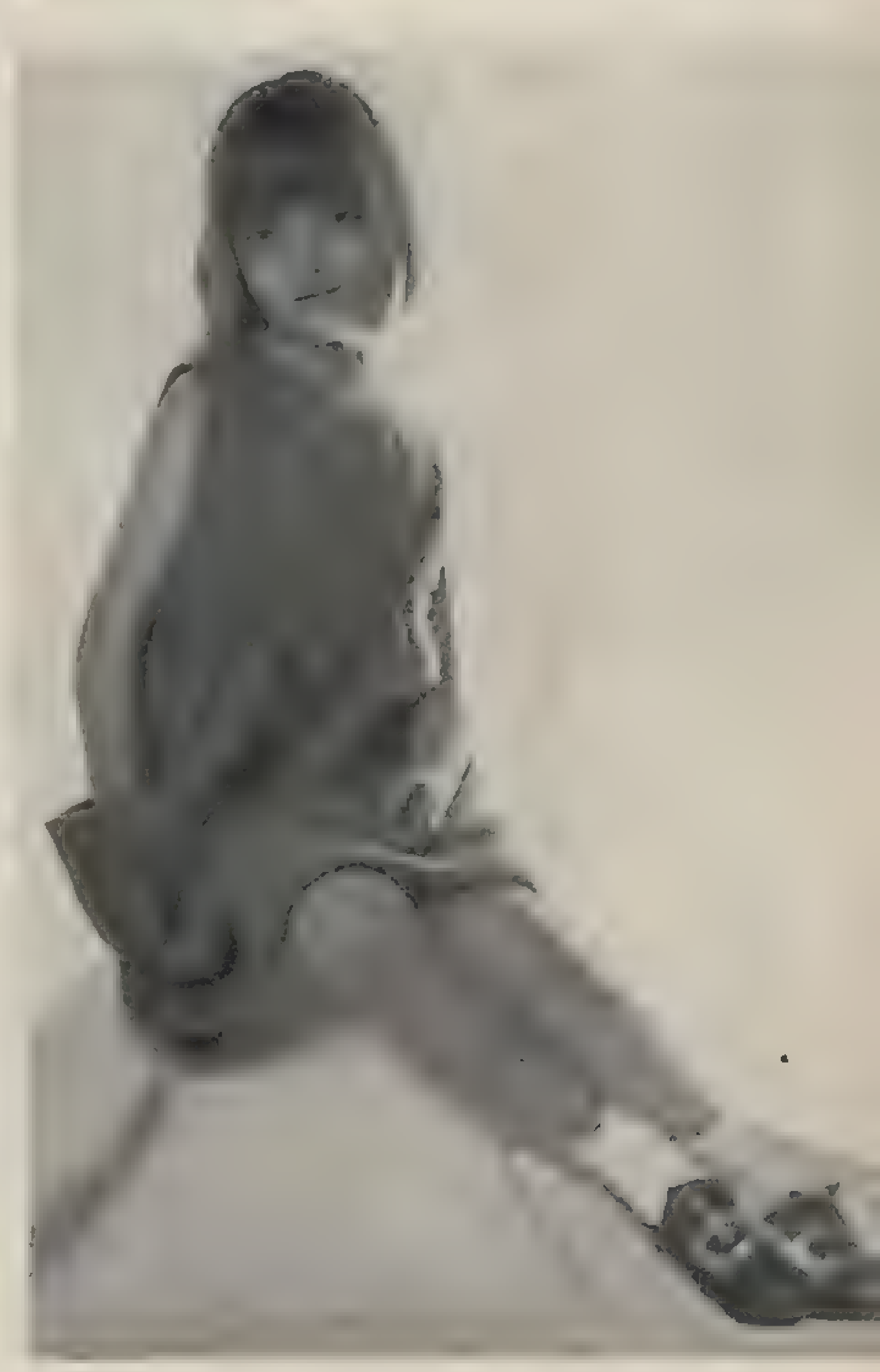


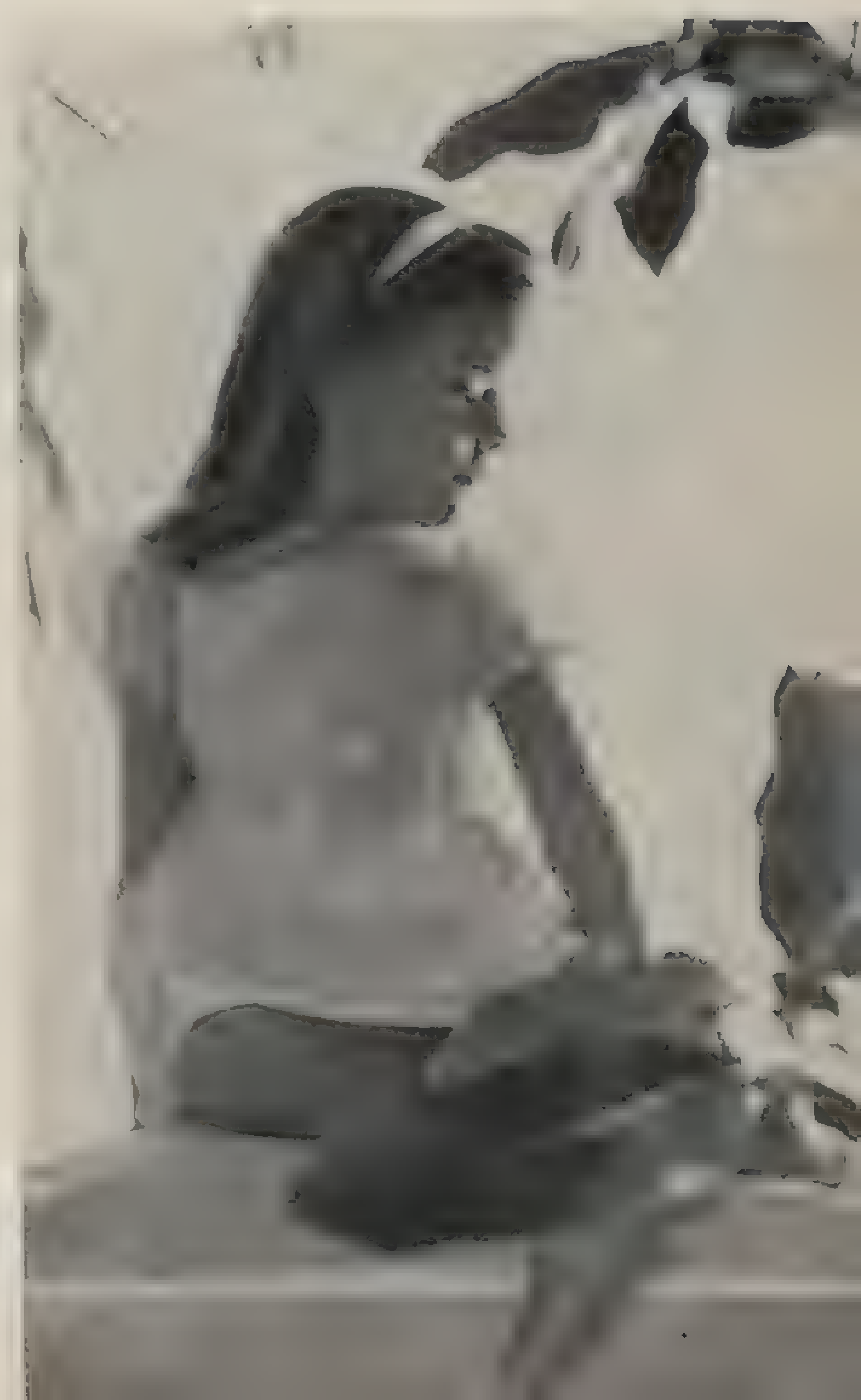




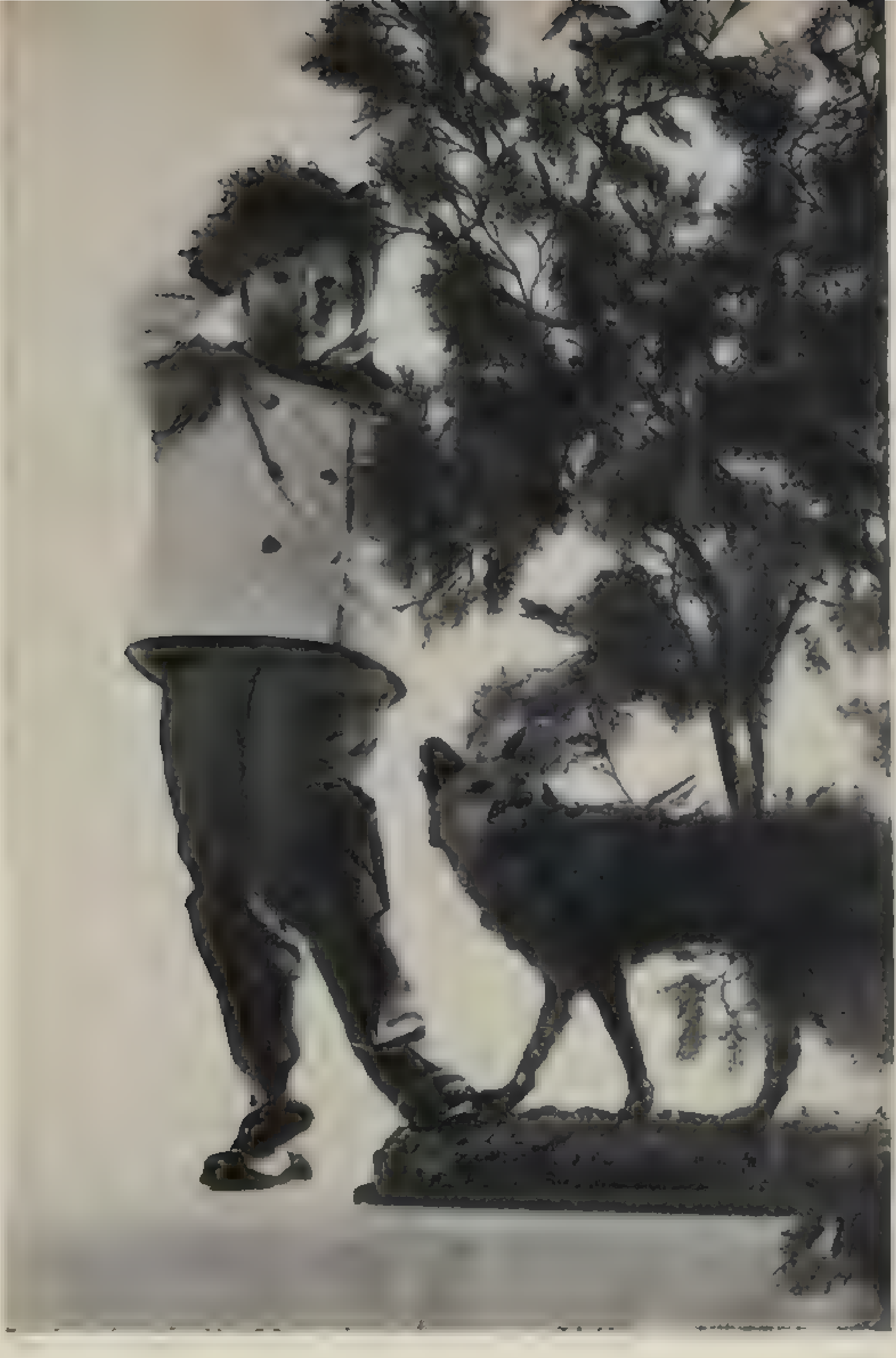
Velveteen, top right, in a soft blue skimmy dress—a happy switch from black and red. It's short-sleeved, edged in white soutache and two buttons mark the top of a huge box pleat that runs down the front. A comfortable, pretty way for Alexandra Auchincloss to go to a party. In sizes 3-6X of Crompton cotton velveteen. By Joseph Love; about $11 at Saks Fifth Avenue and Harzfeld's. *Centre right,* sleeveless jumper, in a soft blue of cotton, mohair, and nylon with an Empire waist indicated by a band of stitching. There's a large patch pocket on each side. The little girl is Liza Lloyd. By Helen Lee of Saks Fifth Avenue. Sizes 7-14 (fabric by Heller). About $11. *Lower right,* pale-blue cotton lawn, in a party dress with all the satisfying little-girl touches . . . puffed sleeves, a peter pan collar and lace and Beauvais embroidery on the bodice and sleeves as well as around the hemline. The waistline is placed slightly high. Worn by Lacy Ford. Sizes 1-12. By and at Marcelle Julien; $60.

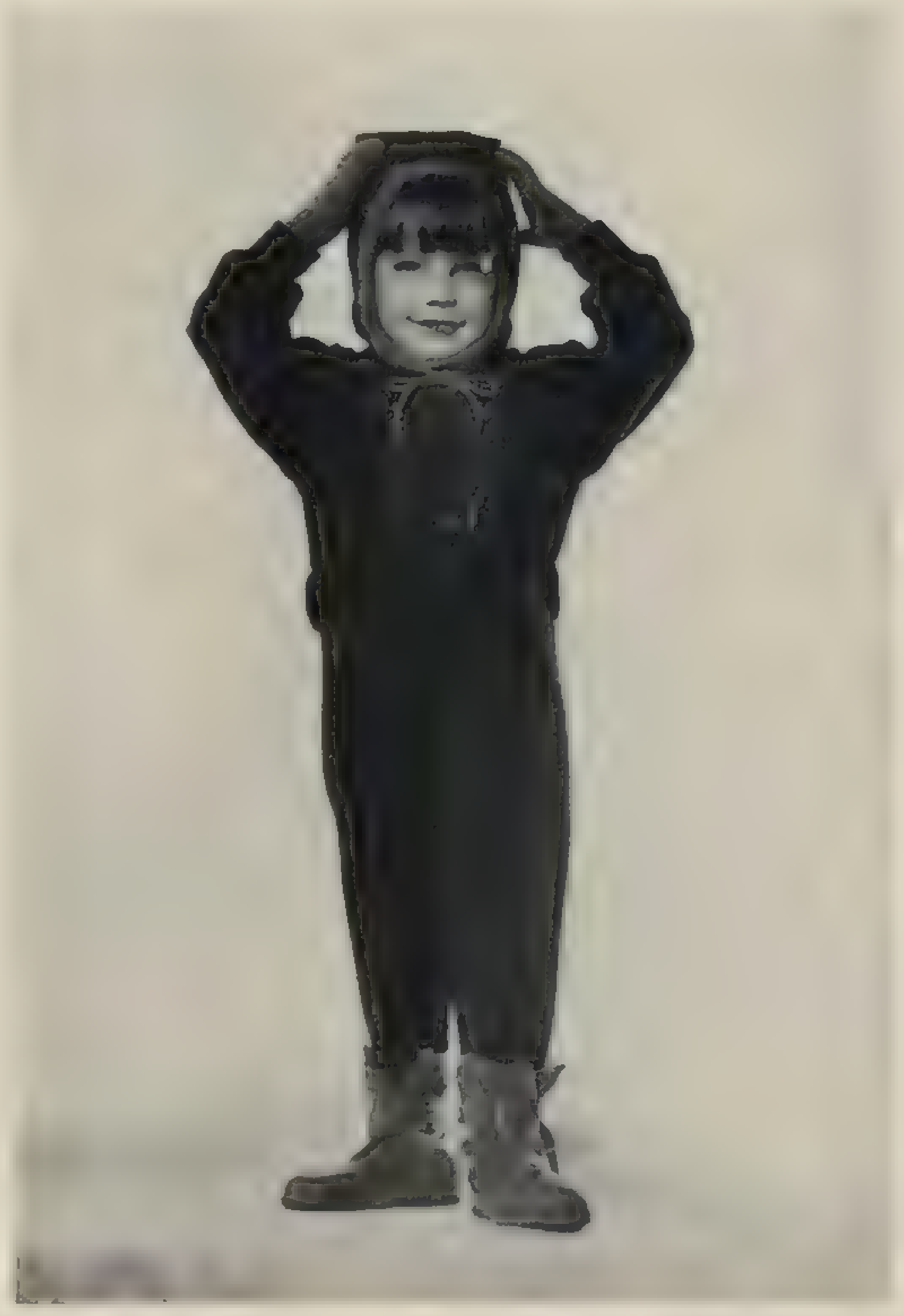


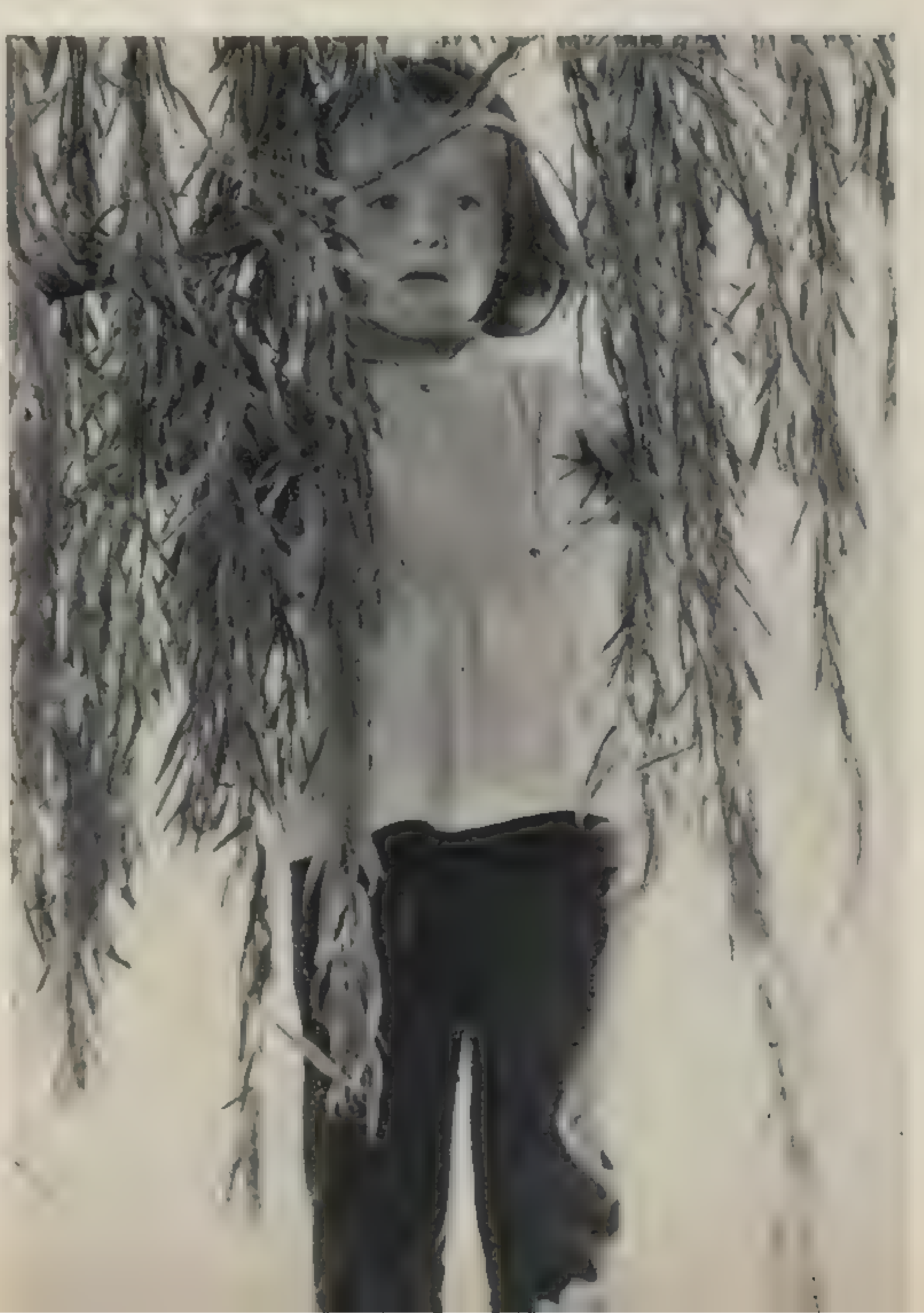




Three-piece snowsuit, *top right,* in cotton poplin. The light-blue jacket has a knitted, rolled collar, is double-breasted and brass-buttoned. Navy-blue pants. Pale-blue scarf hood. It's worn by Beatrice David-Weill. By Weather Winky. Sizes 3-6X. About $15 at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne. Boots by B. F. Goodrich. *Centre,* a dashing black ski suit, all-of-a-piece and stretchable. Details: an attached hood that's lined in red pile. It's worn by Arthur Walker Bingham, IV. By Merry Mites of Acrilan and stretch nylon. Sizes 3-6X. About $40 at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Boots by U. S. Rubber. *Below, right,* a great shirt for a little girl to wear with slacks. It's worn outside so there are no creeping shirttails. Of white cotton; the bibbed front is tucked and buttoned in brass. Wrist-length sleeves. With fully lined blue cotton slacks. The little girl is Beatrice David-Weill again. Shirt, about $5. Pants, about $4. Both by Aileen Girl, of Alamac Permathal Everglaze cotton; sizes 4-6X. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne.







Velvet—aside from its obvious charms—happens to be a fabric that all children, as well as mothers, love. The instant association: "party"; it does beautifully at dancing class, too. On the opposite page, Alexandra Auchincloss wears a black skimmy velveteen with plenty of breathing room (and no sash to come untied). An inverted pleat in the front falls from neck to hem. The short sleeves and the neck are edged in lace that leaves enough leeway so that it won't itch. In sizes 3-6X by Cinderella, of Crompton cotton velveteen. About $11 at Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. With Alexandra is James Kempner in a very proper grey wool flannel suit. The three-button jacket is single-breasted, has a centre vent in back. The pants are short—which is the way they should be for a small boy—and cut quite straight, like little English boys' pants. By B. Glanzrock. Sizes 5-10. About $38 at De Pinna. For more bright young clothes, see the new magazine, *Vogue Children's Fashions,* which will be published twice a year, beginning this month.

HORST

THE NEXT SHAPE-MOVES

POUFFED BACK, SHAWLED SUIT

The shapes moving in here—all with a new swoosh of the unexpected, all marvellously cut of fabrics that take a good shape and hold it for all it's worth. One big pouf, opposite, running from shoulder to hem—the whole dazzling idea of an evening dress that wraps sleekly across the front, leading up to this entrancement at the back. (Don't worry about how you sit down—exciting backs are big for evening now, and worth a standing cheer.) By Christian Dior-New York; of Swiss silk moire that gleams, iridescently, black and purple; available in September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. Earrings by Eisenberg. Silk jersey gloves by Viola Weinberger. Coiffure: Marc Sinclair of the Lilly Daché Salon.

Suit wrapped, this page, in a rectangular shawl called a *cache-cache* that goes over the head, or almost, fastens with one button —this look, especially over a high coiffure, as Peruvian as llamas but prettier. Wonderful shaping over a suit fitted like a little riding coat, with a tiny flare at the hem of the jacket that continues in the skirt. All, of doubled wool flannel in Oxford grey. By Trigère, at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Halle Bros. Coiffure by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

PETER BEARD

THE NEXT SHAPE-MOVES— IN MATTE BLACKS

New after-dark shapes, all shifty, that know what's good for them—matte black. Two are short, in wool; one dips to the heels, in satin-edged silk. Little bare-bones of a dress, at far left, of black nubby wool with a tank top, faint gathers at back and a bow—all anyone might need, these evenings, to look sensational. By Talmack, of Lesur wool. About $225, at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Shoes by Christian Dior-New York. Shape with sleeves, centre, a beautifully cut dress that falls in buttoned folds at the back of a low bowed U, is seamed to a high curved waist at front. The sleeves are long, narrow, new now. By Talmack, of black sheer Lafitte worsted; about $235 at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. Bracelets by Miriam Haskell. The V'd hem, near left, on a long shell of black matte silk, straight and slit over an underdress that's short, faintly shaped. The V's of the skirt point up to the knees, down nearly to the floor at back—this hemline, bordered in shiny black silk satin. Another V backs the neck. Dress by Talmack, of Abraham silk. Eisenberg pin. Viola Weinberger gloves. All at Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. All coiffures, these pages, by Marc Sinclair of the Lilly Daché Salon. (Good to wear with all these: things like pale-pink or blue kidskin caps, big jewels, great fur shapes.)

PETER BEARD

NEXT MOVE IN COATS— WELTED SHAPES

What welts do: outline seams, firm them up, emphasize the way they form a shape. (Wise, now, to train the eye to follow seams and watch what they do to a shape.) All the good welting-things happen to the three coats here, their shapes young, new. Low-waisted welts, opposite, the welting continued around the neck, raglan-seamed curved shoulders, and patch pockets. This, ivory wool Melton cloth, the buttons round and black. Unseen with it, a black silk serge dress. Both by Cooper-Couture. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne: Battelstein's: Frederick & Nelson. James Wedge hat. Kidskin gloves by Aris. Cavalry twill, left of this page, in a coat with welted seams that curve, parenthesis-like, from shoulder to hip, these curves bridged by a cross-seam that marks off a high-waisted plastron bodice. Coat by Hannah Troy, of Oxford-grey wool. About $190 at Lord & Taylor; Wm. H. Block; Frost Bros. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. Belted, welted, lower left, a toff topcoat of soft shape-making wool in mushroom colour. At the back, a yoke and buttoned half belt. Coat by David Bellsey; about $155 at Henri Bendel. Taupe velours cap by Westbury; at Lord & Taylor. Cowled jersey scarf by Doro.

HORST

THE NEXT SUIT-MOVES GINGER, TWEED, CAMEL

Four good suit-moves to make here, all crack-tailored in wonderful shapes and shadings. With these looks, surprise-moves that mean extra fashion news now. Black-and-white tweed, this page, a collarless suit with soft square jacket, narrow skirt, a marvellously easy look. In this, a jerkin of black-dyed American broadtail lamb over a black silk chiffon blouse. By Herbert Sondheim; of Anglo wool, loomed in America. Fownes gloves. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Costume: Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. James Wedge hat. All scarfs: Knize. Camel to walk a mile in, opposite page, upper left, in a straightish suit of suèded wool fleece—the colour of a camel with a blond rinse. The open-collar shirt inside, beige wool jersey. Surprise here: a long at-home skirt is buyable for this jacket. By Briarbrook; about $90 (for short version) at Altman's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Hat by Adolfo. Vested tweed, opposite lower left, of red-black-white-grey wool, with cuffed shirt sleeves and pointed shirt collar of Oxford-grey double-knitted jersey. By Marquise; $235 at Hattie Carnegie. James Wedge hat. Ginger suit, opposite and big, of a nubbly wool with welt seams, pocket flaps, curving raglan seams. More snap for this ginger—a scarfed inner neckline that might be bright pink. Suit by Zelinka-Matlick, of Anglo wool; loomed in America. About $110 at Altman's; Rich's; Woolf Brothers. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Hat: Lilly Daché.

HORST

THE NEXT MOVES IN KNITTED SHAPES

Because of their shapes—fairly crisp, sharply seamed—these clothes don't all look knitted but are, which adds to their good looks the natural virtues of no wrinkles, non-stop wearability. Shifty jumper, opposite page, knitted of grey and white ribbed wool. the ribs chevroned to a centre seam. The shirt, dark grey knitted wool. By Lawrence Knitwear; about $55 at Lord & Taylor; F. & R. Lazarus; Joseph Magnin. Ring by Mimi di N. Shirt dress, left of this page, with the collar and cuffed sleeves of a shirt, long tabbed front of a bush jacket. Knitted wool in beige, with low pocket flaps, a narrow leash belt. By Cisa, about $110. At Pearl Lehrer East; Julius Garfinckel.

To live in. a suit of knitted wool, top of this page, that could be the hardest-working look in a wardrobe—especially a travelling one. Mallard-blue, with welt-edging around the collar, tabbed front, pockets. The tied foulard scarf, just one of the things to which it might become attached. Suit by Lampl. Smashing seams, in the photograph near left, that run in from the shoulders, stop for two buttons, then continue down to meet in a point at the back—all, double-welted (stitched on *both* sides of the seam). Pale beige mohair-cotton-nylon with some fluff, a look of firm texture. By Jon McCauley. About $35 at Best & Co. The scarfs: Knize.

HORST

IRVING PENN'S LOVE LETTER TO A FARM

IN FOUR SEASONS: A GREAT PHOTOGRAPHER'S UNFORGETTABLE DISTILLATION OF THE LOOK AND THE FEEL OF HIS AND HIS WIFE'S FARM—"A PLACE TO TAKE PICTURES, A PLACE TO KEEP A HORSE... A PLACE TO GET AWAY FROM THE WORLD."

The practical and the beautiful, the simplifying and the simply loved—these pervade the entire Penn farm. Some thirty-five miles from New York, on nineteen Long Island acres, the farm seems less a piece of land than a state of mind.

For the Penns, for their ten-year-old son Tom, and for Mrs. Penn's daughter Mia, the farm is for weekends, and the farm is *home*. "We go home for the weekend—that's how we think of it. Tom builds things, rides his bike down a dirt road. Lisa rides, sews, dips things in Tintex. I never really see the daylight in town—out here I can walk around and kick stones, see which tree has a new leaf on it. Maybe decide what to do for a ewe about to lamb. Decisions like that are about my limit on weekends. Everything here is on a small scale: *one* flock of sheep, *one* flock of guinea hens. It's a comprehensible scale, a manageable life."

That life is carefully guarded from intrusion, pared clean of the merely tedious. In the farmhouse, about a century-and-a-half old and painted an unbroken barn red, everything is both used and useful, has a kind of charmed-circle warmth. Copper pots shine. Brick floors glow with wax. Gold mosquito netting floats as the air moves. Space is engineered as tautly as on a boat: shelves the exact size of pruning shears for pruning shears, boot cabinets to fit boots. "Everything here," Penn explained, "came into the house to fill a specific need.

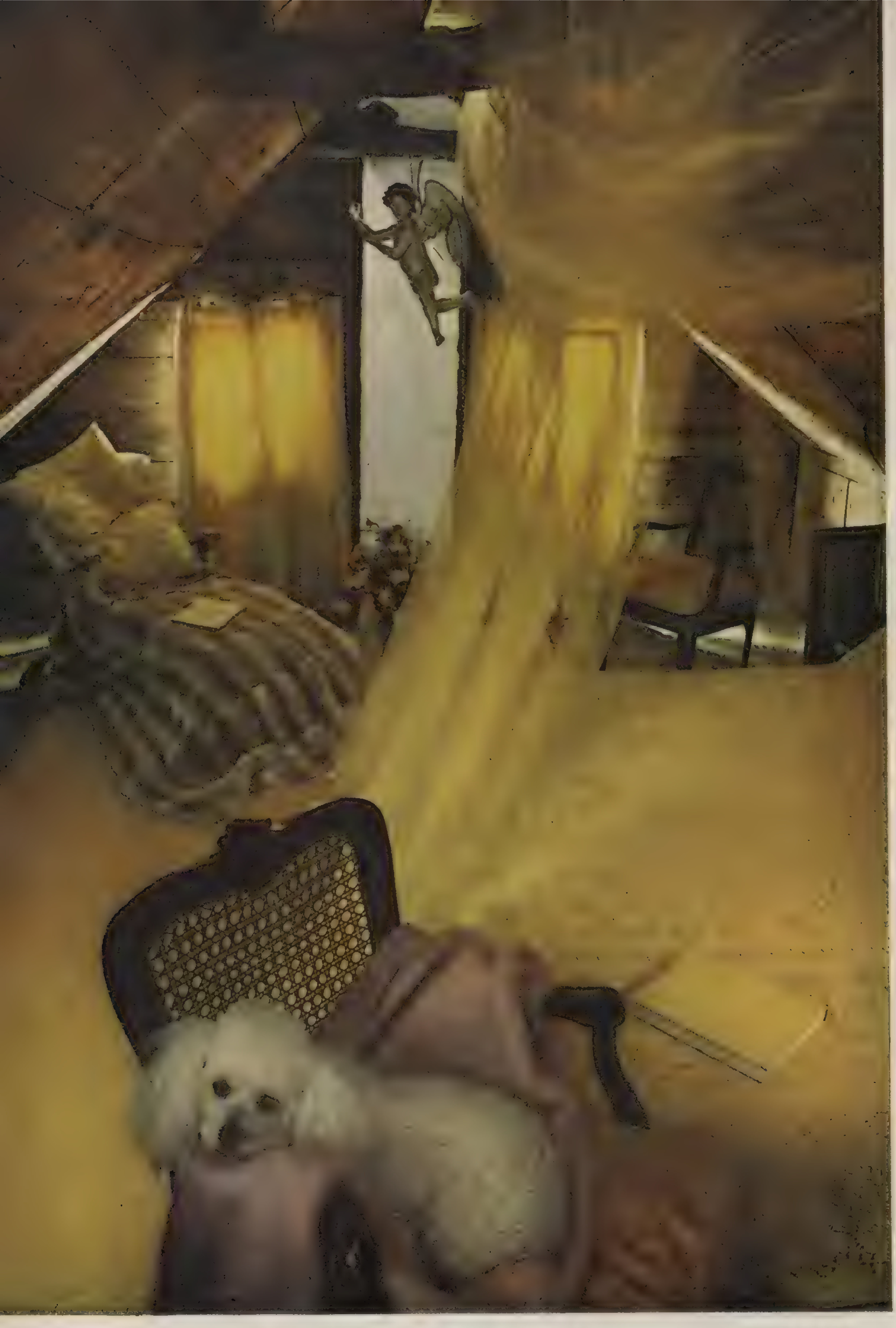
"We've evolved a way of cooking that almost bypasses shopping. Some weekends we bring casseroles out from town with us, ready to heat. Here we tend to use things that can be frozen or stored. The great example is Birchermuesli, a kind of Swiss mixture of dried oats and fruits that we eat whenever we don't feel like cooking. The idea is to have lots of everything on hand—enough food so that we can go two or three weekends without shopping. That's one of the points here—to avoid the unnecessary, to be as self-contained as possible. To have things exactly the way they're right for us, exactly the way we like them."

To have things exactly the way they're right for us. "It's the kind of place," Penn added slowly, as if he had bit upon the precise centre of the way he felt about the farm, "where nine out of ten flower seedlings might be thrown out to get a particular mauve blossom that Lisa wants. Just because that's what she likes." (Continued on next page)

SUMMER

Late afternoon on the terrace: Lisa Fonssagrives Penn and, playing a guitar, her daughter Mia.

PENN



LOVE LETTER TO A FARM SUMMER

Above: Lisa Penn's bedroom, once an apple storage room, now a dark restful place. Lined with waxed barn siding, the room has a white chimney, gold mosquito netting, an angel brought from Naples. ("Everything in the house," said Irving Penn, "is something usable, something beautiful, something we've either chosen on our travels or had with us most of our lives.") *Right:* Twilight by the small "dipping" pool, with Mrs. Penn and her poodle, Fido, Tom Penn and his boat, drinks waiting. To shelter the pool, Mrs. Penn wove forsythia branches together to make a grotto, closed even more by curtains the colour of forsythia leaves. At noon on summer days, sunlight streams down as if through a skylight.

PENN

PENN

LOVE LETTER TO A FARM SPRING

Left: The first lamb, watched here by Mrs. Penn, by Fido who follows her everywhere, and by the ram who fathered the lamb. After the sheep have been sheared, she sews the wool into potato bags, sends it out to be laundered, and uses it eventually to make pillows for the terrace, the pool, the fireplace. "We don't keep the sheep because we want the wool," Penn explained, "we just use the wool because we happen to have the sheep. That's more or less the way we run the place." *Below:* The bathroom, with an old-fashioned tub, newly raised to simplify the dyeing of fabrics, the washing of the poodle. (Washing here: Tom Penn.) Everything about the house is, in fact, carefully designed to simplify the necessary, to make beautiful the daily, the rarely appreciated commonplaces of living.

WINTER: Christmas in the Penn kitchen involves making glögg from a Swedish recipe that Mrs. Penn learned as a child in Sweden. All around, the burnish of things lived with, loved.

LOVE LETTER TO A FARM AUTUMN

Lisa Fonssagrives Penn riding her Tennessee walking horse on a fall day when the branches were abruptly bare, the grass frozen, the winter closing in.

PENN

VOGUE'S OWN MENU

A DINNER TO COOL EIGHT

Here, like a dip in a spring-fed pond, is a country summer menu to take the heat off non-air-conditioned dinner guests—and their hostess, too. Cold first course, cold meat, cold salad, icy dessert—different degrees of coldness, different kinds of textures, and everything improved by residence in the icebox. The Vitello Tonnato, for instance, thrives on a long stay there—at least two days of refrigerated marination. The Soave, an Italian white wine, is best chilled to its marrow.

VOGUE'S OWN MENU

MENU

TARRAGON JELLIED EGGS*

VITELLO TONNATO*

SOAVE

RICE SALAD*

BRIE CHEESE IN A JACKET*

SALTY CRESCENT ROLLS

WATERMELON GRANITÉ*

THIN SUGAR COOKIES

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

TARRAGON JELLIED EGGS

FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

8 eggs, poached, trimmed
2 cups chicken or beef bouillon
2 egg whites and crushed shells
1½ packages unflavoured gelatin
16 fresh tarragon leaves
1 cup cooked, diced vegetables, or tongue or ham

Clarify the cold bouillon by beating the egg whites and crushed shells in, stirring while boiling for 10 minutes, then straining. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot bouillon and pour a bit into 8 oval egg moulds or ramekins. Chill to set. Place 2 tarragon leaves in each dish in the shape of an X. Set with a little cold, but still liquid, aspic. Place a poached egg in each mould, add chopped vegetables or cold meats, or both. Fill with aspic. To unmould: run a knife around sides of the moulds or ramekins, dip the outside quickly in warm water, invert on a saucer, and slip all onto a large serving platter, decorated, perhaps, with a field salad.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

VITELLO TONNATO

FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

2½ pounds leg of veal, tied compactly
6 anchovy fillets
2 cups white wine
1 onion, stuck with 2 cloves
1 bay leaf
1 carrot, cut up
2 stalks celery
Bouquet garni: sprigs of parsley, peppercorns, thyme
Sauce: 7 ounces tuna fish, 4 anchovy fillets, 1 cup veal broth, ⅓ cup olive oil, white pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup capers

Cut the anchovy fillets into 3 pieces each, push them into deep slits in the veal. Put the veal in a heavy saucepan with wine, vegetables, seasoning, and enough water to half cover the meat. Simmer covered for 1½ hours or until meat is tender, turning it over once. Cool under a weight (a platter would do) and slice thin. Place all the sauce components, except the capers, in a blender. Blend smooth, adding enough extra broth to make a thin sauce; season and pour over and under meat. Sprinkle the finished dish with drained capers and marinate overnight (or even longer—up to 3 days) in the refrigerator.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

RICE SALAD

FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

2½ cups rice, cooked firm
2 tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and diced
Leaves from one bunch of mint, chopped fine
1 bunch scallions, chopped with green tops
3 tablespoons lemon juice
7 tablespoons olive oil
Lettuce leaves
Salt and pepper

Combine everything, toss well, and make a dome on lettuce leaves in a salad bowl.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

BRIE CHEESE IN A JACKET

FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

1 2-pound Brie cheese
1½ cups bread crumbs
1 stick melted butter
1 large bunch radishes
Butter curls

Pick a ripe cheese (Camembert can stand in for Brie, if the latter is hard to come by). Scrape off the rind from the top and sides. Mix the bread crumbs with the melted butter, spread this mixture over and around the cheese. Arrange it on a platter and surround with butter curls and crisp radish roses. Serve with toasted crackers

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

WATERMELON GRANITÉ

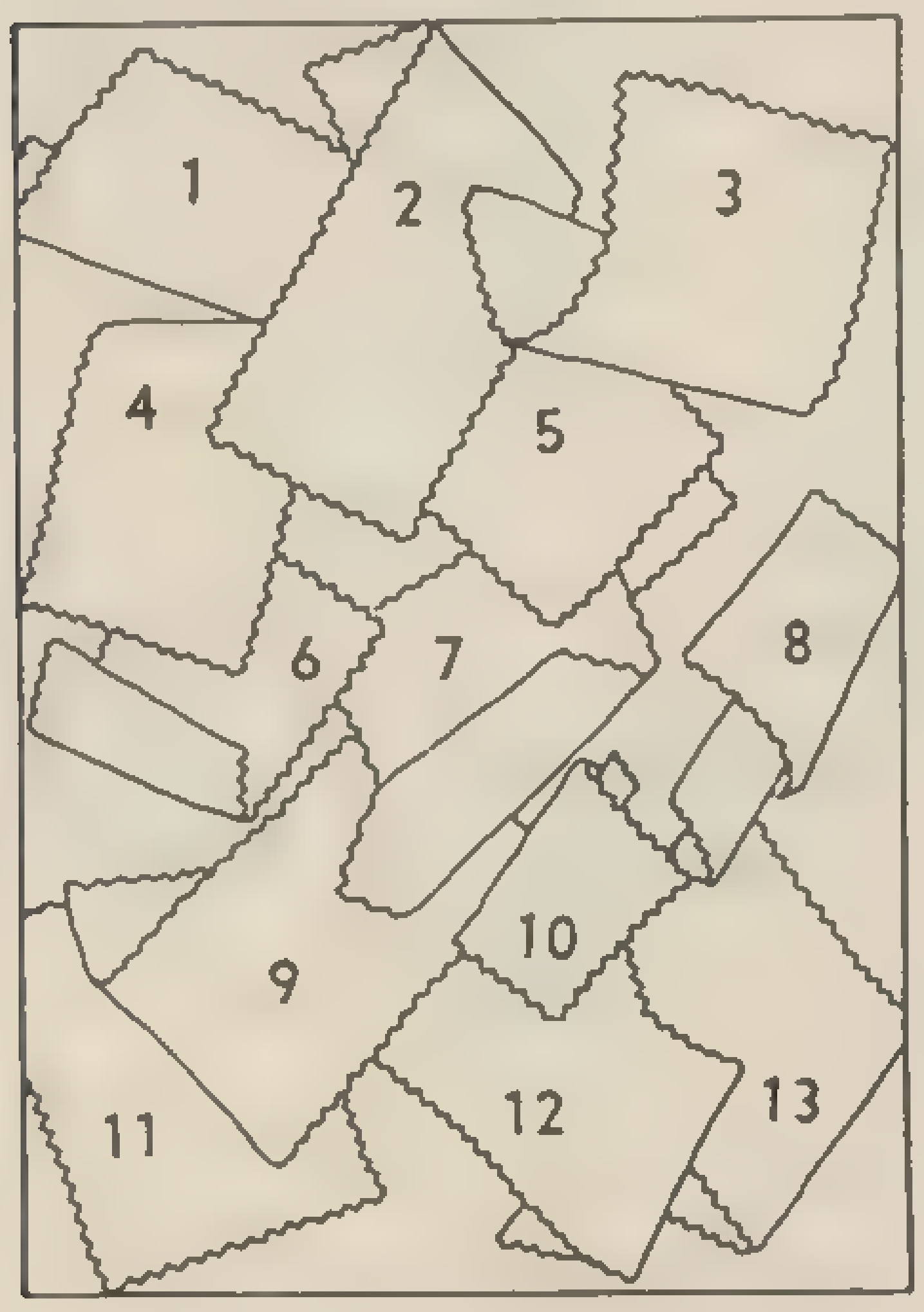
FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

2½ cups watermelon, diced and seeded
2½ cups water
2½ cups sugar
½ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon almond extract
Watermelon juice

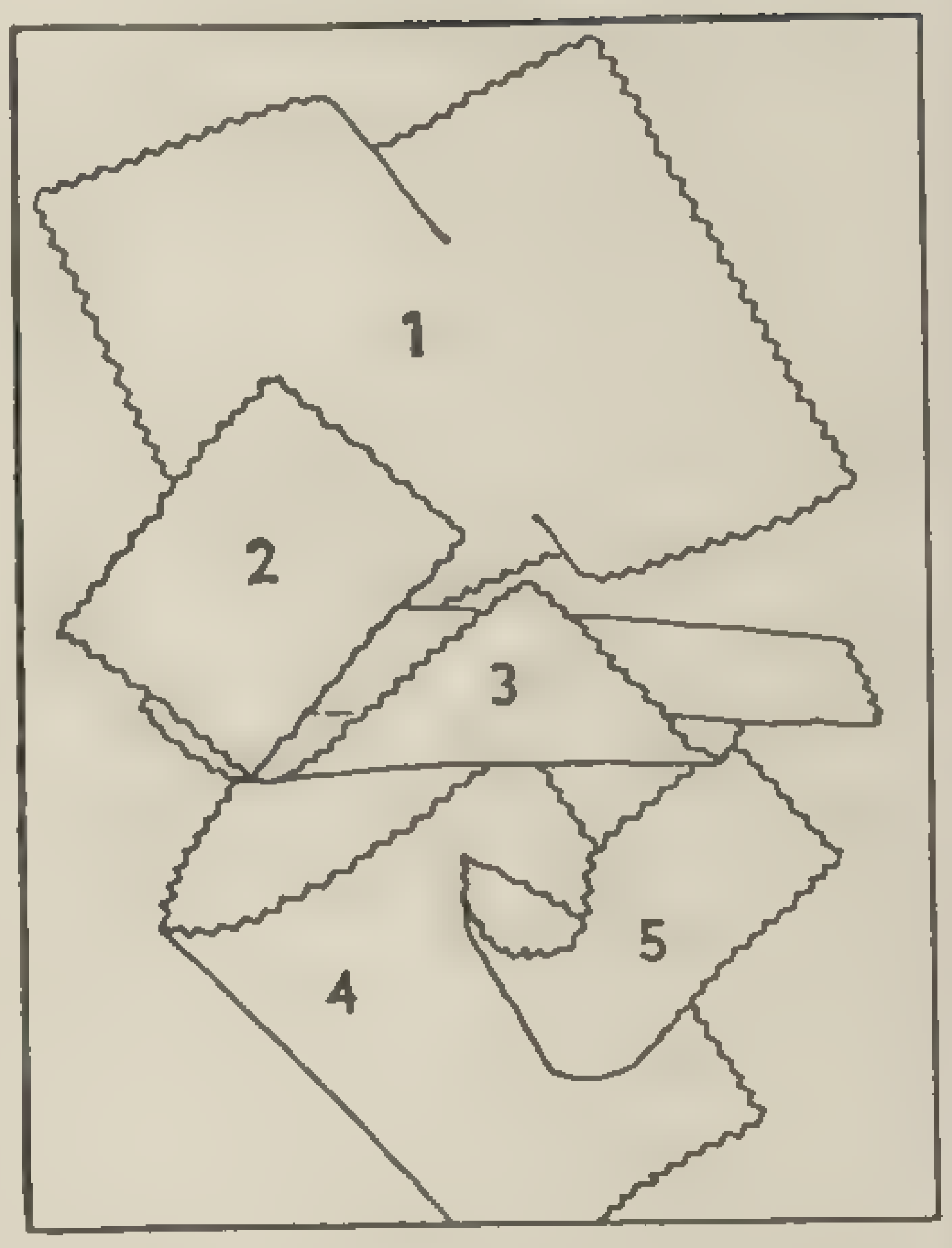
Granité is French for an ice and in France *granités* are served in sherbet glasses between main courses. Never mind that, serve this for dessert. Bring the water and sugar to a boil, simmer 5 minutes. Cool. To this add lemon juice, almond extract, watermelon cubes, and any juice that's left from the dicing. Put all through the blender and freeze in a 2-quart ring mould, stirring once or twice. (Or freeze in an ice-cream freezer and then pack in the mould to shape.) Unmould at serving time by dipping briefly in hot water, placing a platter over the mould, and inverting. Fill the centre of the ring with other fruits—grapes, peaches, what-have-you—moisten with orange juice and, for snap, a dash of kirsch.

DETAILS: NATURE-STUDY TONALITIES AND THE BLUE-VIOLETS

(Continued from page 75 and 77)



1. Charcoal and white diagonally pin-striped soft flannel. Wool and Kodel by Guilford.
2. Fawn—clean, pure, neutral—in wool coating loomed in America by Einiger.
3. Pliable mock alligator with a shiny, lacquered surface. Rhodia rayon, acrylic. By Gourdon.
4. Crisp camel-coloured whipcord. Wool coating by Moreau.
5. Felted wool, double-woven in spicy ginger brown. By Forstmann. loomed in America.
6. Smooth, reversible twill—Oxford backing amber. Wool and other fibre, by Bianchini.
7. Biscuit tweed of wool, fur fibre, nylon. Forstmann.
8. Pure camel hair—classic, but suddenly fresh this season. By Warren of Stafford, loomed in America.
9. Warm tobacco-brown wool suiting by Lesur. Weave interest with a smooth surface.
10. Heavily-ribbed jersey for suits, a dark bittersweet brown wool. By Jerseycraft.
11. Soft, dense fleece of taupe wool and mohair. Fabrics by the Rings.
12. Blond wool Melton cloth—double weight. Loomed in America by Anglo.
13. Straw weave coating in coffee-bean brown. Of wool, worsted, and nylon. By Len Artel.



1. Rich Oriental blue, gros-point surface. Wool by Anglo.
2. Ultra-violet wool suiting woven in relief by Lalonde.
3. Bright purple, exciting for late day now. Textured silk by Petillault.
4. Grainy wool-and-nylon twill in crisp biting brown. Anglo.
5. Close-cropped, stand-up fleece in purply indigo-blue wool. By Siret, Cornet, Besson.

CHILDREN ARE TO ENJOY

(Continued from page 94)

ways to produce the wonderful, high, unforced sound of children's laughter, like the wild clashing of small silver bells. There are other ways: telling terrible jokes ("Why did the chicken cross the road?"), or doing sleight-of-hand tricks, or playing any game that involves running madly around in circles, or suddenly doing almost anything undignified and un-grown-uplike—an extremely tall man we knew, feigning absent-mindedness, used to bump his head deliberately (and painlessly) on the tops of doorways, reducing every child in the room to helpless merriment.

Any or all of these systems, and others, ought to be used more. Parents, on the whole (we think) are too solemn, too glum, too Dedicated, too wrapped up in child-care manuals; often, of course, they're just too tired to have any fun with their children. A pity—because fun and games and giggles are as much a part of children's health and well-being as cereal and milk and fresh air. . . .

To return to Miss Oberon: married in 1957 to Mr. Bruno Pagliai, a Mexico industrialist, she now spends most of the year in Mexico—in a handsome white-brick house in Mexico City, with a formal garden, terraces, and an Italianate swimming pool (which the children adore); and at a weekend house in Cuernavaca, parts of which are sixteenth-century, built on the ancient bastion of Cortes's palace. She and Mr. Pagliai are also building a modern house by the sea at Acapulco on a piece of coastline with "huge rocks and a tiny beach," and a spring that will, she hopes, trickle decoratively into a pool in the living room. The photograph on page 94 was taken in her pale bois-de-rose bedroom in Mexico City.

Everywhere in the Pagliais' houses there are paintings, old English and Spanish furniture, masses of flowers, and the rare books Mr. Pagliai collects, aided by stacks of Sotheby's catalogues; on many of the tables are small jewelled objects—jewelled boxes, or Chinoiserie figures with jewelled eyes. Miss Oberon also collects pre-Columbian figures (she pronounces it "figgers") in pottery and obsidian, and she loves taking houseguests to see the Aztec and Mayan ruins—"Chichén Itzá is a dream."

She and her husband travel a great deal on both business and pleasure—to California, where they also have a house (in Beverly Hills); to New York, to Europe, around the world. Not long ago, Miss Oberon spent a week in New York in connection with her new movie, *Of Love and Desire*, which is being released this month. It's about a beautiful, neurotic woman who falls in love with a much younger man (played by Steve Cochran), is loaded with psychological twists, and was filmed in colour almost entirely at Miss Oberon's own houses in Mexico City and Cuernavaca. When the director, Richard Rush, came to see her in Mexico to discuss the picture, he looked with delight at the houses and their gardens, suggested using them as sets. "It was all done in five weeks, not counting rehearsals. Great fun," said Miss Oberon.

Justin McCarty

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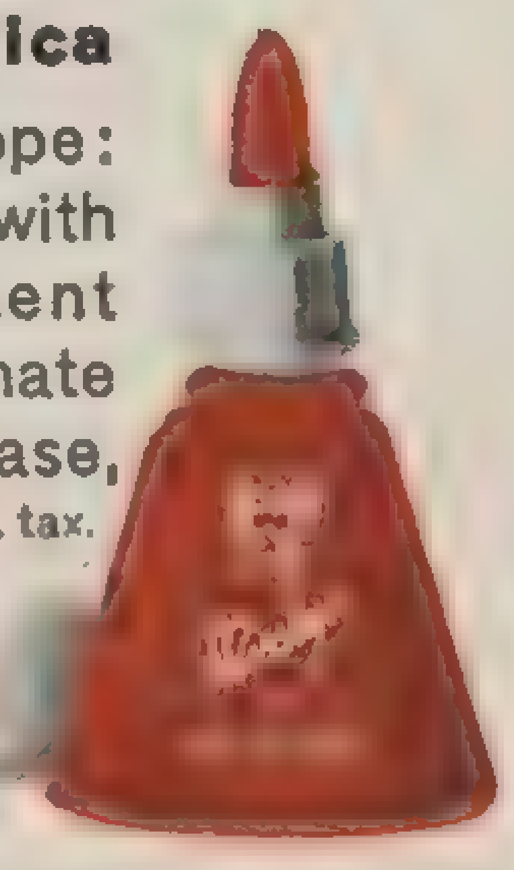
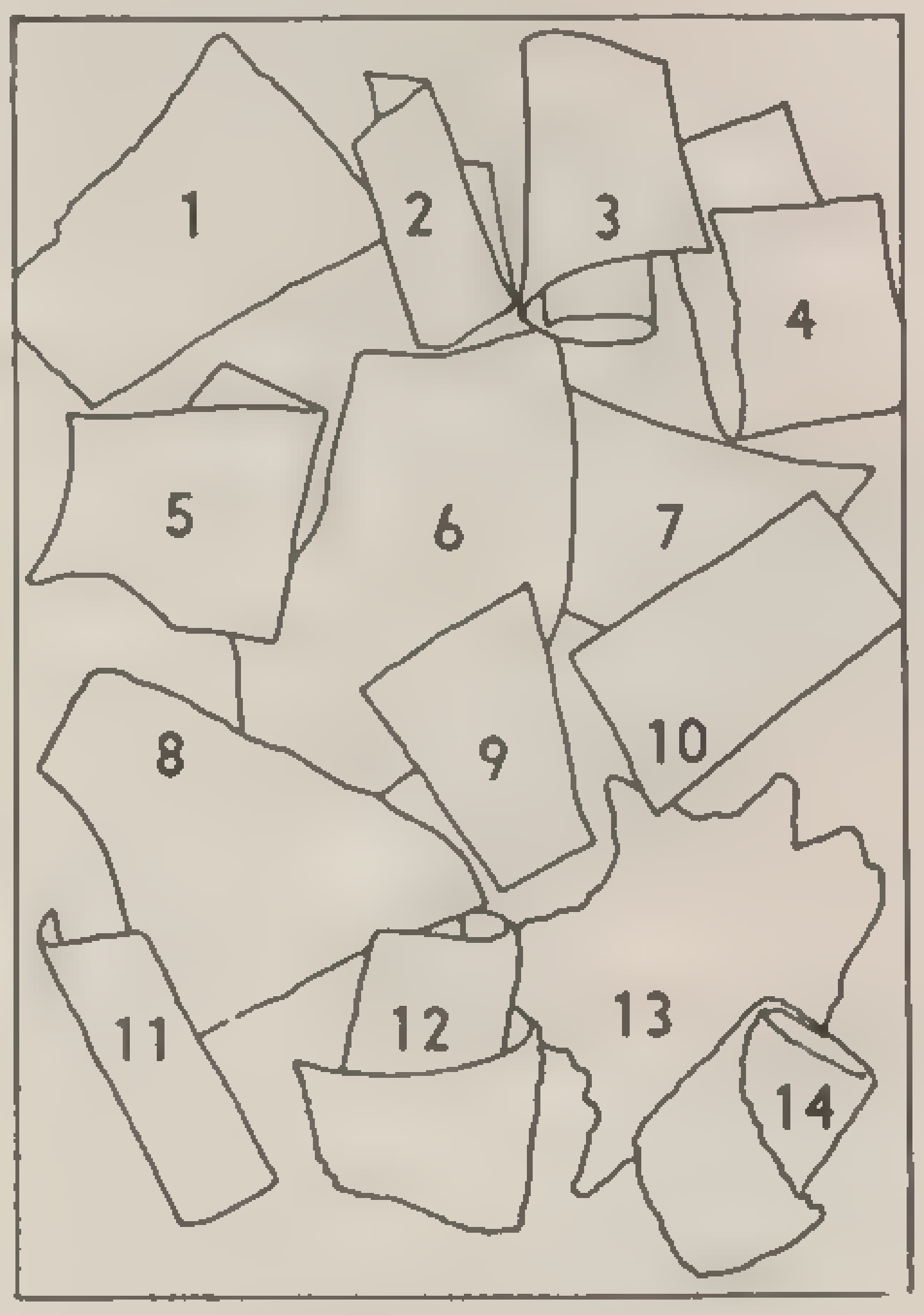
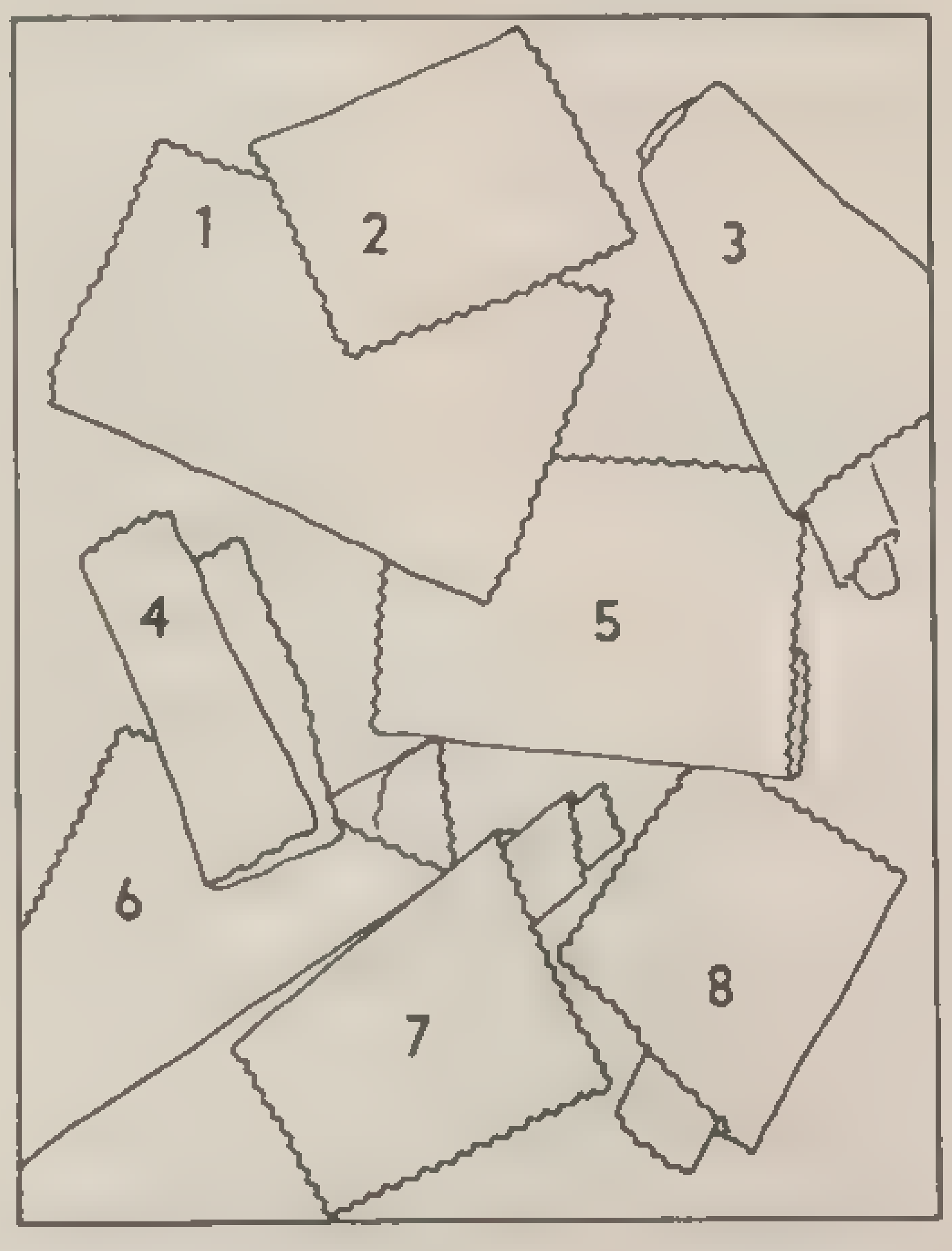


DETAILS: LEATHERS AND SHINY BLACK FABRICS

(Continued from pages 79 and 81)



1. Shiny otter-brown alligator for boots. Fleming-Joffe.
2. A squirrel-grey suèded calfskin by Fleming-Joffe.
3. "Plush-top," warm cocoa-coloured brushed pigskin. Dreher.
4. One of the new topaz tones—natural longhaired palomino, suède back. By Fleming-Joffe.
5. Moiré suèded calfskin—silvered grey with black. By Fleming-Joffe.
6. Brown on brown, subtly printed flowers on suèded calfskin. Fleming-Joffe.
7. An arrogant, fire-red crocodile-stamped calfskin. By Fleming-Joffe.
8. Boldly dappled hair calfskin in a print called African Zulu. Leather's Best.
9. Licorice-black, textured kidskin by William Amer.
10. Doeskin-surfaced kidskin in a warm mocha colour. By Thomas B. Harvey.
11. Grainy lizard-printed calfskin, speckly brown, by The Ohio Leather Company.
12. Natural blond furry kangaroo, by Fleming-Joffe.
13. Alligator the colour of driftwood. Fleming-Joffe.
14. More natural kangaroo, this time in an almost-greige grey. Fleming-Joffe.



1. Ciré black matelassé—a lacquered finish on rayon and wool. By Petillault.
2. Ottoman with an anthracite shimmer—an evening coat fabric of cotton, acetate, and rayon. By Kandelaft.
3. Sculptured black matelassé by Onondaga, of wool, silk, and Du Pont nylon.
4. A subdued glitter of acetate Rhodia, nylon, and Rexor by Siret, Cornet, Besson.
5. Jet cloqué—the new lustre of synthetics: acetate, cellophane, and Crylor. By Hurel.
6. Black velvet—revived for evenings. By Crompton, of Avisco rayon.
7. Rows of brilliant black fringe: Translurex, acetate, and rayon by Bucol-Kandelaft.
8. Shiny black matelassé, cobweb weightlessness, by Onondaga. Enka rayon, metallic yarn, Celanese acetate.

WHAT FELLINI THINKS MASTROIANNI THINKS ABOUT WOMEN

(Continued from page 50)

sort of odalisque, always stretched out on her bed and hardly breathing except to hum, very softly and to herself; a devoted creature. hieratic and sanctifying, that would lick my hand in greeting or farewell, that would provide a languorous and comforting presence and exude happiness in merely being alive. How about that?

"Or can a man best fulfill himself beside a clear-eyed, bitter-sweet young girl, one he can severely and painstakingly shape according to his own desires, an eager disciple who asks him to stake out her life. who betters herself day by day and gives him the satisfaction of a master and also the anxiety which a master feels in his passionate, hesitant, and exhausting attempt to work out an educational system.

"Yes. this is indeed the ideal woman, but see what's just happened to me, Federico. I've met a radiant adulteress. a fantastically imaginative and joyful liar, a woman who arranges a rendezvous with as much inventive detail as if it were the background of a film. I feel as if I could be happy with her because she gives me the sensation of especially deserving her passion. She constructs the necessity of her making a dramatic choice between her husband and myself (and who knows how many other men), and leaves it up to me to provide an appropriate ending.

"But the truly ideal woman, as I momentarily see her, is an artist's model, a healthy, restful, majestically built type who takes you in and protects you without any other ambition than to provide a roof over your head.

"Or . . . let me see . . . Perhaps the ideal is the mannequin, the icy, ascetic, abstract woman who projects you into the world of the future, where sex is left behind and everything is the product of calculated fantasy as in the geometric volumes of Brasilia. A silent woman, as perfect as a drawing, who *does not exist* and yet who embodies and resolves every drama, every tension in the joy of pure line, like an abstract painting.

"Then. listen to this. Federico. There's the 'edible woman,' whose flesh grows back after every bite, as generous and prodigal and nourishing as ever. But her opposite would be just as desirable: a woman who devours and swallows you, making you part of her bloodstream, the 'praying-mantis' type to whom you have recourse, and without repentance, in a sort of masochistic delirium.

"Or perhaps the ideal companion would be a total stranger, living in your house without ever speaking, walking around, answering your questions with an enigmatic smile. She doesn't know her own name or where she comes from, why she is there or what she will do on the morrow. She is silent and remote. with a slightly startled air, and if you meet her in a hall or bedroom you have to step aside to let her go by.

"There's another type I know well. A vital, sports-loving girl, a comradely type who liberates you from the anxiety of sexual differences, straightforward and unambiguous, without any baggage of feminine mystification. . . . Livia was her name.

"My dear friend, let me tell you that toward evening, especially, when I am stricken with remorse, the ideal woman seems to me the faithful wife who proceeds, at my side, to the logical and sensational discovery of the universe, a woman so close to me that from us something else must be born; a child, real or spiritual. one or the other.

"After thinking it over what tempts me most is to join two of the extremely contrasting facets of woman: the virgin, the prostitute. But wouldn't such a combination be tedious in the long run? Isn't it better to shatter a woman into a thousand pieces, each one of which multiplies ad infinitum? Yes, true wisdom is in the diversity of shapes and faces. Every epoch, every year, creates a different type of woman, and I mourn for the five thousand years of civilization when I was not around to

(Continued on page 135)

amy
peters
and
me!

I'm going back to school with the prettiest shirts in the whole world! The oxford-button-down is in white with red or navy turtle-neck dickey, elbow patches and stitches (the zipper is unbreakable, thank goodness!) or red check with red. The dainty flower print has a ruffled collar and cuffs. Both can be worn in-or-out. In sizes 7 to 14 and only $4 each! For your store write **AMY PETERS,** A DIVISION OF GORDON PETERS, 112 West 34th Street, New York 1.

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MARIANNE MOORE SPEAKS

(Continued from page 88)

Originality is . . . a by-product of sincerity.

There is a language of sensibility of which words can be the portrait—a magnetism, an ardour, a refusal to be false.

Any writer overwhelmingly honest about pleasing himself is almost sure to please others.

We must not be sensitive about not being liked or not being printed.

With humour

Brooklyn has . . . helped to educate me, has afforded me, in fact, the kind of tame excitement on which I thrive.

I am such a cow
if I had a sorrow
I would feel it a long time.

Humour saves a few steps—it saves years.

. . . and lenient, looking
upon a fellow creature's error
with the
feelings of a mother—a
woman or a cat.

Ireland—a place as kind as it is green—every name is a tune.

The French are a cruel race: they squeeze the diner's cucumber and broil a meal on vine shoots.

When one is frank one's very presence is a compliment.

The dutiful, the firemen of
Hartford
are not without a reward,
a temple of Apollo, on a velvet
sward.

He loves himself so much
he can permit himself
no rival in that love.

The Irish say your trouble is
their
Trouble and your
joy their joy. I wish
I could believe it;
I am troubled, I'm dissatisfied,
I'm Irish.

Of religion

You're not free until you've been made captive by supreme belief.

Clouds are to the child—an intimation of what glory is.

Of love

Where the ground is sour—
love won't grow.

Love is the only fortress strong enough to trust to.

There's hate's crown beneath
which all is
death. There's love's without
which none
is King.

One may be pardoned, yes I
know
one may, for love undying.

Don't smother the fire in my
heart; which makes life dear;
do not snuff me out yet. I'm not
laid on my bier.

Of war

There never was a war that was not inward: I must fight till I have conquered in myself what causes war.

If all these great patient dyings
—all these agonies
and wound bearings and
bloodshed—
can teach us how to live, these
dyings were not wasted.

Hate-hardened heart, O heart
of iron,
iron is iron till it is rust. . . .
Beauty is everlasting
and dust is for a time.

From letters

I was glad the Christmas bed jacket was only challis, and not Kashimiri-cashmere. How I suffer if miscast!

The more that happens that we stand up to, the more morally tough we become.

"May the Lord have his eye on you, and never take it off—" Inconvenient if I did wrong? But I'd better not.

The mind plays us tricks—we can not trust its honesty—can not make it quite honest.

It is only in Andrew Lang (storybooks) that people like to be told that the hills are glass; and that the fairies' child is, and looks like, a fairy.

Do be happy—advice I dazzle myself with constantly—I could be a disillusioned orangutan if I permitted myself to be.

We should really know better

than to magnify uncertainties and deficits.

Superiority to self-support is one of the signs of decay in this country.

My blunders would contradict both black and white magic. But God seems to safeguard me.

I feel with all my heart that aliveness and unembitterment are what matters.

What I do with confidence usually fails—what I do intuitively seems better.

As I tell people who say, "How did you get so many prizes?"—I never won anything in a competition. I toiled at something and someone much later saw some point to it, and risked some kind of accolade.

We can't be happy unless we let ourselves be—quite a serious thought.

Of dress

Fashion subdues our resistance when it embodies style, but that is not very often.

(Kathleen Cannell said: One is not surprised to find that this poet has strong views on dress, though it is surprising to find how often they coincide with those of the fashion experts.

Her hats, like her prose, are controlled and definite. They may be "shiny Victrola record sailors," or cartwheels, or the renowned tricorne.)

Last Easter at a party, Miss Holland said, Miss Moore was wearing a cerulean blue suit by Ben Zuckerman. Someone praised it intensively.

"He's perfection," Miss Moore said. "His workmanship—the buttonholes—needlework on linings—makes me think of some of the masterpieces in the Worth collection at the Brooklyn Museum."

That Miss Moore has an eye for a silhouette or a nuance is brilliantly evidenced throughout her collected poems. Take, for instance, such descriptions as:

The
Kiwi's rain shawl
of haired feathers . . .

or

The cardinal
bird
looks somewhat odd,
like the ambassadorial
Inverness
worn by one who dresses
in New York but dreams of
London.

Appropriately, Miss Holland added, for a poet who has written so intriguingly about dragons, alligators, lizards—one of Marianne Moore's earliest observations of fashion concerned a chameleon. When she was a small child, a touring actress got off the train at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where Marianne was brought up, wearing a chameleon as a boutonnière, attached to her lapel by a tiny gold collar and hair-fine chain. It was mimetically at the instant a dusty jade, to match the star's tweed costume; and its eyes were turquoise. The little girl was entranced by this "automatic living ornament," its "incredible neatness," minuscule "hands."

* * *

Acknowledgements:

"COLLECTED POEMS," MACMILLAN
"PREDILECTIONS," VIKING
"LA FONTAINE," VIKING
"MARIANNE MOORE READER," VIKING
"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR"

WHAT FELLINI THINKS MASTROIANNI THINKS ABOUT WOMEN

(Continued from page 133)

marvel at an iridescent wealth of faces, figures, smiles, and mannerisms.

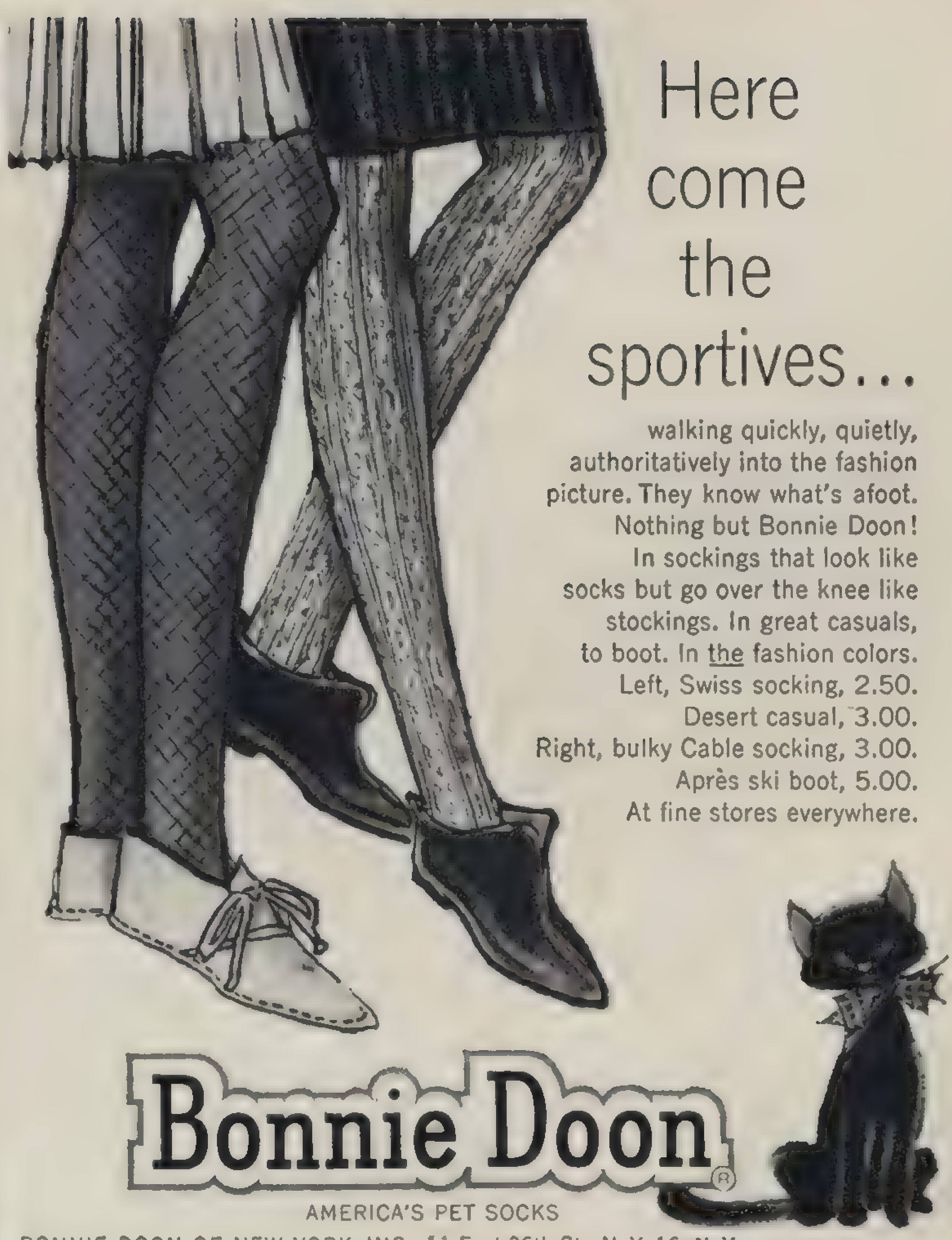
"I remember the first impression I had of woman, when I was a child. When I was six years old my mother or my nurse was a quiet breathing in the night, a port where I could cast my anchor, or the refuge of a warm dream. Perhaps this is the crux of the matter. More than the comfort of this quiet breathing, woman can not be asked to give. The very idea of possession is barbarity. What do you say to that, Federico?"

"I say that you're quite right. What are you doing this evening, Marcello?"

"Nothing. And you?"

"Let's have dinner together, and talk about women."

TRANSLATED BY FRANCES FRENAYE



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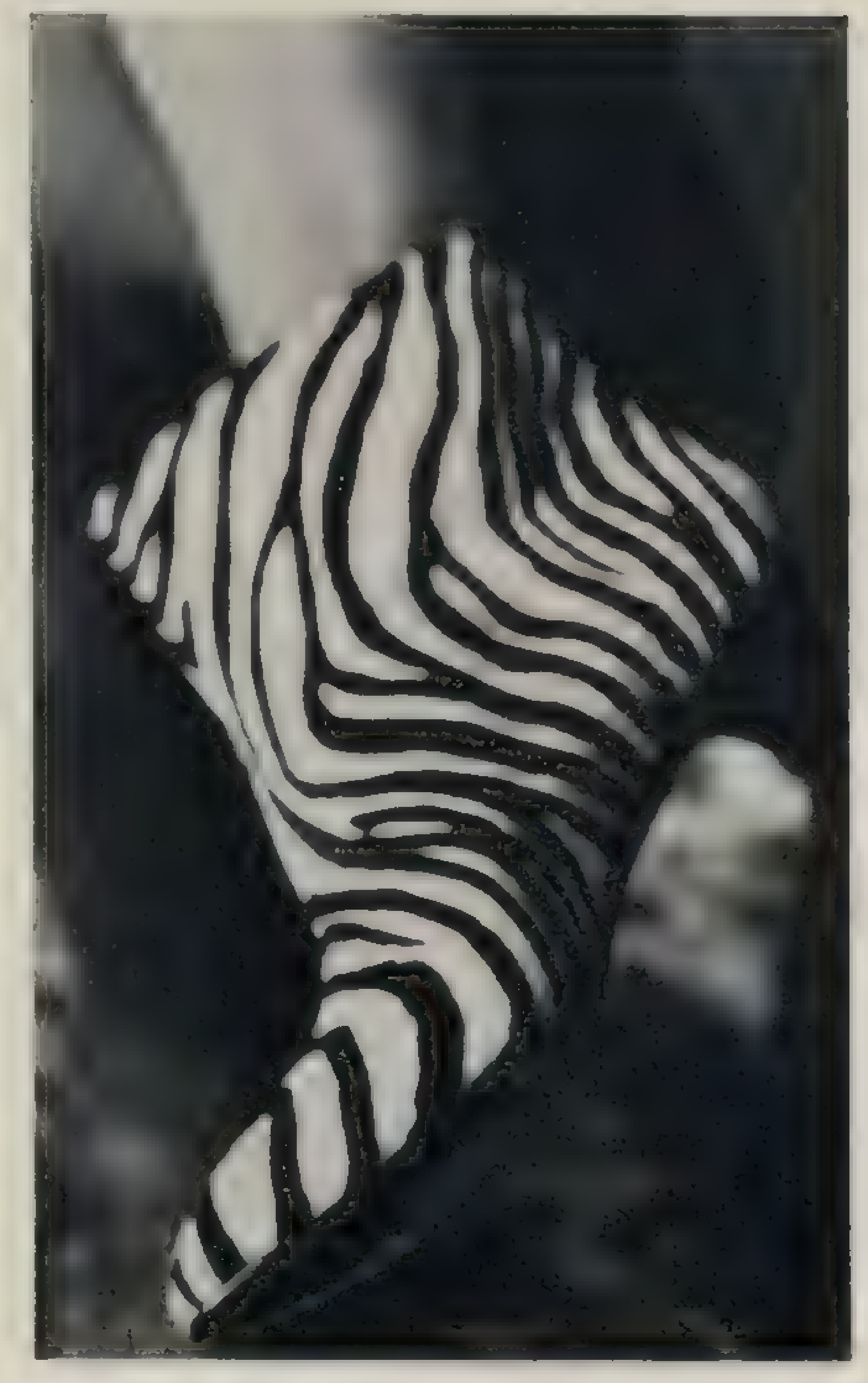

Bright boot idea now—stripes patterned like a zebra's, stencilled in black and white on hair-calfskin. The boot-shape reaches just above the ankle, has a tapered round toe, a little heel covered in black leather. Good idea with them—white lace stretch nylon stockings. (Clothes with this leg-look could be suits of flannel or tweed. wonderful skirts and sweaters.) Boots by Herbert Levine; hair-calfskin by Leather's Best. About $55 at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. Stockings by Phoenix, at Bergdorf Goodman; Frederick & Nelson.

SHOE AND STOCKING KICKS

Details on the fashions shown on pages 54-59.

PAGE 54. Herbert Levine shoe: also at The Blum Store; Neusteters. Van Raalte stocking: also at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Maison Blanche.

PAGE 55. Julianelli shoe: also at Battelstein's. Capezio tights: also at Auerbach, Salt Lake City.

PAGE 56. Delman shoe: also at Nan Duskin; J. P. Allen; Kreeger's; Delman, Beverly Hills. Roman Stripe stockings: also at Woodward & Lothrop; Carson Pirie Scott.

PAGE 57. Beautiful Bryans tights: also at Hutzler's; H. & S. Pogue.

PAGE 58. Shoe at Andrew Geller, New York and Chicago.

PAGE 59. Christian Dior-New York shoe: also at Ransohoffs. Hanes seamless stockings: also at H. P. Wasson; Young-Quinlan Rothschild, Minneapolis, St. Paul.

Vogue's

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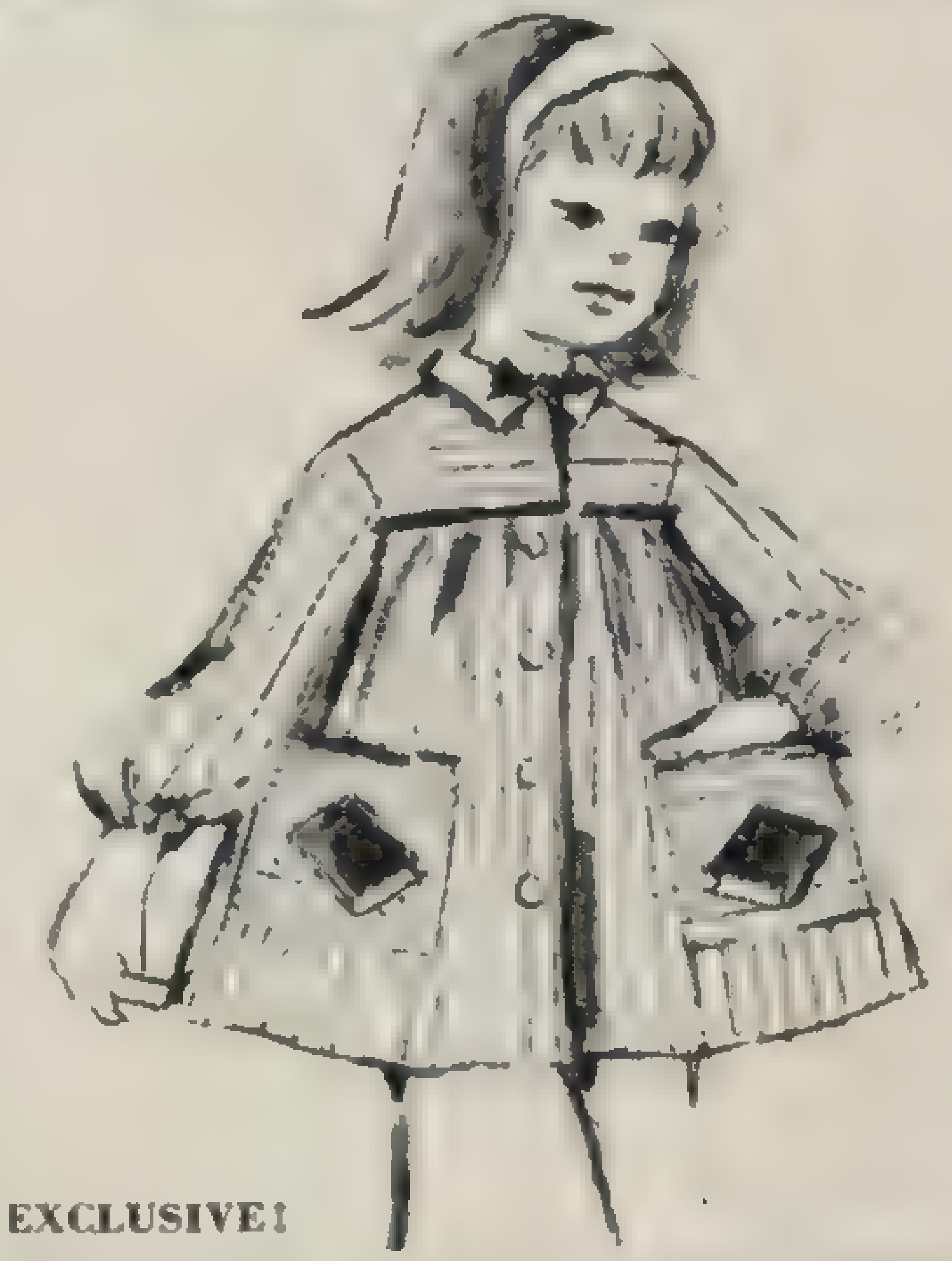

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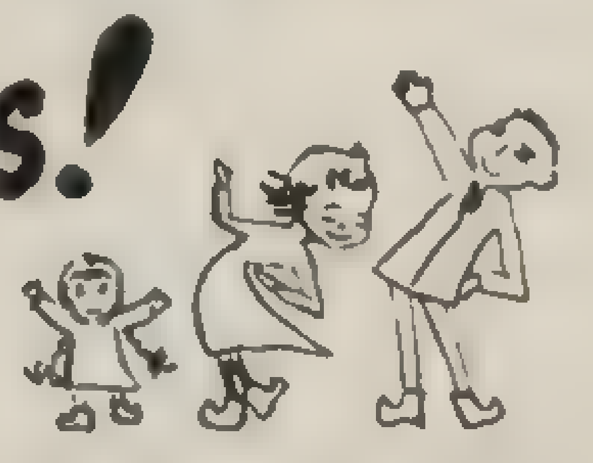

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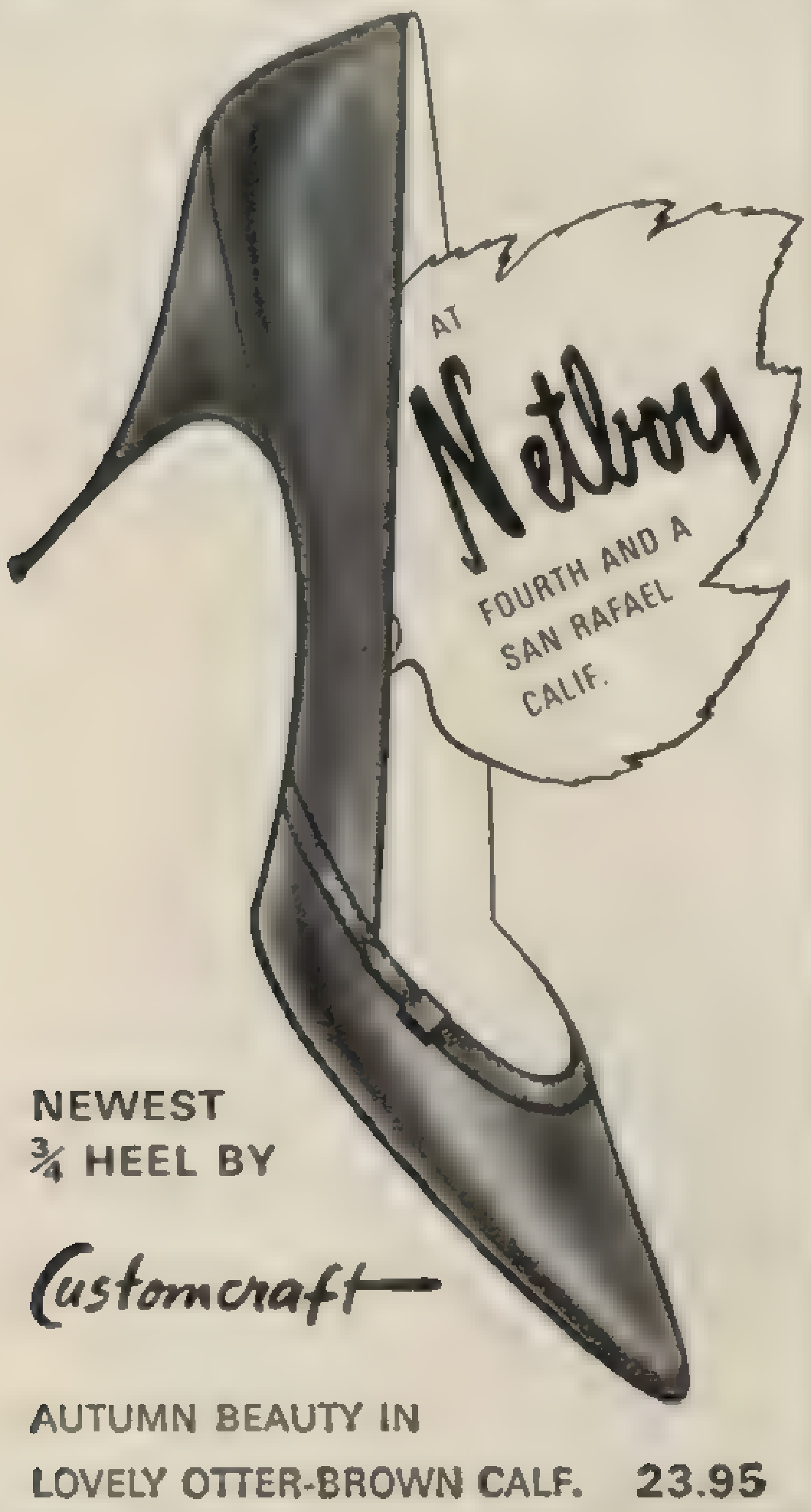

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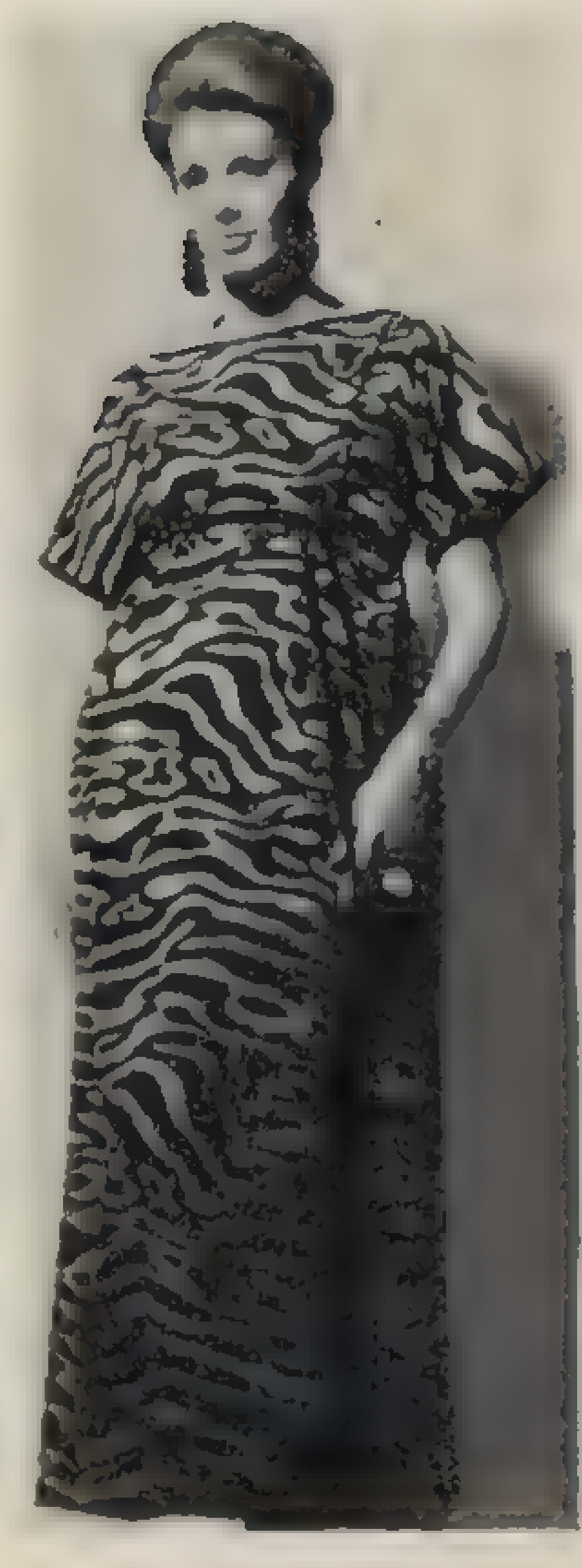
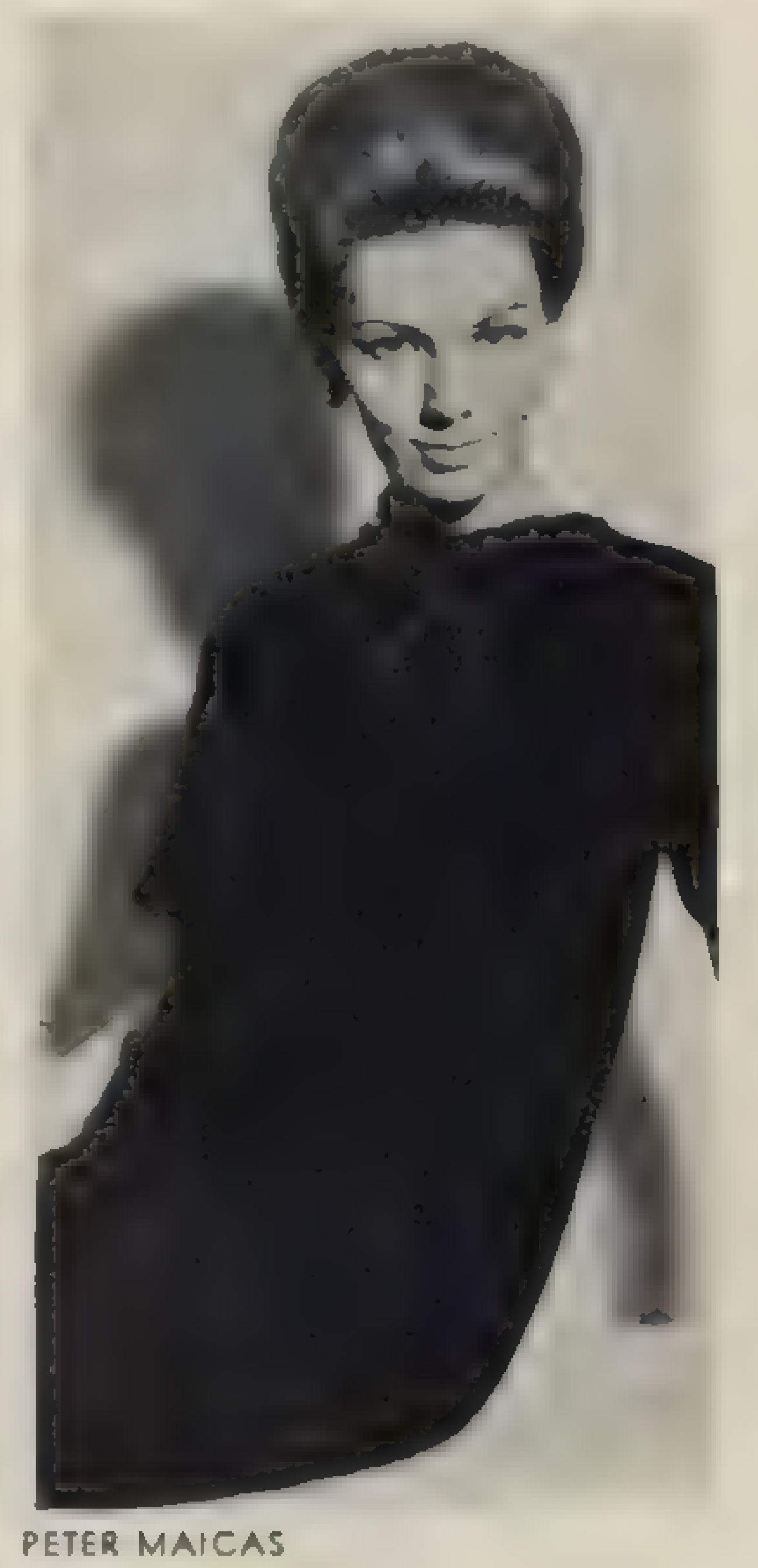


Tiger colours—russet and black—in a tiger-printed at-home costume which wraps around to tie at Empire-level or at the waist. Wide-sleeved, piped in black grosgrain. Sizes XS, S, M, L. $16.50 ppd. Marti, Box 244, Rumson, New Jersey.



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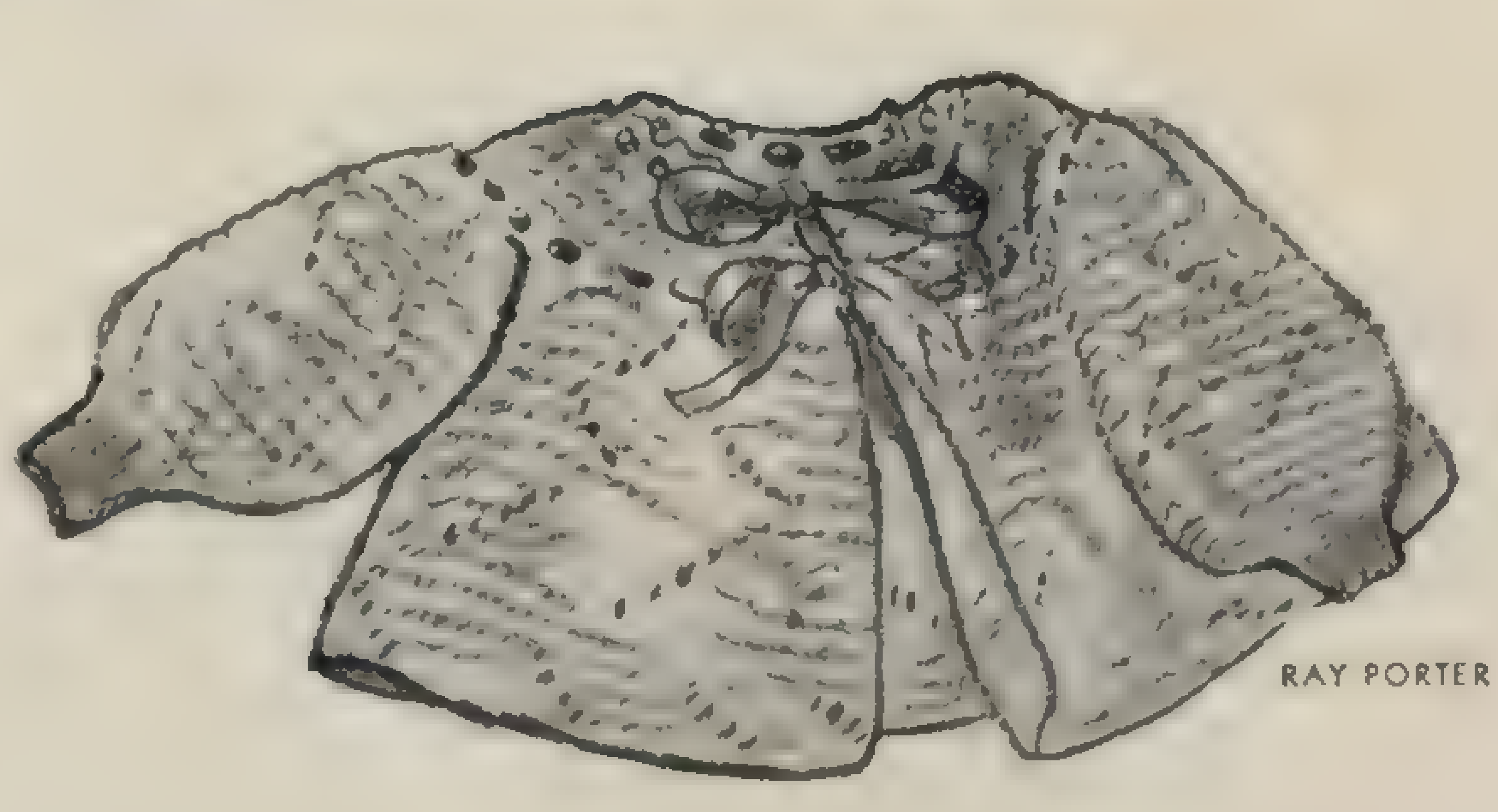
For dinner-and-theatre nights—a black flannel dress that will do more than "see you through." Piped in satin with a bow at the neck. Straight skirt, short sleeves, give-or-take seams. Sizes 6-14. $40. By Nan Dee; at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St., N.Y. 19.



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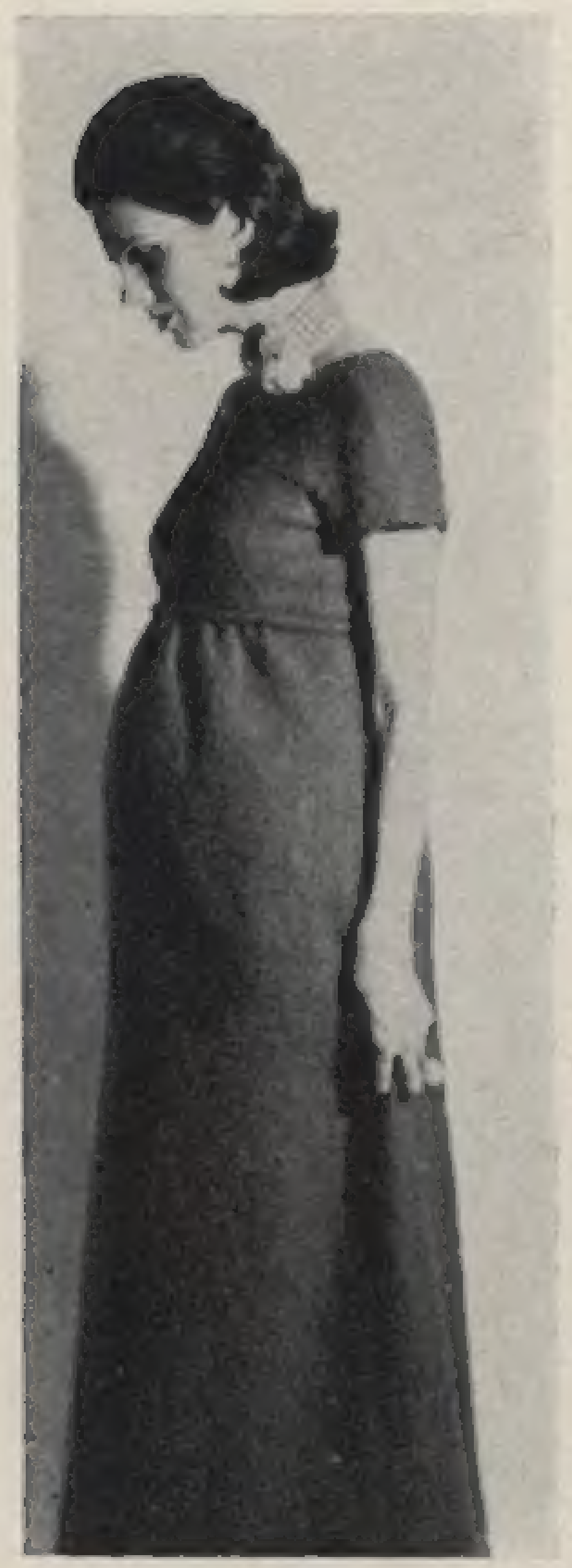
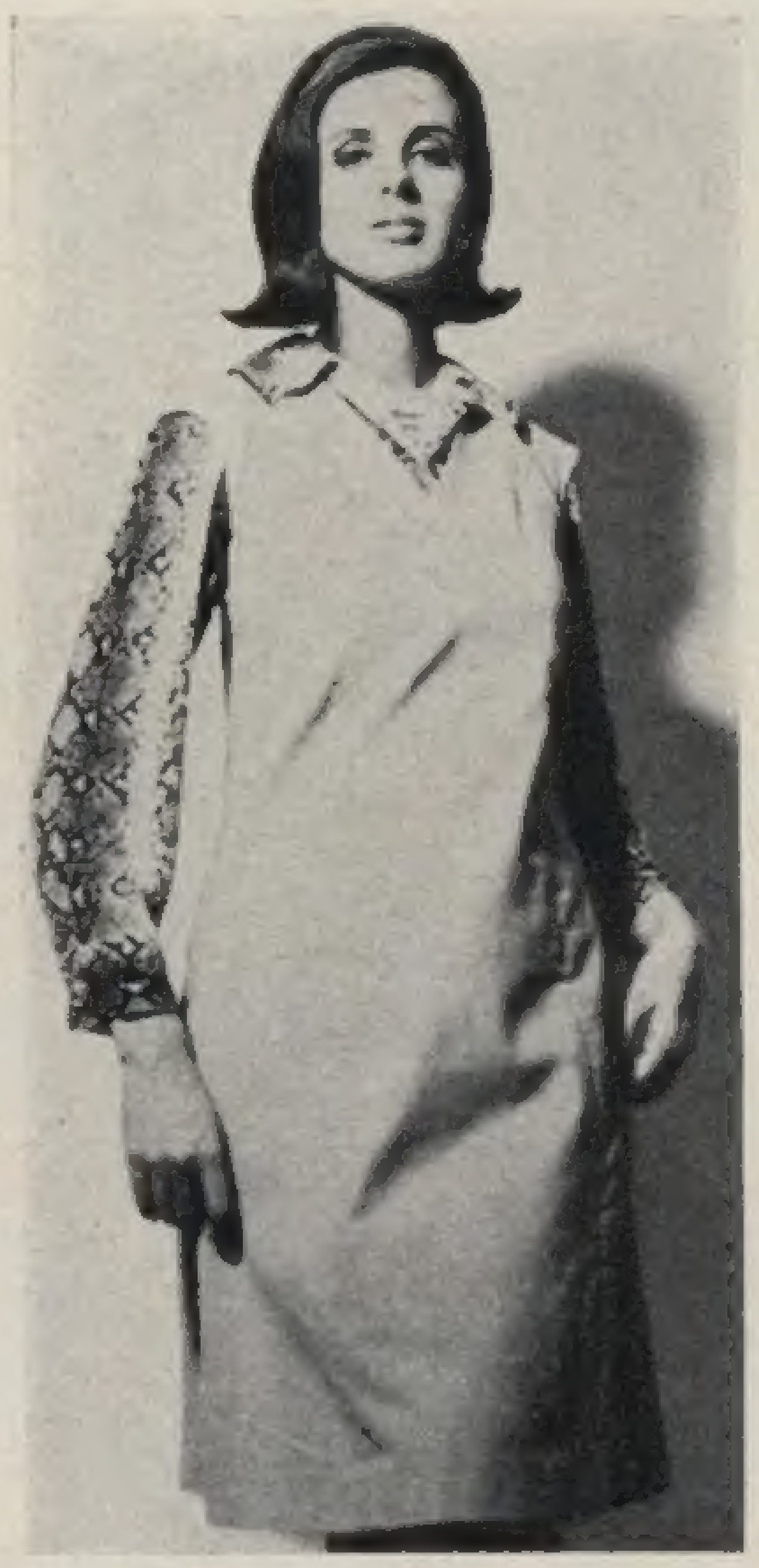
HOUND

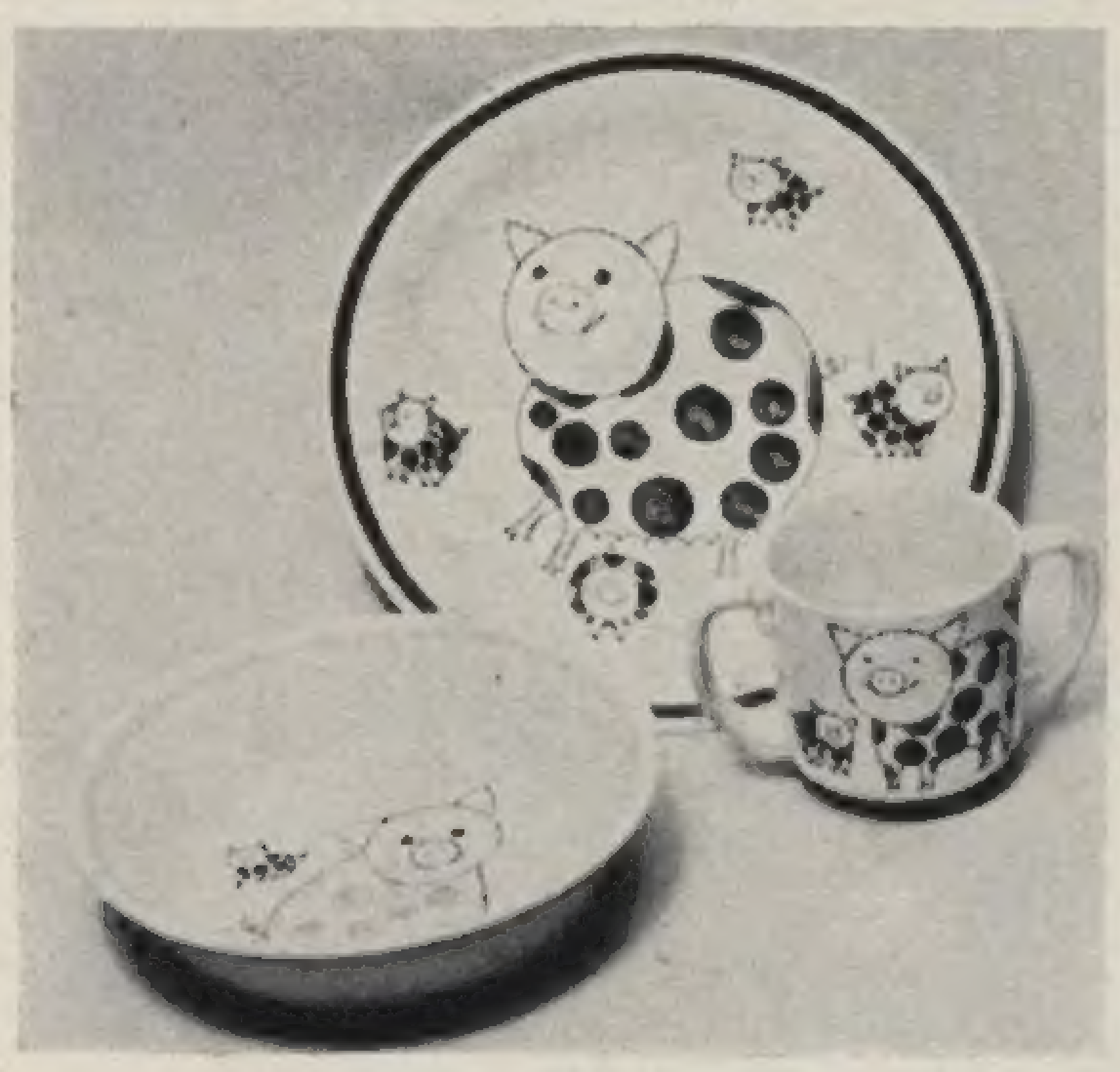
. . . the good word on maternity clothes for day, late-day, evening



Dining-at-home dress in brilliant blue mohair, Empire-waisted, V-backed. Wraps to the back, with an ingenious series of hooks that make it completely adjustable. Sizes 6-16; $70. Lane Bryant, Fifth Avenue at 40th Street, N.Y. 16.



A jumper with a cricket-sweater neck; beige doeskin flannel; extended shoulders. Long-sleeved snakeskin-printed blouse of rayon crêpe. Jumper, $26; blouse, $15. Both, sizes 6-14. By Nelly de Grab, at Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 18.



Swedish pigs on a cereal bowl, plate, and mug—cheerful omen of that Glorious Moment when three-meals-a-day replace what seemed like thousands. White with light red, blue, or yellow. $5.50 ppd. Bonniers, Inc., 605 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22.

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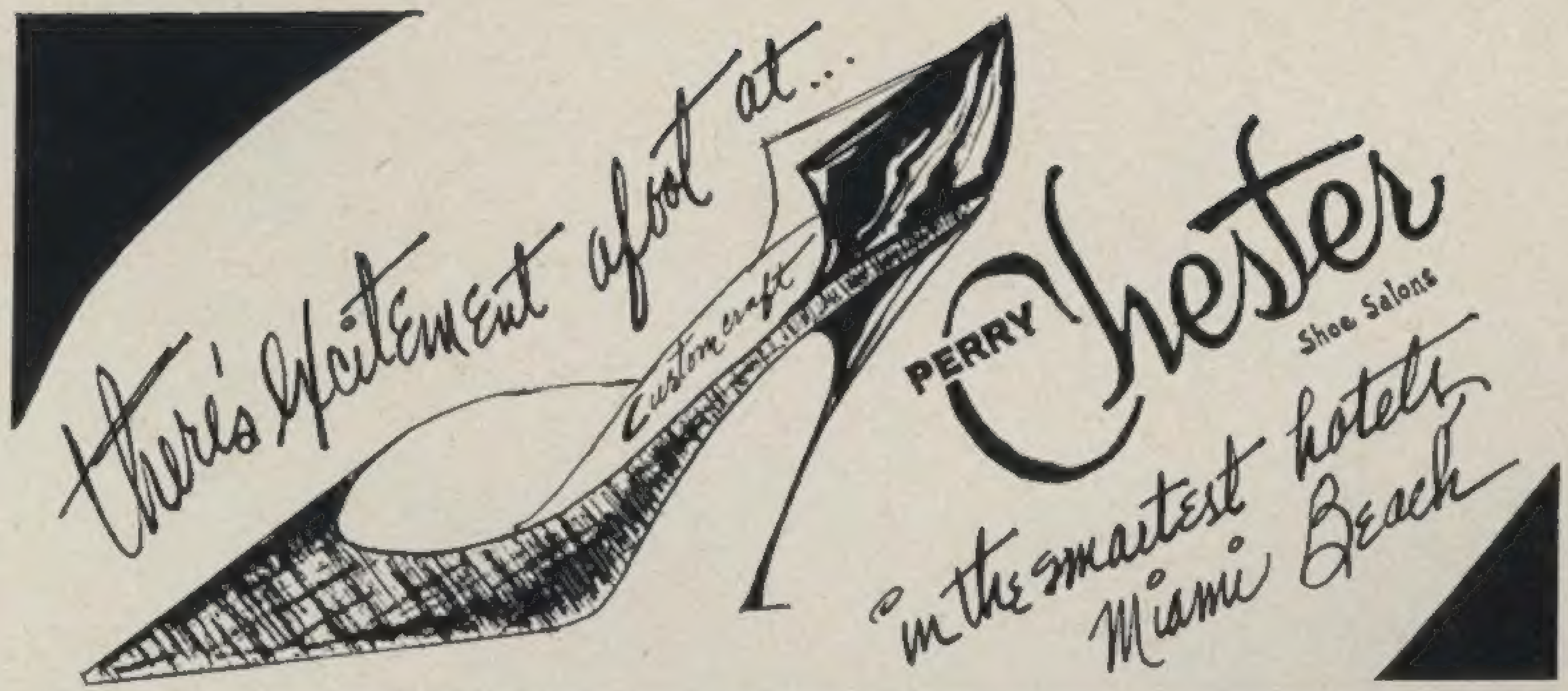
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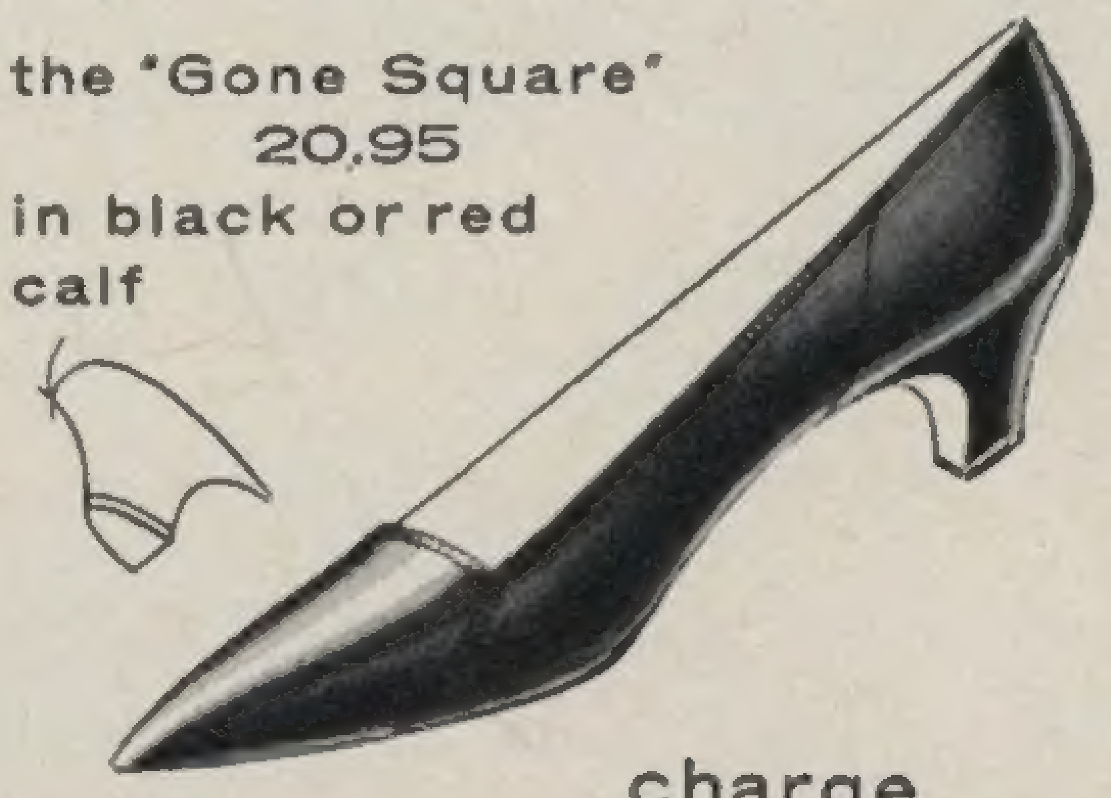
the classic pump with a gently rippled collar in high heel, nectar or quick silver lustre calf . . . medium heel, black or lutetia calf. 24.95

For 35 years . . . South Texas' Leading Fashion Shoe Salon

In Berkeley, California it's CUSTOMCRAFT at LAYTON'S

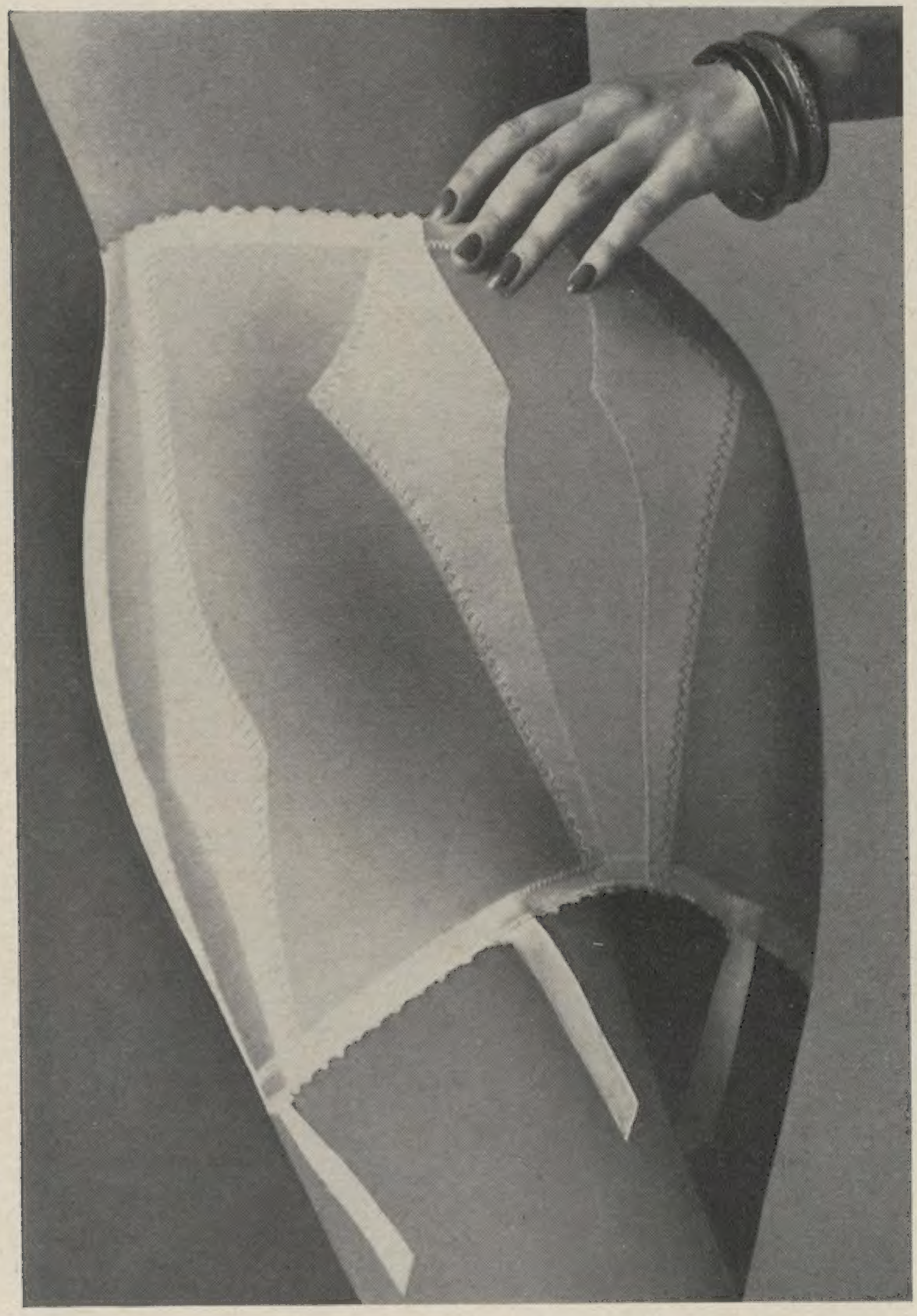
the "Gone Square" 20.95 in black or red calf



charge accounts invited

Layton's
SHOES FOR WOMEN
2355 TELEGRAPH AVE. at DURANT

CLOSE-UP OF FIT FOR KNITs



GOSSARD'S NARROLINE

Knits should flow—and do on you—when you're wearing Gossard's Narroline—the girdle with the lickety-split hipline! Style 1023 in Lycra®, $10.

Nylon, Lycra Spandex power net. Panels: acetate, rayon & Lycra Spandex satin. Lycra is DuPont's registered T.M.

☎ *"where you can buy"—see column opposite*

"FASHION WHEREABOUTS IN VOGUE"
"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"

A "Where You Can Buy" Service for Interested Readers. To find the store nearest you, look for the advertised merchandise showing this symbol.

☎

1st: Note the VOGUE *issue date, page number, name of advertiser.*

2nd: Call telephone number in listed city *nearest* you (stores for many miles around cities are listed with operators).

3rd: Give operator issue date, page number and advertiser's name, she will tell you what stores in your area have the advertised merchandise.

Note: *Only* advertisements showing phone symbol are listed. FASHION WHEREABOUTS in VOGUE will answer *your call* 7 days a week, 24 hours a day.

DIAL THE NUMBER IN YOUR AREA

STATE		telephone
Alabama		
	Birmingham	879-0131
	Mobile	433-8196
Arizona		
	Phoenix	279-1370
Arkansas		
	Little Rock	FR 5-5494
California		
	Los Angeles	651-4612
	San Diego	239-4516
	San Francisco	GA 1-7191
Colorado		
	Denver	244-3136
Connecticut		
	Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford see New York, White Plains	
	Hartford includes Springfield, Mass. includes New Haven	247-7229
Delaware		
	Wilmington see Philadelphia	
District of Columbia		
	Washington	District 7-8668
Florida		
	Jacksonville	356-4401
	Miami	377-2977
Georgia		
	Atlanta	233-0885
Hawaii		
	Honolulu	571-063
Illinois		
	Chicago includes Gary, Indiana Hammond, Indiana	236-3580
Indiana		
	Indianapolis	Melrose 6-6883
	Gary, Hammond see Chicago	
Iowa		
	Des Moines	243-8758
Kentucky		
	Louisville	584-7998
Louisiana		
	New Orleans	525-7866
Maryland		
	Baltimore	PL 2-3914
Massachusetts		
	Boston	HA 6-1550
	Fall River see Providence, R. I.	
	Springfield see Hartford, Conn.	
Michigan		
	Detroit	961-7116
Minnesota		
	Minneapolis-St. Paul	332-1890
Missouri		
	Kansas City	LO 1-0013
	St. Louis	CE 1-2514
Nebraska		
	Lincoln	432-1336
New Jersey		
	Newark	642-4967
New York		
	Albany	463-4690
	Buffalo	854-4055
	New York City	LT 1-3879
	Garden City, L. I.	PI 6-4144
	White Plains includes Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford, Conn.	WH 9-9111
	Rochester	CH 4-0400
Ohio		
	Columbus	221-3544
	Cincinnati includes Dayton	621-3375
	Cleveland	781-5148
Oklahoma		
	Oklahoma City	CE 5-4286
	Tulsa	Luther 4-2786
Oregon		
	Portland	222-5393
Pennsylvania		
	Harrisburg	CE 3-7242
	Philadelphia includes Wilmington, Delaware	LO 7-1200
	Pittsburgh	471-6166
Rhode Island		
	Providence includes Fall River, Mass.	421-9760
Tennessee		
	Memphis	327-4424
	Nashville	256-5518
Texas		
	Austin	GR 2-0254
	Dallas includes Fort Worth	RI 7-4108
	Houston	CA 8-1967
Utah		
	Salt Lake City	364-3441
Virginia		
	Richmond	644-8832
Washington		
	Seattle	MU 2-1292

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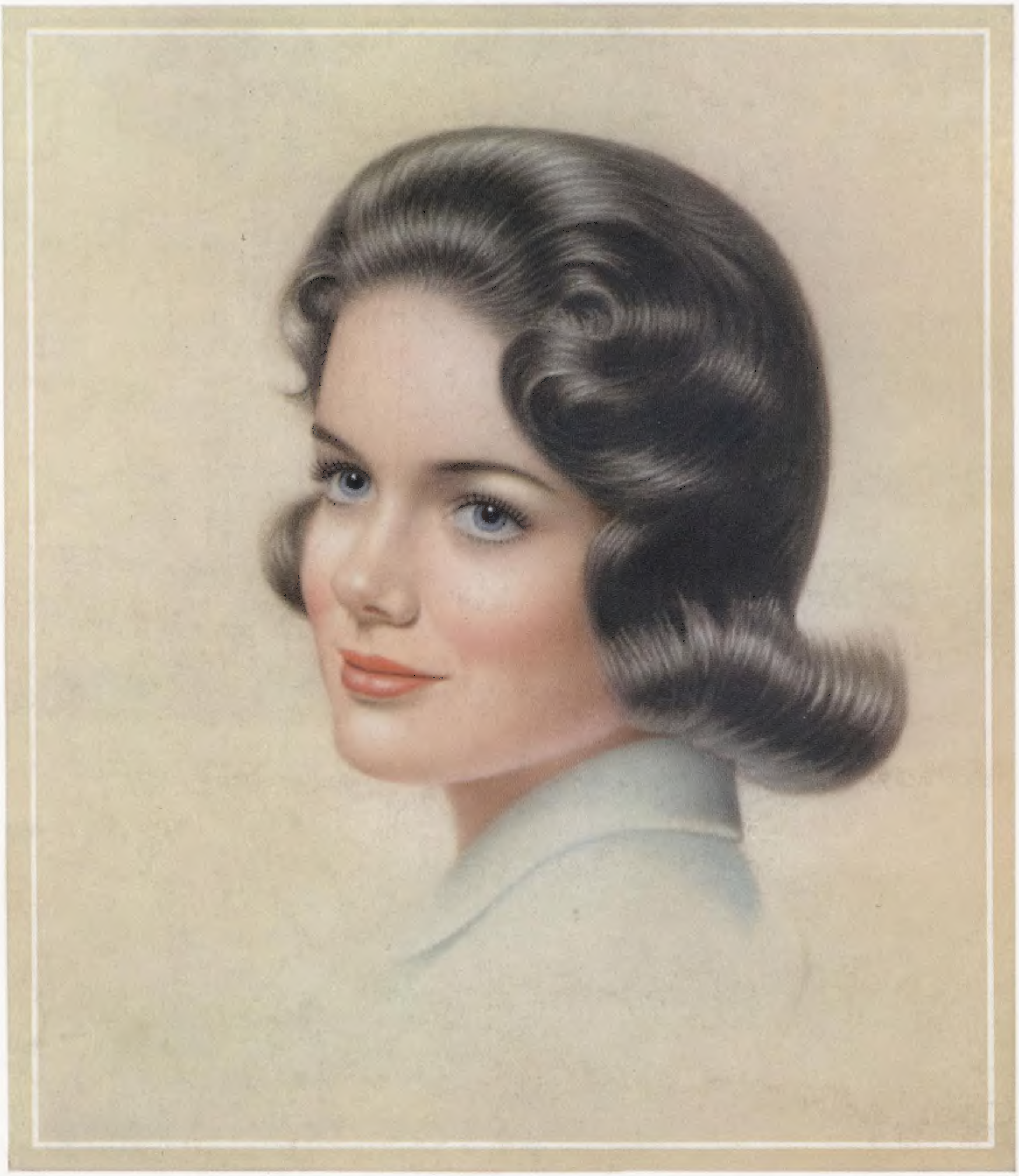
BLACK & WHITE
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
"BLACK & WHITE"
BUCHANAN'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Put out the bottle that shows you know SCOTCH!
Enjoy the extra smoothness that has always given "Black & White" a light, bright character all its own.

"BLACK & WHITE"
THE SCOTCH WITH CHARACTER

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

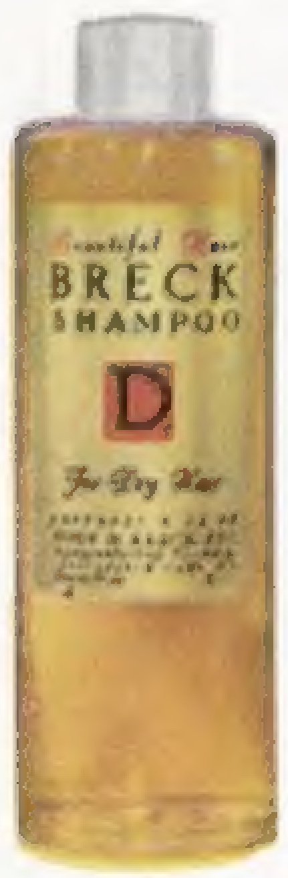


Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

To keep your hair at its beautiful best, use the correct Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. The Three Breck Shampoos lather quickly, rinse easily and leave your hair fragrantly clean, lustrous and manageable.


Beautiful Hair
BRECK
SHAMPOO
D
For Dry Hair

D FOR DRY HAIR

Breck Shampoo for Dry Hair is especially made for those women who have dry, brittle, hard to manage hair. It cleans thoroughly, gently — leaves your hair soft and lustrous.

Beautiful Hair
BRECK
SHAMPOO
O
For Oily Hair

O FOR OILY HAIR

Breck Shampoo for Oily Hair is especially made for young adults and women with oily hair and scalp problems. It helps keep your hair free of dulling oils —leaves it soft and manageable.

Beautiful Hair
BRECK
SHAMPOO
N
For Normal Hair

N FOR NORMAL HAIR

Breck Shampoo for Normal Hair helps maintain the proper balance of natural oils. It cleans gently and thoroughly, yet is not drying — brings out the natural loveliness of your hair.

ENJOY "GOING MY WAY" STARRING GENE KELLY ABC-TV NETWORK EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 8:30 P.M. E.D.T.

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